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THE TRUE PATH

THE TRUE PATH

BY

T. S. ARTHUR.

PHILADELPHIA

H. C. PECK AND THEO. BLISS.

THE

TRUE PATH;

AND

How to Walk Therein

EDITED BY

T. S. ARTHUR.

PHILADELPHIA:
H. C. PECK & THEO. BLISS.
1859.

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STEREOTYPED BY E. B. MEARS.

PREFACE.

To make the vision clearer, and the way plainer for all who are seeking the true path, is the purpose of this volume. The editor has sought through means of poem, allegory, sermon, essay, and lighter narrative, to lead the earnest thinker into a just appreciation of social and moral duties—for no man can walk safely through this world, who, through neglect of these, lives in cold indifference to his neighbour's good. The true path is the path of self-denial; yet none enter this path who do not, sooner or later, find that the way is smoother than was expected, and that instead of leading through a desert land, it winds pleasantly amid flowers and greenness.

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THE TRUE PATH.

POVERINA.

An old mechanic lay upon his death-bed. He had lived an honest, pure, and blameless life, and therefore awaited death with calm resignation.

He cast his eyes about him—the house was old, yet well built—it was filled with the comforts supplied by a moderate income. The lands were well tilled and rich in a summer verdure.

The old man, as he thought how old companions had grown wealthy, built fine houses, and bought herds and jewels, smiled meaningly as he had done, when his old cronies cried, "Why, Hubert, man, thou must make more than thy expenses."

As the first shudder of death crept over his soul, he called unto his bedside three daughters, all young, fair, and sensible.

"My beloved ones," he whispered, "I have passed

my youth and later years in endeavouring to find the *best* way to live—I have found it in *moderation*. You, I cannot expect to be satisfied with my experience. You shall judge for yourselves.

"When I commenced to grow rich, I looked around me. Some friends had become wealthy in advance. They bought and built, added luxuries to comforts and replaced comforts with show. They were never satisfied; always grasping, hoping, wishing for more. I owned my farm. My business was prosperous. I founded a scheme I then believed the height of wisdom. I dug a trench in my cellar and placed therein all my overplus funds. It is astonishing how fast they multiplied; but I cared not for them. I had the means of living like my neighbours, and this rendered me satisfied.

"I feel now that this gold could have done much good in the world. I have retained bread from hungry mouths and clothing from suffering bodies. We have no right to hoard money; justice and right require that it be constantly passing and exchanging, that the poor may catch a glimpse of it, or the necessaries it brings them. I leave to you, my children, the distribution of my earnings. Take it—seek ye each one the happiest life."

Soon after the old man expired.

His daughters truly grieved for so estimable a parent.

Three years after his death, they sat alone in the sitting room. The sun shone through the elm branches, and imaged a shower of golden coins upon the painted floor.

Reichen, the eldest, gazed upon them musingly.

"Sisters," she exclaimed, starting from a revery, "the great wealth our father left us still lies buried in the earth. His last wish is unfulfilled. Let us this day choose our path and follow it. We can divide the gold, take each her portion, and commence a search for happiness."

"I agree," replied Parnassa. "What say you, little one?"

"Our father's wish should be fulfilled," answered the youngest.

"Let us then make our choice," cried the enthusiastic Reichen.

"Commence then; thou art eldest."

"Well, I will seek the rich and fashionable, the lovers of fun and frolic, the leaders of mirth. They have always appeared to me happy as the day is long."

"And thou, Parnassa," said the younger.

"I will remain here in our old home. I will seek for knowledge and fame. Those whose name trembles on every lip with praise, must be supremely happy. I will exchange all my gold for a laurel wreath."

"Choose, our little one."

"I would try a lower path—a descent is often happier than an ascent. It is easier to rise than fall."

The sisters shook their heads and answered, "Thou hast chosen badly, Poverina. Reconsider, there is yet time."

But she smiled faintly and was steadfast.

All that week they passed in counting and dividing the gold; the next in making preparations for their departures.

One bright morning Reichen, dressed in silks and jewels, stepped into an elegant carriage; her gold was in handsome trunks in the boot; a liveried servant held the reins, and another closed the door. As far as the other two could see her, her gay bonnet-plumes waved in the air, and her laced pocket handkerchief fluttered a last farewell.

An hour after little Poverina, in a gray hood and coarse blue gown, passed out on foot. She dragged behind her a little wagon filled with her share of the treasure, and covered ostensibly with carrots and cabbages for the market.

Parnassa watched the last fold of her dress as she turned down the hill, and, wiping away her tears, cried, "Now for books, books;" and went into the house, closing the door after her.

* * * * *

Ten years had passed since the sisters parted. The day had arrived upon which they had agreed to meet once more. In the old homestead all was unchanged, but that it looked grayer and more neglected. In the well-remembered sitting-room all wore a different aspect. Statues filled the niches, flowers breathed odours commingled—books lay upon chairs, tables, and window-seats—books everywhere. At a desk filled with writing materials sat Parnassa, a laurel wreath was upon her brow; but that brow was livid, and the eyes beneath it dim and lustreless. Changes had been wrought on the finite here.

The door opened, and a strange figure entered; a woman bowed and shrunken. Her still luxuriant hair

was threaded with silver, and shone through the artificial ringlets. The rouge upon her cheek and lip, the carefully-pencilled eyebrow and richly-fashioned robe, could not conceal the ravages of dissipation, or the meagre form, grown old before its time.

"Reichen," cried Parnassa.

"Parnassa," replied the mummy; and the sisters exchanged embraces in silence—too wonder-stricken for words.

At this moment a little gray hood peeped in at the door. The face therein was fresh and youthful, the form round and the step elastic. Were not the cheeks much paler than of yore, the sisters would have thought that Poverina had not changed in the least since their separation.

"Sisters," she cried, hastening to greet them, "God has permitted us all to live to meet once more, blessed be His name!"

When they were composed, they seated themselves, and prepared to recount each their progress toward happiness during their ten years' search.

Parnassa, being the one who remained at home, and believing her life less eventful than her sisters', commenced—

"When my tears had ceased to flow at your departure, I came into the house, and taking a quantity of gold, sent it, with a list of books, by Gottlieb, to the city. By the next day, a large car of these valuables arrived. I had shelves placed around my room, and filled them. I then procured one thousand reams of paper, four gallons of ink, and a huge box of pens.

Thus supplied, I commenced writing and reading, leaving to Gottlieb and Hanna the domestic avocations. I spared myself neither time nor pains. I wrought early and late. I lost sleep, took no exercise, and scarcely allowed myself time to partake of my meals.

"When my first work was finished, with many hopes and misgivings I published it. It pleased the public, that public whose name is legion, and whose voice is life or death. That public, so feared by a debutante authoress, was pleased to shower upon me golden opinions. They cried for my name. It was given. I was inundated with invitations and congratulations. I wrote again and again. I drank a full measure of fame: but in the empty goblet found no solace. I had worked, *toiled*, eight years for this laurel wreath: but when it became mine, and action was no longer necessary to secure it, life was all a blank page. Money filled the old vault in the cellar, but all was lonely. There was no one to love me: no one for me to love. Unsatisfied I lived—and longed to die, hoping, in another life, to find that rest I longed for. My health is impaired from constant sedentary habits and late vigils. I must now care as much for my ailing body as I have heretofore neglected it.

"I hope, dear Reichen, that your history will not be so sad in its termination. With me the belief lies that there is no happiness on this earth. The endurance is here, the happiness in Heaven."

Reichen shook sadly her withered head.

"I drove far away from you, my sisters, to a distant city. I put up at the largest and most imposing hotel

in appearance. The splendour of the interior of this house quite dazzled me. There were many articles that I did not know the use of, nor did I ever learn that they were put to any useful purpose. At the table, I met ladies in elegant attire. There was a preponderance of jewelry about them, and a want of appropriate selections for different forms and complexions. At the table, I was handed 'a bill of fare.' I think I am right in the term. There were many French words thereon, quite puzzling to one unacquainted with the language, but I managed to get through the courses very well until I arrived at the dessert. A gentleman beside me had a dish of a most delightful appearance, and I wished for some also. But, study my bill as I would, there was nothing that read as that appeared. I made, however, a bold stroke; and, pointing to an unpronounceable name, I requested a waiter to bring me some of *that*. It was a failure. I tried another and another; but, at length, frightened at the untouched dishes surrounding me, I desisted, and left the table.

"Having nothing to do but to amuse myself and assist many others, with whom I became acquainted, in passing the time as rapidly and giddily as possible, we walked out. I dressed as they did, in a most peculiar style. My robe of heavy silk dragged upon the ground. The day was muddy, and, to avoid being thrown down, I followed the example of those I met. I gathered my robe in my hands, displaying not only my elaborately embroidered skirts, but the new-fashioned gaiters then in vogue. I suspected, afterwards, that many of the ladies, accustomed to long robes, held them on high for

the especial purpose of displaying their high-heeled Chinese junks; for they were so dear in price as to enable *ladies* only to purchase them. My bonnet was a Lilliputian, and stuck on to the back of my head with a wafer. My mantle was embroidered in Paris, and represented, in crimson thread, a family seal: a lion rampant on green fields, thirteen crosslets, and a turbot's head. I carried in my hand a 'lachrymal,' made of cobweb, just patented. Thus equipped, I walked or rode daily. Our carriages were made of a species of quicksilver, so shining and glasslike that they mirrored the poor wretched beings who, with naked feet and shrunken forms, crawled by. I used to notice the poor much, when I first went there, but I imagine, afterward, they did not frequent the fashionable streets, for I do not remember seeing them. Our coachmen we clothed in livery, with the most magnificent furs wrapped about them. Each one endeavoured to surpass the others in equipage, and thus many millions were placed in the hands of wealthy financiers.

"Sometimes, a poor woman ventured to accost us, begging for aid; but most of the ladies would be so shocked at her want of manners, or knowledge of the language, that they frowned upon her in contempt. Some advised her to wear better shoes; but, when the half-frozen wretch asked how she could obtain them, cried,

"'Work, work! Is the woman crazy?'

"The wretched creature turned her eyes to heaven, and passed on.

"I will give you an idea of our manner of passing

time. We all rose late, and threw on a rich morning-robe and elaborate cap. The one who appeared in the greatest disorder was pronounced to be in the most charming dishabille. We talked over much gossip and nonsense at our meals, lounged in the parlour, looked at the late fashions, or read any work that was quite the *ton* (for you know one likes to be thought to be literary without the trouble of being so). I generally skimmed over the story, then I asked the opinion of those who had read it carefully, and adopted their opinion, generally remembering the language in which it was given.

"At eleven we rode—called later—shopped, met at ——'s to gossip, pulled over goods, and gave as much trouble as we could, consistently with politeness. Our afternoons were engaged in joyous amusements. Our evenings passed at the opera, theatre, or any other fashionable places. When any celebrity lectured, we heard him. But we liked only the stars that were fixed planets, those that were rising, or those likely to set, we never troubled ourselves about.

"Parties were our great abominations, yet we never missed one, and dressed ourselves in rivalry as well as our coachmen. We wore long trains in the evenings, and might have been taken for peacocks by a casual observer. Having been called 'angels without wings,' we determined to have them (the wings). Emulating Mercury's cap, we wore our hair puffed out to the last degree, filling all the spaces with green-houses.

"Had the flowers bloomed *within* our heads, rose-leaves of thought and lily-bells of charity might have dropped from our lips, equal to the 'pearls and dia-

monds' of the fairy tale. Here we smiled and chatted, danced, sang, played cards, and drank wine, returning to our homes at a very late hour of the night.

"It is needless to say, my dear sisters, that in this happy life I enjoyed myself to perfection at first. But, after awhile, quarrels ensued. One friend spoke evil of another; some were less discreet and prudent than I could have wished. I became fatigued—there was nothing new to engage in. I was restless and unhappy. As my health gave way my beauty faded.

"When our prescribed limit of time drew near, I was not sorry to return to my childhood's home. No one regretted my loss. I had no friend. I am firmly convinced, that as in these joys I found not happiness, there is no such reality. It is a chimera of the brain. One imagines they have found it often, but time disenchants them. As for me, I detest it. I have lost health in seeking it. There is nothing in the future for me. In the next world I shall find none of my best loved joys. I can look back upon nothing that gives me comfort. Life is a stubble-field—death a desert. Speak thou, Poverina."

"Be not disturbed, my beloved Reichen," cried the tender Poverina, embracing her.

"It is never too late to learn goodness. When I left thee, Parnassa, looking with tearful eyes adown the road after me, I, too, journeyed to the city. I hired a cosy room in a small plain house. I hid my gold in the hearth, and started forth ostensibly to sell my little produce. Ah, sisters, how many wretched forms I met; not unhappy with ideal wants, but the lack of *neces-*

saries staring them in the face—driving them, they knew not, cared not, whither, to drown them. I wished to help all, but I waited to look well. The little children cried to my heart the most imploringly—those sent by parents to steal or beg, beaten by them, if unsuccessful, and beveraged on poisonous drinks if they brought in gains; those who have no childhood, but were born old—old in cunning and guilt. These little fire-brands I plucked from the burning. I built a house for them, tore them from their unnatural parents. I employed poor but educated girls to teach and oversee them. Daily I added to my number. Then I took by the hand the erring and intoxicated. I pointed toward a ray of escape; I watched over them, and when the cavern of despair ceased to cover them, and they stood in the free air, *men* and *women*, they blessed God and wept.

"I walked with the poor; I was of them. I toiled, suffered, grieved, and endured with them. I could always relieve. God knows, how I should have felt had I been unable to do so! I had my own pleasures, too, which they had not. I read—passed stolen hours with intelligent friends—interchanged confidences and hopes. When labour was numbing to my faculties, I sought some congenial amusement. When my gold had vanished, more poured in. I received contributions, and with economy and judgment it sufficed. I tore myself with pain from my beloved ones, to fulfil our compact. I have a monitor here," she continued, placing her hand upon her heart, "who bids me prepare for a long journey. I, sisters, have found happiness on

earth, in doing good, in constant occupation in following in the footsteps of Him, who has said, 'I was hungered, and ye fed me; naked and ye clothed me.' I have *lived*—I leave in the hearts of many my monument. I die in peace with all, assured of becoming happier in the next world than in this."

—

Here lived the sisters, all awaiting the angel of death.

Parnassa, cold, haughty, and passive, received in silence his summons.

Reichen, peevish, fretful, and despairing, gazed at her own image in his polished scythe, as she was mowed into the outer field.

Poverina, smiling, patient, and hopeful, hailed with joy the rustle of his wings, and rose, with a song of praise upon her lip, into the glorious light of heaven.

FILIAL LOVE REWARDED.

"You are too parsimonious, Henry," said Mr. D. to one of his clerks, as they were together in the counting-house one morning: "give me leave to say, that you do not dress sufficiently genteel to appear as clerk in a fashionable store." Henry's face was suffused with a deep blush, and, in spite of his endeavours to suppress it, a tear trembled on his manly cheek. "Did I not know that your salary was sufficient to provide more genteel habiliments," continued Mr. D., "I would increase it."

"My salary is sufficient, sir," replied Henry, in a voice choked with emotion, but with that proud independence of feeling which poverty had not been able to divest him of. His employer noticed his agitation, and immediately changed the subject.

Mr. D. was a man of wealth and benevolence; he was a widower and had but one child, a daughter who was the pride of his declining years. She was not as beautiful as an angel nor as perfect as a Venus; but the goodness, the innocence, the intelligence of her mind shone in her countenance, and you had but to become acquainted with, to admire, to love her. Such was Caroline Delancy, when Henry first became an inmate in her father's house. No wonder he soon worshipped at her shrine—no wonder he soon loved her with a deep and devoted attention—and, reader, had you known him, you would not have wondered that his love was soon returned, for their souls were congenial; they were cast in virtue's purest mould—and although their tongues never gave utterance to what their hearts felt, yet the language of their eyes was too plain to be misunderstood. Henry was the very soul of honour; and although he perceived with pleasure that he was not altogether indifferent to Caroline, he felt as though he must control the passions that glowed in his bosom. I must not endeavour to win her young and artless heart, thought he—I am penniless, and cannot expect that her father will consent to our union—he has ever treated me with kindness, and I will not be ungrateful. Thus he reasoned, and thus heroically endeavoured to subdue what he considered an ill-fated passion. Caroline had many

suitors, and some who were fully worthy of her; but she refused all their overtures with a gentle and decisive firmness. Her father wondered at her conduct, yet could not thwart her inclination.

He was in the decline of life, and wished to see Caroline happily settled ere he quitted the stage of existence. It was not long before he suspected that young Henry was the cause of her indifference to others. The evident pleasure she took in hearing him praised; the blush that overspread their cheeks whenever their eyes met, all served to convince the old gentleman, who had not forgotten that he was once young himself, that they felt more than common interest in each other's welfare. He forbore making any remarks on the subject, but was not so much displeased as penniless Henry would have imagined.

Henry had been about a year in his service. Delancy knew nothing of his family; but his strict integrity, his irreproachable morals, his pleasing manners, all conspired to make him esteem him highly. He was proud of Henry, and wished him to appear as respectably as any one. He had often wondered at the scantiness of his wardrobe, for, although he dressed with the most scrupulous regard to neatness, his clothes were almost threadbare. Mr. D. did not wish to think that this proceeded from a niggardly disposition, and he determined to broach the subject, and if possible, ascertain the real cause—this he did in the manner before related.

Soon after this conversation took place, Mr. D. left home on business. As he was returning, and riding through a beautiful village, he alighted at the door of a

little cottage and requested a drink. The mistress, with an ease and politeness which convinced him that she had not always been the humble cottager, invited him to enter. He accepted her invitation—and here a scene of poverty and neatness presented itself such as he had never before witnessed. The furniture, which consisted of nothing more than was necessary, was exquisitely clean, so that it gave a charm to poverty, and cast an air of comfort on all around. A venerable-looking old man, who had not seemed to notice the entrance of Mr. D., sat leaning on his staff; his clothes were clean and whole, but so patched that you could scarcely have told which had been the original piece.

"This is your father, I presume," said Mr. D., addressing the mistress of the house.

"It is, sir."

"He seems to be quite aged."

"He is in his eighty-third year; he has survived all his children except myself."

"You have once seen better days?"

"I have—my husband was wealthy; but false friends ruined him—he endorsed notes to a large amount, which stripped us of nearly all our property, and one misfortune followed another until we were reduced to complete poverty. My husband did not long survive his losses, and two of my children soon followed him."

"Have you any remaining children?"

"I have one, and he is my only support. My health is so feeble that I cannot do much, and my father being blind, needs great attention. My son conceals from my knowledge the amount of his salary, but I am convinced

that he sends me nearly all, if not the whole amount of it."

"Then he is not with you?"

"No, sir, he is clerk for a merchant in Philadelphia."

"Clerk for a merchant in Philadelphia! What is your son's name?"

"Henry W——."

"Henry W——!" reiterated Mr. D., "why he is my clerk! I left him at my house not a fortnight since."

Here followed a series of inquiries, which evinced an anxiety and solicitude that a mother alone could feel—to all of which Mr. D. replied to her perfect satisfaction.

"You know our Henry," said the old man, raising his head from his staff. "Well, sir, then you know as worthy a lad as ever lived. God will bless him for his goodness to his old grandfather," he added in a tremulous voice, while the tears ran down his cheeks.

"He is a worthy fellow, to be sure," said Mr. D., rising and placing a well-filled purse in the hands of the old man. "He is a worthy fellow, and shall not want friends."

"Noble boy," said he, mentally, as he was riding alone, ruminating on his late interview—"noble boy,—he shall not want wealth to enable him to distribute happiness. I believe he loves my girl, and if he does, he shall have her and all my property in the bargain."

Filled with this project, and determined if possible to ascertain the true state of their hearts, he entered the breakfast room the next morning after his arrival home.

"Do you know that Henry is about to leave us to go to England, and try his fortune?" he carelessly observed.

"Henry about to leave!" said Caroline, dropping the work she held in her hand—"about to leave us and going to England!" she added, in a tone which evinced the deepest interest.

"But what if he is, my child?"

"Nothing, sir, nothing; only I thought we should be rather lonesome."

"Tell me, Caroline," said Mr. D., tenderly embracing her, "tell me, do you not love Henry? You know I wish your happiness, my child. I have ever treated you with kindness, and you have never until now hid anything from your father."

"Neither will I now," she replied, hiding her face in his bosom. "I do most sincerely esteem him; but do not for worlds tell him of it, for he has never said it was returned."

"I will soon find that out, and without telling him, too," replied the father, leaving the room.

"Henry," said he, as he entered the counting-house, "you expect to visit the country shortly, do you not?"

"Yes, in about a month."

"If it would not be inconvenient," rejoined Mr. D., "I should like to have you defer it a week or two longer."

"It will be no inconvenience, sir, and if it will oblige you, I will wait with pleasure."

"It will most certainly oblige me, for Caroline is to be married in about five weeks, and I would not miss having you attend the wedding."

"Caroline to be married, sir!" said Henry, starting as if by an electric shock—"Caroline to be married!—is it possible?"

"To be sure it is—but what is there wonderful in that?"

"Nothing, sir, only it was rather sudden—rather unexpected—that is all."

"It is rather sudden, to be sure," replied Mr. D.; "but I am an old man, and as the man of her choice is well worthy of her, I see no use in waiting any longer, and am very glad you can stay to the wedding."

"I cannot stay, sir, indeed I cannot," replied Henry, forgetting what he had previously said.

"You cannot!" rejoined Mr. D., "why, you said you would."

"Yes, sir, but business requires my presence in the country, and I must go."

"But you said it would put you to no inconvenience, and that you would wait with pleasure."

"Command me in anything else, sir, but in this respect I cannot oblige you," said Henry, rising and walking with rapid strides across the floor.

Poor fellow! he had thought his passion subdued; but when he found that Caroline was soon so irrevocably to become another's, the latent spark burst forth in an unextinguished flame; and he found it in vain to endeavour to conceal his emotion.

The old gentleman regarded him with a look of earnestness. "Henry," said he, "tell me frankly, do you love my girl?"

"I will be candid with you, sir," replied Henry, conscious that his agitation had betrayed him, "had I a fortune such as she merits, and as you, sir, have a right to expect, I should think myself the happiest of men, could I gain her love."

"Then she is yours," cried the delighted old man; "say not a word about property, my boy; true worth is better than riches. I was only trying you, Henry, and Caroline will never be married to any other than yourself."

The transition from despair to happiness was great. For a moment, Henry remained silent; but his looks spoke volumes. At last, "I will not deceive you, sir," said he; "I am poorer than you suppose—I have a mother and grandfather, who are——"

"I know it, I know it all, Henry," said Mr. D., interrupting him. "I know the reason of your parsimony, as I called it, and I honour you for it. It is that which first put it into my head to give you Caroline—she will be yours, and may God bless you both."

Shortly after this conversation, Henry avowed his love to Caroline, and solicited her hand, and it is needless to say he did not solicit in vain. Caroline would have deferred their union until the ensuing spring, but her father was inexorable. He supposed he should have to own to one little deception, he said, and they would have him shoulder two; but that was too much, entirely too much, and he would not endure it; he had told Henry that she was going to be married in five weeks, and he should not forfeit his word. "But, perhaps," added he, apparently recollecting himself, and turning to Henry, "perhaps we shall have to defer it, after all, for you have important business in the country about that time."

"Be merciful, sir," said Henry, smiling; "I did not wish to witness the sacrifice of my own happiness."

"I am merciful," replied the old gentleman, "and for

that reason I would not wish to put you to the inconvenience of staying. You said that you would willingly oblige me, but you could not, indeed you could not."

"You have once been young, sir," said Henry.

"I know it, I know it," replied he, laughing heartily; "but I am afraid that too many of us old folks forget it—however, if you can postpone your journey, I suppose we must have a wedding."

We have only to add, that the friends of Henry were sent for, and the nuptials solemnized at the appointed time; and that, blessed with the filial love of Henry and Caroline, the old people passed the remainder of their days in peace and happiness.

THE ADOPTED CHILD.

This little nursling, take it to thy love,
And shield the bird unfledged, since gone the parent dove.
CAMPBELL.

ONE day I was rambling about the outskirts of the lovely village of Sydenham, in Kent, when a shower drove me to take refuge in a little way-side cottage. Immediately afterwards, a lady entered, and asked permission to wait till the rain was over. The good woman of the cottage placed a chair for her visiter, with a hearty welcome, and then resumed her occupation of looking anxiously along the road, from which this momentary interruption had withdrawn her. In a few minutes I

heard the pattering of a pair of small feet along the muddy road.

"Poor little lamb! she's wet to the skin!" said the woman, receiving into her open arms the owner of the small feet, a little girl about six years old. "Ain't you wet, dear?"

"Yes, I'm very wet," replied the child.

"We'll soon set that to rights. Come by the fire, there's a darling. I hope you'll please to excuse me, ma'am," she continued, addressing the lady; "but you see, if I left her wet things on she'd be sure to catch cold."

"I should be very sorry indeed, if you were to do so on account of my being here," replied the visiter, watching with much interest the maternal cares that were bestowed upon the little wanderer's comfort. "You seem very fond of your little girl. I suppose she is your youngest, is she not?"

"La, ma'am! she's no child of mine, nor noways related," said the woman, affectionately kissing the object that truth obliged her to disown; "but that don't make no kind of difference. I'm as fond of her as if she was my own flesh and blood, every bit."

"Indeed you seem so. I quite thought she was the youngest, and the pet."

"She is the pet, ma'am, bless her little heart; but she's noways related to me nor my husband."

"Whose child is she, then?" inquired the lady.

"Why, ma'am, she's the child of the man that lives in the next cottage down the road—you can see the chimney from our door; and just two years ago he lost

his wife. She died, poor thing! just when, one may say, she was most wanted, for this dear child was barely four years old, and there were two boys older, and one baby in arms. Well, you see, ma'am, it was like to drive him beside himself to have four babies to take care of, and go to his work besides. So me and another neighbour, we just thought we might help him a bit if we took the two youngest off his hands. So as she had lost her baby, that was a few months old, she took quite natural to the little one; and I had this darling. All my own children were off my hands, and out in the world earning their own bread; so what difference could this little thing make to us? We don't feel the want of her bit of victuals; and her little clothes and things, they are nothing hardly. I can make most of them out of my own old ones; and what I buys new for her, why as things is so cheap, as one may say, we gets 'em for nothing almost."

"I hope she is a good child," said the visiter, "and that she repays you by her love and gratitude for the care you bestow upon her."

"She's the best little soul in the world," returned the cottager, hugging the half-naked child affectionately in her arms; "and I really think she has brought luck to us, for we've seemed to thrive ever since she came. Mayhap my husband would stop, once in a way, of a Saturday night, and take a pint of beer at the public-house, but he never does so now. He says, if he feels inclined to go in, he stops and thinks that Nancy wants a pair of shoes, or a warm frock, or something of that sort, and a sixpence or a shilling will go a good way

towards it, and then he comes home. And he's so fond of her, too. I don't think he ever loved one of his own children so well as he does her. But I can hardly wonder at it, neither, ma'am, for she is such a good, obedient child, though I say it before her face, which I shouldn't, I know, only she is too good to be spoilt. And then she begins to be quite useful now, ma'am. She goes of many a little errand for me, and fetches things out of the garden, and puts in the seeds after her father—that's my husband, I mean, ma'am; but she always calls him father. There, ma'am, all those two rows of French beans were her planting; and many little things she can do besides to help father and me."

"Your garden looks very neat," observed the lady.

"Well, and I may say, ma'am, that's her doing mostly. Not that she can do it all herself, or dig and that, poor thing! but father takes a pride in it when she's helping him. Don't he, dear?"

"Yes," said the child; "and we planted such a lot of taters!"

"So you did, my dear. Father digged up the ground, and Nancy planted every one of them, so she did."

"Yes; and mother cut them all up into bits ready to plant."

"So I did, darling; but you could have done that too, only I was afeard you should cut your little fingers into the bargain. I'm sure she could have done it, ma'am, she's so wonderfully cute and sensible for her age."

"I have no doubt at all about it," replied the visiter,

rising; "and now, as the rain seems to have ceased, I will wish you a good-morning, and thank you for your kindness in giving me shelter so long."

"Good-morning, ma'am, and thank you for coming into my poor place. Say 'Good-morning' to the lady, Nancy."

"Good-morning, ma'am," said Nancy, with one finger in her mouth.

"Good-by, little dear," said the lady, and went her way; but I remained to see a little more of Nancy and her kind-hearted foster-mother. In the evening, the "father" came home, and after some preliminary excitation of Nancy's curiosity, he opened a parcel that he had taken from his pocket, and disclosed a pair of thread gloves, and two pink-checked pocket handkerchiefs, all for Nancy. It was a pleasure to see the glow of delight that beamed over the good-natured face of the rough labouring man, as the grateful child expressed her rapture at this "beautiful present;" beautiful indeed it was to her simple taste, and to a higher perception it was invested with a moral beauty that made it outshine the Koh-i-Noor itself, for it was the result of the small daily savings and self-denial of a kind heart that preferred the pleasure of another to selfish gratification.

Then after tea, for 'twas in the summer time, an hour was spent in attending to the garden, and Nancy drew a dish of young onions, of her own sowing, for supper. Don't be shocked at this, fair reader; they were not so odoriferous by a great deal, as the garlic so plentifully eaten by all ranks in Spain, that land of romance, and guitars, and serenades. There was *company* expected

to supper too; Nancy's father, or "daddy," as she called him, to distinguish him from her father by adoption, and "father's" sister Mary. Mary was a nice, tidy-looking young woman, of about five or six and twenty. She had just left her place, and had come to stay with her brother till she got suited again, which I thought she would not have to wait for very long, when I observed the deep impression that she seemed to make upon Nancy's *daddy* as soon as he came in. He took care, during the course of the evening, to let her understand that he was only thirty-two, and that his wages were to be raised next week. Then he talked about his two boys at home, how handy and clever they were: but that they sadly wanted some tidy young woman to look after them. Then he told her about his cottage, saying it was just as comfortable a one as her brother's, only not so orderly and still, for the want of some tidy young woman to take care of it. And when she was out of the room, he even went so far as to ask her brother, as they sat smoking their pipes together, whether he thought Mary would have him.

'You'd better ask her, yourself, John," was the reply; "she's a good, steady girl, and would make a good wife to any man. She's not single now for want of being asked, for she's had lots of lovers."

"Well, I wonder if she'd have *me?* To-morrow will be Sunday, so I'll come up in the evening, and ask her to take a walk, and then we'll see." He smoked another pipe almost in silence, and then departed.

"I say, Mary," said her brother, jocosely, after he was gone, "wilt thou have John?"

"Don't bother," replied Mary, blushing.

"But he's asked me if I thought you would. What shall I tell him?"

"You'd better not tell him what you don't know; and I won't say before he asks me," was her cautious answer.

"Well, he's coming to-morrow to go for a walk with you."

"Don't be foolish," said Mary, reprovingly.

"Didn't you hear him say so, mother?" he persisted, appealing to his wife.

"He did say so, Mary, for I heard him."

"La!" exclaimed Mary; "but that ain't asking me to marry him."

"No, but he will ask you. What will you say?"

"I shan't tell you beforehand, because I know he ain't agoing to ask me," said Mary. Sure as she was of this, it did seem a little odd that she should spend more than an hour before going to bed, in re-trimming her Sunday bonnet, and otherwise *doing up* her best clothes.

I was prevented witnessing what took place during the walk on the following evening; but I suppose all went smoothly, for when I visited the cottage again, which was not till the following Saturday, I found they were to be asked in church the next morning.

"You see, father," observed the wife to her husband, "it's just what I said. Nothing but good ever does come of our taking that dear child. But who'd have thought it would have got such a good husband for our Mary?"

DON'T RUN IN DEBT.

Don't run in debt!—never mind, never mind,
If the old clothes are faded and torn;
Fit them up, make them do, it is better by far,
Than to have the heart weary and worn.
Who'll love you more for the set of the hat,
Or your ruff, or the tie of your shoe,
The shape of your vest, or your boots, or cravat,
If they know you're in debt for the new?

Don't run in debt.—If canary's the go,
Wear blue, if you have not the cash,
Or—no matter what—so you let the world know
You won't run in debt for a dash.
There's no comfort, I tell you, in walking the street
In fine clothes, if you know you're in debt,
And feel that perchance you some tradesman may meet,
Who will sneer—"They're not paid for yet!"

Good friends, let me beg you, don't run in debt,
If the chairs and the sofas are old—
They will fit your back better than any new set
Unless they are paid for in gold;
If the house is small, draw it closer together,
Keep it warm with a hearty good-will;
A big one unpaid for, in all kinds of weather,
Will send to your warm heart a chill.

Don't run in debt—now, dear girls, take a hint;
(If the fashions have changed since last season,)
Old Nature is out in the very same tint,
And Old Nature, we think, has some reason.
Just say to your friends you cannot afford
To spend time to keep up with the fashion;
That your purse is too light, and your honour too bright,
To be tarnished with such silly passion

Gents, don't run in debt—let your friends, if they can,
Have fine houses, feathers, and flowers,
But unless they are paid for, be more of a man,
Than envy their sunshiny hours.
If you have money to spare, I have nothing to say;
Spend your dimes and your dollars as you please,
But mind you the man that has his note to pay
Is the man that is never at ease.

Kind husbands, don't run in debt any more;
'Twill fill your wife's cup full of sorrow;
To know that a neighbour may call at your door,
With a bill you can't settle to-morrow,
Oh! take my advice—it is good, it is true,
(But lest you may some of you doubt it,)
I'll whisper a secret now, seeing 'tis you—
I have tried it, and know all about it.

The chain of a debtor is heavy and cold,
Its links all corrosion and rust,
Gild it o'er as you will—it is never of gold,
Then spurn it aside with disgust.
The man who's in debt is too often a slave,
Though his heart may be honest and true;
Can he hold up his head, and look saucy and brave,
When a note he can't pay becomes due?

LITTLE THINGS—THE INDEX OF CHARACTER.

THOSE trifling acts which show consideration for others, where neglect might perhaps pass unobserved, but to which true kindness will prompt, are better tests of real goodness of heart than courtesy of manners in society, or deeds of public charity which may spring

from a desire of approval. This genuine benevolence is more clearly observable in the deportment towards the neglected, or when shown in a solicitude for the guilty, where its manifestation may bring censure rather than eclat. I remember an instance which illustrates what seeming trifles are, sometimes, true indications of character.

A few years since, in travelling, it chanced that I spent the night at the house of some friends of my mother, who were previously strangers to me. The time of my arrival proved rather an unpropitious one for a first visit. A general house-cleaning was in progress, and the good lady of the house was fearful there was not a place in it fit for me to sit or sleep in. It was evening when I arrived, and operations had been suspended for the time; but everything was in confusion.

Much fatigued, and suffering from a severe pain in my head, I retired at an early hour. The room assigned me for the night, was the same to be occupied by the two daughters of my hostess, whom, as they had gone out with some young companions for a moonlight walk, I had not yet seen. A portion of the furniture of the apartment had been removed, but the nice bed that had been placed there for temporary convenience, was so fresh and neat, and its delicious softness so grateful to my frame, worn by long journeying, that, despite my weariness and pain, I soon fell asleep.

I was awakened from a pleasant dream by the sound of voices below stairs. The sisters had returned from

their walk, and I heard their mother announce to them my arrival.

Again I fell into a slumber, and was aroused by some one in the room. On opening my eyes, I saw a figure leaving my bedside, which I suppose to be one of the young ladies who had been taking a peep at me in my sleep, as she proceeded to the other bed, and I heard her preparing for rest. Pain forced me to close my eyes again; but how do you think I was enabled to decide, and correctly, upon the dispositions of these two girls, without seeing their faces, or hearing them speak *one word*—or, *but* one; and how, on the next morning, I knew, just by looking at them, which retired first? It was simply in this way—when the first who entered the room left my bedside, she went to her own, and, drawing towards her a chair, she took off her heavy walking shoes, and, throwing them to a little distance, they met the uncarpeted floor with a concussion which made me start. I then heard her go to a closet, near her bed, and commence rummaging among its contents, apparently for some missing article. Then opening the door of the apartment, she called "*Frances;*" but, her sister not hearing, she closed it heavily, and jumping into bed, drew a stand towards her, and appeared to be busied in reading for a few moments; then she extinguished the light, and her breathing soon indicated that she slept.

Now these things, slight as they might seem, jarred very disagreeably on my feelings; the more so, from my peculiar state of mind and body at the time,—not merely the sounds themselves, but the want of sensibility they implied, which, I thought, would instinct-

ively prompt the noiseless step and gentle hand, when in the apartment of the weary who are seeking rest. While these thoughts were passing in my mind, for I was now thoroughly awakened, the other sister entered the room.

Gently closing the door, she slipped off her shoes at the threshold, and going on tiptoe to the bedside, she softly whispered—"*Mary?*"—but her sister was sleeping, and she soon carefully took her place at her side.

"Mary," I said to myself—"'tis a sweet name, but I fear she is not as gentle"—for I felt that a person's real disposition is more clearly revealed, in their unguarded moments, and in trifles, than where it would be more conspicuous. But *Frances*—I felt assured I should find *her* amiable. What a soothing influence had her gentleness upon my nerves, which had been disturbed by the carelessness manifested by her sister! In the morning, when I awoke, the sun was shining full into the chamber, and the young ladies had nearly finished their toilette. I recognised Frances at a glance; there was a softness and sensibility in the expression of her eyes which spoke a gentle, loving spirit; and a long after-acquaintance confirmed the conclusion I formed concerning her from the slight circumstances of that night. I found her always kind and considerate for the comfort and happiness of others, ever avoiding, with delicacy and tact, trespassing on the rights, or wounding the feelings of any one by word or act. Mary, on the contrary, was one of those persons with whom, without really designing any unkindness, *self* is so predominant, as to be the centre of all their thoughts and

actions, but to whom the slight sacrifices they make seem so great, that they imagine, no one steps aside so much for others as themselves.

THE HAPPY LOT.

Blest is the hearth where daughters gird the fire,
And sons that shall be happier than their sire,
Who sees them crowd around his evening chair,
While love and hope inspire his wordless prayer.
O, from their home paternal may they go,
With little to unlearn, though much to know!
Them may no poisoned tongue, no evil eye,
Curse for the virtues that refuse to die;
The generous heart, the independent mind,
Till truth like falsehood leaves a sting behind!
May temperance crown their feast, and friendship share!
May pity come, love's sister spirit, there!
May they shun baseness as they shun the grave!
May they be frugal, pious, humble, brave!
Sweet peace be theirs—the moonlight of the breast—
And occupation, and alternate rest;
And dear to care and thought the usual walk;
Theirs be no flower that withers on the stalk,
But roses cropped, that shall not bloom in vain;
And Hope's blest sun, that sets to rise again.
Be chaste their nuptial bed, their home be sweet,
Their floor resound the tread of little feet;
Blest beyond fear and fate, if blest by thee
And heirs, O Love! of thine eternity!

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LABOUR

LABOUR.

It is part of the arrangements of Providence that every man should labour in some way or other; that either with his brain, or by means of his bone and muscle, he should bring out all the capabilities that are in him; that, in short, he should prove himself a man.

If we needed proof of this, we might find it in the fact that man, when he first comes into the world, is the most helpless of all animals. Nothing is done for him; while for other creatures everything is done. They are more or less fitted to enter at once on their life. The bird finds himself clothed with feathers, the sheep with wool, the dog with hair, without any thought or exertion on their part. Man, on the contrary, must provide himself with clothing; he must, by hunting, fishing, or labour of some sort, procure food for himself. Whether or no, we see that he is compelled to labour, if he is to stay upon the earth at all.

Thus there is no escape from it: we must work, or accept the alternative—die! To many people this appears to be a grievance, or injustice. Have they ever asked themselves the question, whether it is really so? —whether their opinion is sound or unsound? Until they have done that, they have no right to complain. But what is the fact? The answer is, that labour is not a curse, but a blessing; that the necessity under which we all lie to exert ourselves is a something for which we have to be thankful. Consider only: what

should we be without labour? Look at those countries which produce the fruits of the earth with scarcely any toil or trouble; the people are not only indolent, but they are incapable of exertion. Their faculties are, as it were, benumbed. They want manhood; and not unfrequently have no spirit of greatness or generosity. The more nature does for them, the less will they do for themselves. Like the boys who bribe their more diligent schoolmates to help them with their tasks, they are always at the bottom of the class. Nothing short of an earthquake will rouse them; and then they will rush out into the streets and pray to the saints, instead of trying to prop the falling walls. If they would work as well as pray, it would be all the better for them. Constant summer is very pleasant; but if constant summer makes people lazy, they might do well to try the effect of a winter.

On the contrary, look at countries where it is not always summer; where frost and snow, and fog and cloud, come at times to alter the face of nature or the state of the atmosphere. What a manly, vigorous race the natives are! Everything is not done to their hands, and they have to bestir themselves stoutly if they wish to live with ease or comfort. To what do we owe our roads, canals, bridges, railways, telegraphs, and other great constructions? To labour. Labour provided the means; and hand-labour, directed by brain-labour, wrought the work. Had labour not been going on for hundreds of years within our borders, it is very certain we should not be in the position that we now are. Labour has been brought to such a pitch that, though we cannot have perpetual summer, we can have, of course, as it

pleases Providence, perpetual comfort. And what is more, our faculties are developed, our abilities are made the most of, and there is no enterprise too great for us to undertake.

Labour being a good on a great scale, it follows that it is a good on a small scale. If a whole people is benefited, so is each individual of the whole benefited also. What polishing is to the diamond, such is labour to the man. Labour leads on from thought to thought, from endeavour to endeavour, each advance being but the step towards another. Perfection is the object aimed at; and, as far as is permitted to human skill and ingenuity, many of the results of our labour are perfect.

It is not to be denied that, in certain cases and conditions of society, men may have to labour too much; but this fact does not disprove the other fact, that a man cannot labour without being the better for it. Occupation, whether of body or mind, is, far more than many of us are willing to believe, a prime means of happiness. Do you doubt the fact? Look well at the first person you see who has really nothing to do; the chances are a thousand to one that you will find him to be in some way or other a very miserable being. Many who read these lines will remember times when they have risen in the morning weary and dispirited, when life seemed to have no relish. But, being *obliged* to work, they have found as the work went on that the cloud which hung about their minds disappeared, that cheerfulness and hope came back again; and still as they continued, so did their contentment increase. There is great virtue in labour; it is a noble means of exercise; and Plato,

the philosopher, said that exercise would almost cure a guilty conscience.

"In all labour there is profit," says the wise man. Of course, he meant honest labour; and the man who does his duty honestly and diligently in his vocation, steadily following up the duty that lies immediately before him, such an one adds worth to his character and dignity to his manhood, and, while promoting his own interests, subserves the welfare of others.

THE SEARCH FOR HAPPINESS.

On a low couch in an apartment which plainly evinced the wealth and luxury of its occupant, sat, or rather reclined, a maiden of apparently about eighteen summers, absorbed in deep and somewhat anxious thought.

Few who gazed upon the exceeding beauty of her countenance, and marked its usually joyous expression, would have dreamed that a cloud ever passed over her young heart. Indeed, there was nought to mar her earthly happiness. The only and idolized child of wealthy parents, her slightest wishes were regarded or even anticipated. All around her was beautiful as a dream of fairy land, in her own dear home, and when she mingled in the gay crowd, her wealth and loveliness gave her that precedence which, in spite of her better judgment, was gratifying to her heart.

And yet the fair Eveline was not always happy. There

were moments when her soul yearned for an indefinable something which she felt that neither rank nor beauty could bestow. A desire to fulfil more perfectly the object of her being, to suffer her thoughts and affections to expand beyond the routine of selfish pleasures in which her daily life was passed, had taken possession of her mind, and in the solitude of her own room she often passed sad hours of reflection, unsuspected by her gay companions, or by the fond parents who so tenderly watched over her.

"Happiness!" she would sometimes exclaim. "What is it? The shadow men do indeed possess, but not the reality. That is beyond our ken. It belongeth not to mortals. Wherefore then am I thus dissatisfied? Wherefore this continual striving for what I may not hope to gain?"

With her mind oppressed with these reflections, Eveline slept upon the couch where she had thrown herself that she might indulge them undisturbed. We say she slept, but can that state be called sleep, where the soul, freed for a brief season from its earthly fetters, gains new strength and vigour while holding close communion with those heavenly friends whom it can then meet face to face in its home in the spirit-land!

While Eveline was thus apparently sleeping in her own apartment, she found herself in a garden, the surpassing beauty of which far exceeded aught that she had ever seen on earth. Flowers of the most varied and brilliant hues were breathing forth the most delightful perfumes; birds of the richest plumage filled the air with their melody as they sported among the foliage of

the trees; fruits of delicious flavour hung temptingly within her reach; the very air that she breathed seemed to sparkle in the brilliant light, like a thousand diamonds; while the sound of the waters falling from the numerous fountains, came upon the ear with a refreshing coolness.

For a moment Eveline gazed with astonishment and delight upon the lovely scene before her, but again a feeling of sadness stole over her, and she murmured aloud,

"And yet all this beauty does not constitute happiness. It is but the shadow. Where is the substance?"

As she said this, a voice gently replied,

"The substance produces the shadow, fair maiden. The lovely objects around you do not, indeed, give happiness, but those interior principles, those thoughts and affections, those active endeavours, of which all these things are but as types or representatives, they constitute happiness; they are the substance, the reality for which you seek."

"Explain this still farther," cried Eveline, as she turned in the direction of the voice, and saw standing by her side a shining one clad in garments of the most dazzling whiteness.

Again the angel replied,

"There is a certain latent vein in the affection of the will of every angel which draws his mind to the doing of something, and by this the mind is tranquillized and made satisfied with itself; this tranquillity and satisfaction form a state of mind capable of receiving the love of uses from the Lord; from the reception of this love is heavenly happiness. This is the origin of all our joys; from this, as from a fountain, various delights are

perpetually gushing forth, and in their final ultimation surround us with what is externally beautiful and lovely.

"In the world in which you dwell, the internal and external are, alas, but too seldom in unison. Mortals are often surrounded by all the luxuries which earthly riches can procure, while the interiors are closed against the heavenly joys which their Creator and Father is continually striving to impart; and those who possess heavenly riches are often found among the naturally poor and lowly; but true happiness in the natural world as well as in the spiritual, must proceed from the internal love which I have described. The love of use can alone fill that void which you have so painfully felt. Without this, the external delights around you are cold and lifeless."

With deep humility and attention Eveline listened to the words of her heavenly instructor, and in thoughtful accents she repeated,

"The love of use. What is its nature, and how may I obtain this one essential of true happiness?"

"By living no longer for yourself alone. Learn to regard the rich gifts which God hath seen fit to bestow upon thee, personal loveliness, uncommon talents, wealth in abundance, as instruments in your hands for ministering to the welfare of others. Even in the cultivation of your own mind, the love of use may still be your ruling end, for the knowledge which you acquire renders you a more fitting medium for imparting good to your fellow-beings. Go forth among the sad ones of the earth. Clothe the naked, feed the hungry, whisper consolation to the afflicted, lead the sinner to repent-

ance. This is the blessed mission which hath been assigned to me, and intense is the joy which I derive from its fulfilment. Even now I am summoned to the world of mortals. Accompany me, and I will show thee at least one form of use."

With delight Eveline yielded herself to his guidance, and in a moment the scene changed from heavenly bliss to earthly wretchedness. In a miserable hovel an almost heart-broken mother was weeping over her suffering babes. The father had, some months since, been removed to the world of spirits, and her utmost exertions were insufficient to maintain herself and the four little ones dependent upon her. The winter's wind was whistling loud and shrill around her dwelling; the snow lay piled at her door; but there was no glowing fire upon the hearth around which the widow and the orphans could cluster, unheeding the storm without. All was dark and desolate. The last stick had been burned, the last cinders scraped together, and now nothing remained but to draw close to each other, and, sheltered by the scanty covering which the poor mother had thrown around them, to look to death as a release from their sufferings. Many hours had elapsed since a morsel of food had passed their lips, and when at length the despairing woman had resolved to beg rather than to allow her children to perish, she had been harshly repulsed by the first person to whom she applied, and, sick at heart, had crept back to die with her loved ones.

Tears fell fast from Eveline's eyes as she gazed upon this scene of misery.

"Oh, give them instant relief," she cried. "Little

did I imagine that such destitution existed. Delay not a moment, or it will be too late."

"Earthly mediums are necessary," replied her heavenly guide. "It is not granted to us to give material aid. Spiritual comfort I have already imparted. Look now at the sufferers."

The mother kneeled beside her babes and prayed earnestly to the God of the widow and the fatherless, and she received into her soul that peace which no earthly suffering can take away.

"Our Heavenly Father hath heard us," she exclaimed joyfully. "I feel that we shall yet be saved. Have courage, my children; help draweth near."

Even as she spoke, Eveline found herself still hand in hand with her spirit friend in a cheerful, pleasant little parlour, where, in a social circle around their bright fire, sat a father, mother, and five lovely children. All was joy among this little group, and, though not surrounded by the luxuries of wealth, they were evidently in possession of every comfort. The youngest child sat upon his father's knee; the elder ones clung around him, begging for one more pleasant story, while the mother looked upon her treasures with a happy, loving glance, which told the gladness within.

"Wherefore are we here?" asked Eveline, reproachfully. "The widow and her orphans are left to die."

"Not so," was the reply. "I came but to seek an instrument of good."

The angel bent toward the father, and, unseen by all but Eveline, breathed a few words in his ear. A shade of thought passed over his brow, and, for a few moments,

he remained silent, unnoticing the caresses of his children. At length he arose, and gently placed the babe in its mother's arms, saying,

"This is a hard night for the poor, dear Mary. I think I will seek out some of the sufferers."

"Not to-night, Edward," urged the wife. "It is so cold and stormy. Wait till morning."

"I may then be too late. There is great misery even in our own neighbourhood. I noticed a wretched hovel to-day which I am told contains a widow and four little ones. I was prevented from visiting them before I returned home, but I feel strongly impelled to see them ere I sleep. Fill a small basket with nourishing food, and seek not to detain me. It is good to be mindful of the poor."

"My mission here is ended," whispered the angel. "The sufferers have found a friend. Come forth again. We will stand by the bed of sickness and death. I have there a labour of love to perform."

In an instant they stood in a darkened room, where a young maiden lay extended on that bed from which she was to rise no more. One glance at her countenance showed that death had marked her, and ere many hours had passed, would claim her for his own. In silent anguish the fond parents bent over the idol of their affections. Eagerly they listened to the broken words which escaped her lips. There was sadness in the tones of her voice as she murmured some expressions of endearment to those around her. Life was to her bright and beautiful—the passage to the world of immortality dark and gloomy—and she looked not beyond. Was

there no kind friend to raise her thoughts to those realms of bliss, of which the beautiful in this world is but as a dim outline or shadow? Was there none to speak of the infinite love of her Heavenly Father, who saw fit thus early to call her to Himself? Alas! no. All were too much absorbed in their own grief. They sought not to rise with the departing spirit to her new and glorious home; but, by their overpowering sorrow, rather strove to draw her back to earth.

"Here there is indeed a great work to be done," said the angel. "To the sick girl I may myself draw near, for the veil which obscured her mortal vision, is partially removed. See, she sleeps. I will approach and minister to her wants. Remain where you are. You, too, are invisible to mortal eyes. Listen to the instructions of him who through my agency will speak consolation to the hearts of the bereaved parents. Already he draweth near."

As the spirit spake, Eveline looked and beheld a venerable old man entering the apartment. His benevolent countenance wore an expression of the tenderest pity and commiseration as in soothing accents he addressed the afflicted ones. He entered fully into their grief, and descended with them into the dark valley. But gradually he led them to look beyond—to rise above the clouds which had gathered around them—to look upon death as the messenger of life, immortal life. The frail and perishable body was indeed to be laid aside, but the freed spirit would rejoice in its new birth.

The sufferer awoke, but all was changed around her. The mother bent over her, whispering words of faith

and hope; the father clasped her hand in his, and breathed an earnest prayer; her own thoughts and feelings were no longer sad and earth-bound. She looked upward to her heavenly home; perfect peace was in her heart, a radiant smile played upon her lips. She breathed a few words of happiness and love, and calmly sunk to rest, like a wearied infant upon its mother's bosom.

With intense interest Eveline stood gazing upon this scene, when a light touch aroused her.

"Come forth," whispered her guide. "Other ministering spirits will now fill my place. My duty calls me elsewhere."

They stood together in a quiet churchyard. Around them were the monuments which affection rears to the memory of departed friends. It was the twilight hour, and the most profound stillness reigned. At length Eveline heard a low moan; and, seated on a new-made grave at a short distance from her, she saw a lady, somewhat past the prime of life. At first she bowed her head in silent agony, and her powerful emotion seemed almost to rend her feeble frame. Then raising her eyes to heaven, she exclaimed in the most piercing accents of bitter grief:—

"All gone! husband and children, father, mother, and friends. Not one link left to bind me to earth! Nothing left to love! Why, then, am I permitted to remain? Why may not my struggling spirit burst its bonds, and join the loved ones who have gone from me? Oh God! look upon me in my affliction. Leave me not thus alone."

"Poor woman!" murmured Eveline; "how great is her affliction! Gladly would I draw near to her, and endeavour to console her, or at least mingle my tears with hers; even sympathy is sometimes consolation."

"It is, indeed," replied the angel, with an approving smile; "but a medium is already provided. Look to the right of the lady, near the white stone. What see you?"

"A lovely child," answered Eveline, "quietly sleeping with her head upon the turf which covers another grave of recent date."

"She slumbers not," returned the angel. "She is listening intently to the words of her whose sorrows have so strongly excited your pity. She, too, has suffered. That grave contains the mortal remains of her late only surviving parent; and the little one also feels friendless and alone in the wide world. See, she rises and draws nearer to the lady."

As she spoke, the child quietly approached the still weeping mourner. Tears, not for her own sorrows, but for those of another, were on her cheeks; and, placing her little hand within that of her companion in affliction, she said, endearingly,

"You need not be alone. I will love you, and stay with you always."

"Who are you, my child?" was the astonished reply; for the step of the little one had been unheard upon the soft grass, and the lady knew not of her presence, until she felt the gentle pressure of her hand.

"I am an orphan. My name is Ellen. My dear father died many months ago, and now my mother has

gone too. They laid her body in that grave where you see the white stone, and I love to sit upon it and think of her. She lives in heaven now. She used to bid me not to weep, but to think of her and love her, and try to be a good child until my Heavenly Father should take me home; and I do try, but there is no one to speak kindly to me now, and teach me to be good. They give me food and clothes, but they do not kiss me and love me, and call me their own darling child, as my poor mother used to do. You have nothing to love. Will you not love me?"

"I will, indeed, sweet one," replied the lady, clasping the little girl in her arms. "Our Heavenly Father hath sent you to me to comfort me in my grief. I will watch over your tender years, and be a mother to you. My life will no longer be without an object. Another bud of immortality is intrusted to my care."

Eveline still lingered, but the angel whispered,

"It is enough; my task is ended. New duties await me."

The night was dark and fearful on the tempestuous sea, and high on the mountain waves a pirate vessel rode proudly on its course. Eveline shrunk closer to the side of her heavenly protector, as she stood with him among that fierce crew; but his gentle words soon reassured her.

"Recollect that we are invisible to mortal eyes," he said. "Nought can harm thee. Even here there is a work of love to be performed."

"Surely, not to these wicked men!" exclaimed Eve-

line. "Nothing of heaven could find admission into their hardened hearts."

"There is one among their number who may yet be saved," replied the angel. "True, his deeds have been bloody and fearful, but a glimmer of light still remains. A pious mother watched over his infant years, and the remembrance of her gentle teachings still steals over his mind like some long-forgotten dream, awakening tender emotions, checking for the moment his evil course, calling upon the sinner to repent and return once more to the path of virtue. Behold him just before us. Mark well his countenance. Even in its fierce lineaments, you may discern an expression which tells of better things. A change is about to take place with him. I must draw near to him in his sleep, and endeavour to touch some tender chord of memory."

The pirate's nightly watch was ended, and, unheeding the danger around him, he slept securely. His dreams were of his childhood's home. Once more he was an innocent boy, and, kneeling by his mother's side, he lisped his evening prayer. Alas! years had gone by since words like these had passed his lips. Her soft hand was upon his head as in days of yore, and her mild countenance gazed lovingly upon him as she repeated these words:—"For this, my son, was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found."

The storm had passed with the shades of night, and the morning dawned bright and beautiful. The vessel now lay at anchor on the shores of a lovely but uninhabited island. For a few hours the crew were at liberty

to tread on land once more, and gladly did they avail themselves of the privilege.

Still keeping near to the object of his mission, the angel stood with Eveline in a thick grove, in the midst of which the waters of a bubbling spring came gushing up with a delightful coolness.

The pirate threw himself upon a mossy bank, and seemed for a time lost in deep and painful reflection. The perfect stillness of that little spot, so beautiful to one whose eye had long been accustomed to nought but the vast expanse of waters, with the deep green foliage of its graceful trees, the fragrant breath of the brilliant flowers, awakened feelings which had long been a stranger to his heart. His dream came vividly to his mind. With wonderful distinctness the home of his childhood was before him; and his angel mother, surely her hand was even now upon his heated brow, and her gentle tones breathed into his ear.

Nearer and nearer drew the ministering spirit, still holding Eveline by the hand.

"Must you still work through earthly mediums?" she whispered. "Surely there are none on this lonely island who can minister to a mind diseased."

"No human being, indeed," the spirit replied; "but the Creator of the universe hath many mediums of good. Even in inanimate nature, the fragrant flowers, the waving leaves, the gurgling waters, all may become messengers of hope and consolation to those who are bowed down by affliction, or who have wandered far from the right path. But see! yonder comes the present messenger of peace;" and as he spoke, Eveline beheld a

beautiful dove fluttering slowly through the air, until she perched upon a tree overhanging the spring.

Absorbed in his own bitter reflections, the pirate marked her not, until she sent forth her sweet mournful notes of love. Another chord of memory was touched. The sinner could bear no more; he wept like a little child, and, kneeling on that lonely spot, poured out his heart in prayer.

Then solemnly he vowed to join no more the wicked band who had led him so far in the sinful way. He would remain in strict concealment until the vessel set sail, trusting in Providence to open the way for him to leave the island, and dwell once more among his fellow men.

"It is enough," said the angel; "my present mission is ended. Return with me to my heavenly home."

In an instant they stood once more in that beautiful garden where Eveline had first beheld her friend and guide. New beauties now surrounded him. Trees, birds, and flowers, had acquired a loveliness surpassing anything which Eveline could have imagined to exist; and the angel himself seemed encompassed by a light and splendour unobserved before.

"It is but the form of the happiness within," he said, in reply to the maiden's look of surprise. "The works of love which I have been permitted to form have given me the most interior delight, and therefore everything around me glows with new beauty.

"Thou must now return to the material world which is yet thy dwelling-place. Bear in thy heart the lesson which thou hast learned. Live no longer for thyself.

In every act of thy life have regard to the good of others. Happiness will be thine, for thou wilt find delight in use, and this is the only source of true heavenly happiness. Farewell."

The angel disappeared, and in her own apartment Eveline awoke to ponder on her dream.

FRUITS OF SORROW.

I WAS recovering from a long illness. Reclining upon my couch, with its carefully arranged pillows and snowy drapery, I enjoyed to the utmost the sensation of renewed life which, with increasing strength, thrilled through every vein. The sashes were raised, and through the closed blinds came the soft breath of a June morning, bearing on its invisible wings the mingled perfume of a thousand flowers. On a table within reach of my hand stood a vase filled with rare exotics, and by my side sat the dear friend who had brought this beautiful offering.

I never tire of gazing on flowers; but now something inexplicable attracted my attention to the countenance of Lucy Latimer—a countenance which, notwithstanding her thirty-five years, still wore a calm and mournful beauty. Upon her features beamed their usual sweet and benevolent smile, yet at intervals a convulsive spasm distorted the small mouth or contracted the broad, fair brow, and I thought that, more than once, a bright tear glistened in her downcast eye.

For the first time the thought flashed across my mind that there might be "a story" connected with the life of Lucy. I had known her from my childhood, and her course had been ever the same. She had few pleasures, but many duties. She had literally gone about doing good. A true sister of charity, wherever misfortune came in the extensive circle of her influence, she was seen binding up the broken heart, and pouring the oil of consolation upon the bruised spirit. For all ailings, mental or physical, she had a ready sympathy. From the couch of the sufferer, hurried by some devouring pestilence to the confines of eternity, she shrank not while life remained. She smoothed the pillow of the consumptive, and held the cooling draught to fever-parched lips; and, above all, her warnings and her prayers often led their object to exclaim, in true penitence and submission, "Not my will, O Lord, but Thine be done!"

Did a fond mother bend in agony over the form of her departed darling, Lucy's gentle soothings brought comfort to her sorrowing heart. Did some young wife see the husband of her heart's choice, the father of her little ones, stricken in his prime, and borne away to the silent tomb—the soft voice of Lucy awakened her to present duties, and reminded her of the loving care of Him who is the "Father of the fatherless, and the widow's God." In short, she who had been an only child, and was now an orphan, seemed never to feel the want of kindred; for she was the daughter, the sister, the beloved friend of all who suffered.

"Dear Lucy," said I suddenly, after a long silence,

during which all these thoughts had passed in review before me, "you are very sad to-day, and I know by the dreamy look of your eyes, that it is some sorrowful memory of the past which thus disturbs you. Will you not tell me what it is? You have never spoken to me of your past life; yet I remember having heard my mother say, long ago, that your youth had been blighted by some fearful misfortune. If it is not too painful, will you tell me about it? I feel that I can sympathize with you, though, before this illness, I have hardly known sorrow or pain."

Lucy's face was turned from me as I spoke; but when I concluded, she arose, and approaching the bed, stooped and kissed me. Then, without saying a word, she buried her face in the pillow, and gave way to an uncontrollable burst of tears. Surprised and grieved that I should have caused such pain to that dear friend, who, under all previous circumstances, had seemed calm and self-controlled, I mingled my tears with hers, beseeching her forgiveness, and endeavouring to soothe her by the gentlest words. But the repressed sorrows of years had found vent in tears which could not at once be checked. After a long time, however, her sobs ceased, and when, at length, she raised her face, nothing but the mournful expression of her moistened eye told of the conflict which, of late, had raged so fiercely in her soul.

"Forgive, my dear young friend," said she, "these tears which may have seemed to reproach your kindness. On this day, the anniversary of my bitter trials, a word recalls their memory; but believe me, your gentle expressions of sympathy alone could have unsealed the

fountain of my grief. But I will tell you the story of my youth, and then you will cease to wonder at my occasional hours of sadness or even violent grief.

"When the month of June, 1832, was ushered in, I, like you now, was young, and lived with my parents in a luxurious home; but, unlike you, I had one great sorrow. I had been long engaged to Cecil Alleyne, a young clergyman, who had devoted his life to the work of a missionary. We were to have been married on the first of June, and to have gone out to India as missionaries. But Cecil was in declining health. A cold, taken during the previous winter, while in the exercise of parochial duties, had preyed upon a delicate constitution, and it was now feared that that scourge of northern climates, consumption, had marked him for its prey. At the time appointed for our marriage and embarkation, he was too ill to leave his room, and the ship sailed without us.

"You may well believe that it was a bitter trial to this noble young man, full of earnest enthusiasm in the cause he had espoused, to be thus cut short in a career which promised to be one of more than ordinary usefulness. But he bowed meekly to his Maker's will, with scarcely a murmur at the blighting of all his hopes. But with little of his child-like confidence in our heavenly Father, I rose in fierce rebellion at this unexpected disappointment. Alas! how little did I dream of the sorrows yet in store for me! or how soon my proud heart would be humbled by repeated afflictions!

"Cecil's father lived at S——, six miles from my own home, and thither, at an early hour, I was summoned on the 16th of June. Cecil was very ill, the old

servant said. He had broken a blood-vessel during the previous night, and, believing that his hours were numbered, he earnestly desired to see me.

"I had returned from S—— but a few days before, and left him apparently better—so much so, that we had planned a quiet marriage as soon as he should be able to ride over to us. For this I was, if possible, more anxious than himself, that I might gain the sweet privilege of being his constant nurse. Thus when I saw Mr. Alleyne's carriage drive to the gate, I ran eagerly down the path, expecting to see dear Cecil alight from it. Judge then of my disappointment at the intelligence I received.

"Making my preparations with tearful haste, I was soon on my way, and anxiously urging greater speed. The journey seemed interminable, but we arrived at last, and springing from the carriage, I soon stood by the bedside of my dying Cecil. The bed, for freer circulation of air, was drawn to the centre of the apartment. Opposite to it was the vine-covered window which opened into the garden, from whence rose the perfume of countless flowers, the busy hum of bees from the quaint old apiary in its sunniest nook, and the song of birds from out the branches of the magnificent horse-chestnuts which, even in the sultriest noon, threw their cooling shadows upon the house. Without, all was life and joy; within, gloom and the shadow of death.

"There lay Cecil, but how changed! The pallid brow, the sunken eye, the laboured breath—all told how swift were the strides which the destroyer was taking with his victim. But a holy calm sat on brow and

lip, for to him death had no terrors. A bright smile beamed on his pale face as he saw me, and he feebly raised his arms to clasp my neck as I knelt beside him and wept with grief that would not be controlled.

"'Weep not, my beloved one,' he said, in feeble accents; 'mourn not, my Lucy, our parting will not be long, and we shall meet above. Gladly would I have lived to have passed the years with you here; but God wills otherwise, and let us not repine. Grieve not, Lucy, that he is so soon taking me from a world where poison lurks in every cup, where danger follows our footsteps in every path, and where the blight of sin is on all we hold most dear.'

"With a violent effort I controlled the manifestations of my sorrow. But it was his office to cheer me; the words of the dying infused courage into the heart that was so soon to be left alone. But few more words passed between us, for, exhausted by the violent hemorrhage and long suffering, he desired sleep to refresh him for the farewells which soon must take place. I passed my arm beneath his head, and, after a glance of undying affection from those glorious eyes which had always beamed with love for me, he closed them in a soft slumber, peaceful as an infant's upon its mother's breast. His sleep was long, and when he awoke, the shadows of evening were falling, and the honeysuckle at the window had filled the apartment with the rich fragrance that twilight dews always win from its perfumed chalices. It seemed the fitting incense to bear the pure soul to heaven.

"This slumber had been refreshing, and Cecil was

able to converse with his parents and every member of the household. Never will aught connected with that evening fade from the memory of those who stood around that death-bed, and listened to his inspired words. His glorious intellect, almost cleared from the dull film of mortality, grappled with ideas seemingly too great for human utterance; and his words fell upon the ear solemnly, as 'oracles from beyond the grave.' Never had the lamp of his affections burned brighter. Dear, exceedingly, as the loved ones who now surrounded him had ever been, in this hour words failed to express his affection for them. And as his eye, full of love, wandered over the circle, each felt that the bond which connected our spirits was one which would endure to all eternity. He spoke at intervals for several hours, but at length fell into a quiet slumber, and all, except his parents and myself, departed to seek repose. He awoke again at midnight, and with kind consideration, entreated his aged and grief-worn parents to seek the rest they so much needed.

"'Lucy will remain with me,' he said, in answer to his mother's remonstrances; 'she is young, and will not feel the loss of sleep, while watching will make you ill, mother. And do not fear to leave me, for Lucy is the gentlest and kindest of nurses.'

"Left alone, hours of sweet communion ensued between myself and Cecil. He seemed much better. He felt, as he said, no pain, and at times his voice rang out full, clear, and harmonious, as in health. He spoke of our early love, hallowed as it was by many pleasant memories, and besought me not to allow the current of

my affections, thus suddenly checked, to return and create bitterness at their source; but, rather, that I should permit it to flow out in widening channels, till it should embrace all who needed love or kindness, and till its blessed waters should create fresh fertility in desert hearts, and cause flowers to bloom by desolate firesides. His apparent ease lulled me into security, and I almost hoped his life would be prolonged. At any rate, his words gave me courage to live and perform my appointed work, and to await with patience our reunion in heaven.

"After a time, he was silent, and lay motionless and with closed eyes. Alarmed by his death-like stillness, I arose and knelt beside his pillow to listen to his breathing. He moved slightly as my lips touched his, and murmured, as I thought, a few incoherent words of prayer.

"I remembered no more, till I awoke with a start an hour after, and found the gray light of early dawn struggling with the dying flame of the lamps in the apartment, and the morning breeze blowing chill through the open windows. But colder still was the cheek against which mine rested. I sprang to my feet, and gazed earnestly at the pale, upturned face. Alas! it was the face of the dead!

"Oh, the agony of that moment! With a wild, thrilling shriek, the wail of a breaking heart, I sank fainting upon the floor.

"It was a long time before consciousness returned, and then my first thought went back to that dying scene. I attempted to rise, but still faint, I fell back

upon the pillow. But, after a time, strength returned, and I arose and returned to Cecil's room. A long, white object lay in the centre of the apartment, for hours had passed and his remains had been prepared for the grave. It was long before I could summon courage to look upon the face of the dead; but at length I raised the snowy linen that covered it, and all my wild, rebellious feelings were rebuked by the calm and placid smile which rested upon those features, to which even death could not impart rigidity. It told of peace and perfect joy, and, as I gazed, there grew in my soul a sweet calm and resignation.

"I sat many hours with the grief-stricken parents, beside that shrouded form. Noon came and passed, and the day was waning to its close, when a messenger arrived from my home, and I was summoned from my mournful vigil to meet him in the hall. He was a stranger, but his face expressed sympathy.

"'It grieves me much, Miss Latimer,' said he, 'to be the bearer of unpleasant tidings, more especially as I have just learned the sad event which has occurred here. But I am directed by Dr. S—— to summon you to your parents, who are both attacked by the cholera, which, within the last twenty-four hours, has appeared in our city. My carriage is at the door, and I will return as soon as you are ready.'

"I listened like one entranced. Cecil dead, my parents perhaps dying! Yet I had left them in health but a day since. I must fly to them, yet could I leave the dear remains of Cecil? But I thought of his words of the preceding night, and they gave me courage. With

desperate calmness I ascended to the apartment of death, pressed my last kiss on Cecil's cold brow, bade farewell to the bereaved parents, and in a few moments found myself retracing the road I had travelled yesterday on a similar errand.

"Such was the wild tumult of my thoughts, that I scarcely noted the lapse of time before I reached my home. The sun had set, and in the dim twilight the house looked very desolate. There were no lights in the windows, no sounds from the open doors, for all had fled on the first alarm of the pestilence. In the hall I was met by Dr. S——. He was our family physician; I had known him from my childhood, and never before had he met me without a smile. But now he looked grave and very sad, and I knew that my fears had not exaggerated the reality. I would have rushed past him, but he detained me.

"'Tell me,' said I, 'if they live. Let me go to them at once. Do not detain me!'

"But the good doctor still held my hand.

"'Summon all your fortitude, my dear child,' said he. 'Can you bear to hear that your father is no more?'

"'My father!' I shrieked. 'Oh, do not tell me he is dead! And my mother!—let me go to them. Do not detain me!—I will be calm, indeed I will!' I continued, as I saw the look of hesitation on the good doctor's face.

"His strong arm aided me up the staircase, and in a moment more I stood beside the corpse of my beloved father. Still cold and pale he lay, whom but two days

since I had left in perfect health. Could it be that his pious, loving smile would never rest on me more, or his kind voice greet my ear?

"But a moment I lingered there, for he was beyond my aid, and my mother's moan smote my ear reproachfully from the next apartment. In vain I sprung to her relief; in vain I called her by every endearing name; in vain were all my cares. An hour after I entered the house I was an orphan. During all the watches of that terrible night, I sat alone by the dead bodies of my parents—utterly alone, for even the good doctor had departed to the bedsides of fresh sufferers. In the early morning they were laid in the churchyard, and when I returned to my splendid but now desolate home, I felt that no tie now bound me to my race.

"For days and weeks the dull apathy of despair rested upon my soul, and I wandered about my once cheerful home without aim or employment. During all this time, the disease which had made me an orphan was walking with fearful strides over the land. Our beautiful city had become one vast charnel-house. Day and night the death-carts with their fearful burden went on their mournful way to the burying-places. Happy firesides were fast becoming desolate, and, at length, the universal wail of sorrow pierced even the dull apathy which had fallen upon me. I roused myself, and went forth among the sick. I stood, day by day, by the bedside of the pestilence-stricken. I wiped the death-sweat from pallid brows; I bathed the convulsed limbs; I prepared the healing draught—and many an eye gazed upon me with gratitude in the hour of suffering. I found

my reward springing up amidst my exertions, for, in ministering to the sufferings of others, my own were lessened. I blessed the dying words of Cecil, which had pointed me to an antidote to my own grief, so unselfish, and so complete.

"At length the summer of 1832 drew to its close, and the pestilence raged no more among us. But my attendance upon the sick had introduced to my notice many cases of want. My sphere of duty was ample, nor has it ever lessened, and I still find my happiness in contributing to that of others. My days and years glide calmly on, and I await in patience the time when I shall rejoin my loved ones in a world where there is neither sorrow nor parting."

She ceased; but her simple story had left its impression. I drew from it juster views of life and human responsibility. It has left me wiser, if not better, and so I trust it will leave my readers.

THE TWO BEES.

One summer's morning, fresh and sunny,
After a month of cloudless weather,
To gather in their choicest honey
A pair of bees set forth together;
Two loyal knaves as e'er were seen,
Of the same good and gracious queen.

They'd not gone far, when in the air
They met a wandering odour sweet,

Which led them to a garden fair—
A cottage-garden, plain and neat;
Where poor but liberal hands had set
Some charming beds of mignonette.

And fragrant thyme, that filled the air
With rich and delicate perfume,
And roses, white and red, were there,
And dainty hollyhocks in bloom,
That soared majestic, straight, and tall,
Like mighty monarchs over all.

"Hurrah! yon garden-plot," said one,
"A large and luscious spoil will yield."
"Nay," said the other, "this bright sun
Shall tempt me further yet afield—
Perchance to pass my morning hours
With richer and with rarer flowers."

So one within the garden strayed,
And gathered honey all day long,
Watched by a little bright-eyed maid,
Who listened to his joyous song,
And, as from flower to flower he flew,
(So busy and so cheerful, too,)
A life-directing lesson drew.

The other onward, onward sailed,
But joyless was his flight, and dreary,
And soon his strength or spirit failed,
And all disconsolate and weary,
He called the garden plot to mind,
And wished that he had stayed behind.

At length, to his profound relief,
Came wafted odours in the air,
And welcome glimpses, bright and brief,
He caught of a genteel parterre;

He hurried on, and, in a trice,
Alighted in a Paradise!

How fortunate at last was he,
Admitted to that realm of beauty!—
But languidly the weary bee
Applied to his appointed duty,
And more than once bewailed the fate
That gave such privilege so late.

The sequel now.—At eventide,
When both the bees were home expected,
The one came early to the hive,
The other late, and much dejected;
The one a precious burthen bore,
The other half his wonted store.

The queen, who ruled with inborn right
Of sense sublime and princely spirit—
Who made it her supreme delight
To humble pride and foster merit—
Summoned forthwith her subject-bees,
And briefly spoke in words like these:—

"My friends," said she, "the richest treasure
Is also oftentimes the nearest,
And those who travel far for pleasure
Will find that what has cost them dearest
Is far less precious, when 'tis earned,
Than the cheap happiness they spurned."

And men, like bees, may oft regret
The folly of the morning hour,
When with a cold and stern "Not yet,"
They hurried past the slighted flower,
Which had abundant power to bless
With years of honeyed happiness.

SPEAK KINDLY.

Ay! of the absent ones; those who have wandered far from the hearth-stone of home; who dwell beneath the stranger's roof, or in a strange land; speak kindly. You are sitting by your own fireside; brightly shines the firelight; kind and cheerful are the faces gathered about you—old, familiar faces they are—the wind moaning through the trees, shaking the casement, or rumbling down the chimney; brings to your heart no lonely homesick feeling. You have heard it in those very places since you were a child, and the sound, lonely though it be, has something pleasant about it, and you heed it not. But as you recall the faces and forms of those far away, speak kindly.

They may be sweltering beneath the burning rays of a tropical sun; swarthy faces are perchance the only ones they look on, not one they have ever known or loved, and their hearts may be turning to far distant ones, and fainting under their weary load. Then, oh, speak kindly.

Speak kindly, for another wanderer may be in the far away north, where the bitter winds are howling and shrieking over the wide and desolate waste, snow-clad and cold. God grant that the streams of kindness and affection in the heart be not chilled or frozen by contact with a selfish, uncaring world.

Speak kindly of thy sailor friend on the tempestuous ocean, tossed hither and thither by the restless wave.

And even if he did desert his father's fireside for the rough deck and rude hammock, the green fields of his native land for the blue ocean, *you* perchance do not know of all that passed in that home ere he left it; you do not know of all the troubled thoughts that went surging through that restless, unsatisfied heart. Judge not, I pray you.

Perchance in some rude home on the far off prairies of the West, sits by the hearth-stone one you loved long ago. Cold words may have been spoken ere she left you, and even at the parting there may have been no clasp of hands, no farewell kiss or kind word; but dwell not on that, think and speak alone of the hours when you loved each other. Breathe her name kindly now.

Speak kindly of the erring. They have been sorely tempted, else never had they wandered so far from the path of rectitude. Think you not that conscience is enough to punish them for their misdeeds, without adding bitter unfeeling words? Oh! remember these few short words, "*forgive as ye would be forgiven.*" Try to forget all that is not pleasant of others. Forget their faults, for you are not without your share.

Speak kindly of the absent; they may be tossing on a sick-bed, longing for some kind hand to smooth their pillow or hold the cup to their fevered lips.

Death's angel may have summoned them, and stranger hands laid their cold forms in the grave beneath a foreign sky. It matters little where our bones are laid, for our death slumber will be a dreamless one. But when we are gone I would have you speak kindly.

And not alone kindly *of* all, but kindly *to* all. To the

parents who watched and guarded your helpless infancy with tender care; in whose dark locks Time has wreathed the snow flakes, and whose smooth brows are furrowed by care and sorrow; pain not their loving hearts by one unkind word, for it will sink deeply and rankle long.

Speak kindly to the brothers and sisters about you; they will not be with you always, but when they go out in the wide world let them carry with them the memory of gentle, loving words from your lips.

To the one you have chosen to bear you company to the end of your life journey, speak ever kindly. Let not frowns come to darken the sanctuary of your home; no unkind words with their endless echo be spoken there.

Speak kindly to the stranger, far from home and kindred. A kindly word falls on his ear as sweetly as the music heard in dreams. But unlike the dream sounds, it will live on in years to come, and sound as plainly in that heart as when it first fell from your lips.

And the old beggar that crosses your threshold, and with quivering voice asks for a crust of bread, or a shelter from the storm, oh! I beseech you, speak kindly to him. "Weary, friendless, and forsaken," he wanders on, but like you he was once young, and perchance happy. The old man has snowy hair like your own father, and you would weep at the thought of his being thus desolate and alone. You speak gently to him, so speak to the old beggar. It is but a little time, the brief years we are to remain here, and life has enough to teach us that is sad and sorrowful, without harsh words from those around us. A few more years, and the sods

we now walk so self-confidently over will be piled above our pulseless hearts.

I ask no other memorial when I am gone than to have those who knew me when living say that I ever used kindly words. They are easily spoken, and the heart soon grows to feel what the lips let fall.

Speak kindly ever; and the echo of those words will come to your own soul, waking into life a beautiful melody there.

TELL OF THEIR VIRTUES.

Not of their faults, while we are allied to poor humanity, but of their virtues let us speak. It is one of the most common occupations of women when they sit down together, to discuss the merits of others. Some, in the chaste and elegant language of the schools, brand the worthy and deserving with base designs and false actions; others, in the coarse language of the unlearned, consign their victims to nameless places. Both classes of lady-slanderers, dip in the same gall, with only this difference; that one uses a fine camel's hair pencil, the other, a shoe-brush.

How often in forming a new and apparently desirable acquaintance, when casually speaking of some one outside, have we been pained by thoughtless and vituperous remarks! "Very true, but did you know she was so bad a housekeeper?" or "Were you aware that she has a temper which she cannot command? or a husband whom she tries to manage?"

Now it is an evident fact that all have their faults—is it not equally certain that all have their virtues? A certain person may not have the vigilance of a perpetual scourer, but, feel the influence of her sunny smile!

See how the cold warm in her presence, and the sad forget their sadness. Another may have a quick temper, and say bitter things; but when the pillow is crumpled by a feverish head, and feverish hands are tossed outside the coverlet, behold her, forgetting self in her eagerness to alleviate suffering; making cooling drinks for the parched lips, and softening the dread visitant by her gentleness. Another lacks in something else, but she ministers to the poor, and the needy call her their friend. Seek the angel side, dear reader—it is always to be found.

No matter how poor, how wretched, nor apparently forsaken of good, there is an angel side. The carrion crow scents the vile carcass afar off, and with the instinct of his nature seeks and makes it a part of himself. So we, when we seek out the deformities of our neighbours to prey upon them, imbibe the contagion of those faults and render ourselves less pure. We should set our faces as a flint against scandal—we *should*—but *do we?* If we listen with pain, is it not also in silence? And if we are silent, do we not virtually seal our approbation to what is said? Could we not, if so minded, in that firm and quiet and yet ladylike manner which cannot offend, decline to hear harm of our neighbours? Instead of that, is it not too often a sweet morsel—spiced with interjections? Do we not join our censure and condolence? Do we not hunt in the corners of memory to

bring to light some trifling corroboration of the affair? Are we not profuse in our pity, which is, a great deal oftener, pride wilfully misconstrued? And then, worse than all, do we not too often consent to be the petty second or third hand retailer of the sweet and scandalous item?

Thus confidence is destroyed, and self-respect weakened. We cannot feel in the presence of that friend whose enemy we have become—inasmuch as we did not defend her—as we felt but yesterday. She may have charming qualities, but the shadow of slander has fallen upon them. We are on the *qui vive* to interpret every action by the language of the foe whose bitter words have poisoned the fount of confidence. We have allowed ourselves to look at flaws, and consequently we search for them. What is a name on the church books, or a good standing in society in the eyes of God if we have not in our tongues the law of kindness? Nothing, and less than nothing. The divine spirit by which we are taught that charity covereth a multitude of sins, can see in all our pretensions only the tinkling brass and sounding silver, and He will judge us accordingly.

Oh! that womanly spirit that always finds something sweet to say of others, how seldom do we meet with it! And yet it is here, bubbling somewhere from some fresh hearts like a perennial spring. Almost too good and gentle for a viperous world, but ripening and perfecting for heaven. Let us imitate such spirits; let us emulate them, and strive to see which of us can vie most successfully with each other, as we speak of our friends and neighbours, in telling of their virtues.

THE IMMORTAL FOUNTAIN;

OR, THE TRAVELS OF TWO SISTERS TO THE FOUNTAIN OF BEAUTY.

MUSING one day upon the state of things as it was in the Golden Age, and especially respecting the mode of instruction then, when there were no writings, and when man was taught what is true and holy by the opening of his spiritual sight, and thus frequently admitted into spiritual association with angels, who taught him the truths of heaven, just as God taught Adam, and angels the patriarchs, I fell into a sound and most delightful sleep, and dreamed that I was living in those peaceful and happy times. It seemed as if I was in one of the most beautiful districts of the earth that I ever beheld. The sun was rising with great glory above the eastern hills; the dewdrops were still upon the green pastures, and as the light fell upon them, it seemed as if the earth was covered with gems. In the distance there was a lofty range of hills, and on them, here and there, were planted fine tall trees. At their feet the flowing of a gentle, pellucid stream murmured agreeable music, which harmonized with the voices of thousands of sweet feathered songsters. On a gentle eminence there was a singularly beautiful house, embosomed within magnificent fruit-trees, that were all in full blossom. An extensive garden surrounded the house, in which were long shady walks that terminated in cool grottoes, to which the

owner and his family retired, in the heat of day, to discourse upon things of everlasting concern.

This gentleman (for we must speak after the manner of our times) had two daughters, called Chacune and Aucune. Chacune was extremely lovely, both in mind and body. Mild as a lamb, yet majestic and noble; full of benevolence and kindness; and, moreover, she possessed that delightful quality that always inspires pleasure in others. But Aucune was just the opposite. Always frowning and out of humour; wanting and getting, but never satisfied; and ill-tempered with herself and every one else. From long-continued indulgence in evil tempers, her body had lost its natural beauty, and had become the impress and form of the ugliness of her disposition. For a sweet mind always makes for itself, in some way or other, a beautiful body; and, though we sometimes find good and virtuous minds in deformed bodies, yet how completely is the deformity overshadowed and put comparatively out of view by the sweetness and beauty of the disposition!

Aucune's greatest desire was to be as beautiful and as much beloved as Chacune; and she could conceive of no way of being so, but by making her sister as ugly and despised as herself. For some years she had been trying this plan, by beating and abusing her, tearing her dress, cutting off her lovely auburn hair, as she was sleeping in the grotto: and on several occasions she even struck her on the face, with the intention of making an ugly mark, which she hoped would destroy the charm that was about it. Besides all this, she had been known to break into neighbours' gardens, and tread down the

flowers, and bring some away, and lay them in her sister's bedroom with the intention of throwing the blame upon Chacune.

These were some of the means she adopted; but some way or other Chacune remained as beautiful, and even more beautiful than before; for every blow that she received from her sister seemed to make her still more amiable and lovely; for I must observe that in no case did she resent the unkind treatment of Aucune, and therefore to all her beauties she added that of patience, forbearance, forgiveness, and mercy, which are those that shine brightest in heaven. And, notwithstanding all the wicked and deceitful plans of Aucune, no one would believe that Chacune would injure any one. Thus poor Aucune had the mortification of seeing Chacune growing more beautiful and beloved every day, while she was becoming more and more deformed, and shunned, and disliked.

It was reported in the neighbourhood that, during the time that Chacune slept in the grotto of her father's garden, her spirit was admitted into the company of angels, with whom she talked, and strayed into fields of eternal green. It was also said that the angels bathed her in the Fountain of Beauty, which is situated on the summit of Mount Innocence, in the spiritual world, and which was the cause of her surpassing loveliness. Aucune, to whom nothing of the kind had ever occurred, had often heard such things reported of others, and when this was said of Chacune, she became much interested and curious to know the truth of the matter; "For, perhaps," thought she, "I may be able to batho

in those waters too, and then I shall be as beautiful, and as much admired and beloved, as sister!"

The next morning after she had heard the report, she hastened to Chacune's bedroom, and stole softly and silently along the passage, and listened at the door, expecting to hear angels conversing and playing with her. All was quiet, however, save the noise of some sweet singing birds that came every morning and warbled their music from the boughs of a vine tree, to awaken Chacune from her peaceful slumbers. As soon as she went in, Chacune, who had just awoke, asked "why she came so early?" "To see the angels," said Aucune. "To see angels!" said Chacune, with astonishment. "Why, sister, how is it that you look for them here? Do you not know that angels live in the spiritual world?" "But I have heard," observed Aucune, "that angels bathe you in the Fountain of Beauty; and do, sister, tell me where I can find them, for I long to bathe in those waters, and be beautiful also!"

Chacune blushed and smiled at the ignorance and earnestness of her sister, and said, "My dear Aucune, you know that I love you, and would do anything for you that I am able; but I cannot show you angels on earth, for they have not, and never can have, material bodies. Their bodies are spiritual, and made of spiritual substances, and suited exactly to the spiritual world in which they live, and therefore can never be seen by material eyes." "Then how must I see them?" said Aucune, with impatience. "I will explain it to you, sister While here, you are an inhabitant of two worlds—this world of matter, and a world of spirit;

and you have a body adapted to each; one, a material body for the material world, and the other a spiritual body for the spiritual world. (1 Cor. xv., 44.) Now listen, sister," continued Chacune, with earnestness; "each of these bodies has senses peculiar to itself; and, what is remarkable, when the senses of the material body are active, you see men and material things; but when the senses of your spiritual body are active, and those of the material body quiescent, you can behold angels and spiritual things as plainly and palpably as you now do the things of earth; but you cannot see spiritual beings with material eyes. At what we call death, we put off the material body, and thus shut out the material world for ever, and then live eternally in our spiritual bodies in the spiritual world, which will be as really and truly substantial as ever the material was. You perceive, therefore, dear Aucune, that, unless the Lord sees fit, in His good providence, to open the eyes of your spirit, you will not be able to see angels."

Aucune was sadly disconcerted at this information: for, though spiritual intercourse is said to have been a circumstance of frequent occurrence at this period, and for some time after, as is evident from many similar events being recorded in the Bible, yet she had been too much engrossed with herself to reflect upon the nature of such things. So frequent is such intercourse said to have been at that very ancient time, that angels were the common instructors of man. Indeed, to a very great extent, this is the case now, but with this difference; then, man was in open and manifest communion, and talked with angels as with his fellow-men; but now, doubtless

for some wise and providential reason, they minister to us in an unseen manner. But, though unseen, it is not the less certain that they are, even now, our instructors; for how otherwise can we account for those new and beautiful truths which enter our minds in states of contemplation? Men cannot create a truth; they must, therefore, be communicated from some source, and that source is clearly not anything extraneous to us; for in such states we are more withdrawn from external objects than at other times, and elevated into the interior recesses of our minds. They must, therefore, come from within; and our conversation at such times must be in heaven if our thoughts be true, and in hell if they be false. From this constant ministration, and teaching, and nearness of angelic beings to us, it is nothing outrageous to suppose that God may, even at this day, for wise and eternal purposes, close the senses of the body, and open those of the spirit, as he did often to the patriarchs, to Elisha's young man, to the prophets, to the disciples, to the apostles, and particularly to the Revelator.

Aucune pondered over what her sister had said, and almost despaired of ever being able to bathe in the Fountain of Beauty. One day, however, after being more than usually anxious, she wandered up and down in her father's garden, and was quite overcome with her feelings, when suddenly she beheld a glorious being dressed in white garments. His face beamed with love and kindness; so much so, that Aucune could scarcely look upon it, for the glory that was about it. "Young immortal," said he, as he approached Aucune, "we have perceived that you are anxious to have communion with

angels, and to enter the spirit-land, and bathe in the Fountain of Beauty; our kind Father has granted your desire, and you are now in the world of spirits." Aucune was astonished, and could not conceive how it could be; "for," said she, "I have a body, and garments, and here is a solid earth!" and for some time she could scarcely believe it; but in time she became convinced that she was not dwelling in the material world; for all her faculties were a thousand times more free and sensitive, and all the objects that surrounded her were so much in unison with herself, that they seemed as if they were the things of her own mind portrayed before her.

"Follow me," said the angel, after the surprise of Aucune had somewhat subsided; "follow me, and I will show you the way to the Immortal Fountain." Aucune instantly followed, inwardly exulting at the thought of soon being as beautiful as her sister. So entirely did this occupy her mind, that she never once spoke to the angel; and they walked on in silence, until they arrived at a splendid massive gate of brass. Over the top was written, the "Gate of Obedience." Aucune thought it was a strange name, but supposed it was one of the peculiarities of the spirit-world, and made no inquiries. "We must enter through this gate," said the angel, who immediately went up, and lifted a ponderous knocker, and struck three times. The gate was instantly opened by several glorious beings clad in a similar manner to the conducting angel, and all equally benevolent

> "Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,
> Welcome to the angel-land,"

said they, rejoicing, and in tones of sweetest music. "Im-

mortal, enter our happy land," they continued. Aucune attempted; but as soon as she was fairly within the Gate, she felt an oppressive pain upon her forehead, her eyes became dim, fear and trembling came upon her, and she thought she was ceasing to live.

When the angels saw this, they sighed, and tears of pity rolled down their cheeks, as Aucune was compelled to withdraw to the outside of the Gate. "We know by this," said the first angel, "that you cannot reach the Fountain of Beauty; for none can breathe the air of our land but those who, in spirit and life, are like us. Now, this gate is closed against no comer; for it is the will of our great Master that all should enter; but when any one retires with pain, we perceive that he is unfit to pass through our land." Poor Aucune burst into tears, and earnestly entreated them to tell her what she must do. "Return to your world," said they, "and hearken to the good counsels of your father, and by all means do not tease or speak angrily to your sister; do this, and in three months you shall return to us, and we will take you on your way to the fountain." She turned away from the gate very sorrowful, for the task appeared an extremely hard one; and once or twice she thought of turning back to ask whether some easier thing would not do; and probably she would have done so, if her spiritual sight at that moment had not been closed.

The first object she saw, on her return to the world of nature, was Chacune watering a beautiful bed of flowers, that had grown surprisingly since she had noticed it. "Ah, there it is again," said she, as she viewed with vexation the success with which her sister cultivated

her garden; "she strives to do everything better than any one else, and then she is praised for it. She knows I don't like it, and I am sure she does it to tease me. I will go this moment and trample upon the bed, that I will;" and away she ran, quite in a rage, simply because her sister had, with great pains and care, succeeded in cultivating a few flowers! As she was running, with this wicked intention, she suddenly stopped, and looking round in amazement and alarm,

"Did you speak, Chacune?" said she, with terror.

"No, sister dear; I am just making you a bouquet of my beautiful flowers. Come and see how nicely they have grown!"

"But some one spoke, sister, and said, 'Remember.'"

"You must have thought it, sister, for I heard no one," said Chacune.

It was, indeed, a voice that spoke; probably that of her guardian angel, who was speaking to her spirit, as God called to Samuel when he was laid down in the holy place, and beseeching her to remember the consequences of such wicked conduct. This is the way that angels always do. They call into remembrance the instruction we have previously received, and strive thereby to withdraw us from the sin we are tempted to commit.

This warning from the mysterious voice had its beneficial effect, for she concluded it was some kind admonition from heaven. When she went to Chacune, and saw her flowers, and with what readiness they were all bestowed upon herself, she felt inwardly ashamed for having suffered such unkind feelings to obtain influence

over her, and resolved from henceforth to destroy no more of Chacune's flowers. This was, perhaps, the first time that Aucune felt ashamed of having done wrong; and perhaps, also, it was the first good resolution she ever made, that was not afterwards immediately broken.

Many were the conflicts that raged in the mind of Aucune, between envy and jealousy towards her sister, and the necessity of obedience to the injunctions of the angels, in order to be fitted to pass through their land to the Fountain of Beauty. It was not in all cases that she conquered; for she was occasionally hurried away by her passion; and more than once, under its influence, she positively refused to do the just desires of her father. It was not, therefore, without serious misgivings that she looked forward to the end of the three months. At last they were over, and, as she was musing in the shady grotto, her spiritual sight was opened, and her guardian angel stood before her.

"Hasten, sister," said he, "for angels are waiting for thee. There is company going to the Immortal Fountain, and they desire thee to go with them."

Aucune made all possible haste, and very soon arrived at the Gate of Obedience. After the usual knock, it was opened by an angelic band, who greeted her with a smile of welcome. On entering, to her surprise she felt the atmosphere most delightful and invigorating; and every breath she breathed communicated an unspeakable pleasure. This was the case, too, with each of her senses; for whenever she exercised any of them, it was accompanied by most exquisitely delightful sensations.

In fact, it seemed all delight and pleasure; for all was so completely harmonious and one with herself, that there was not a single thing that she could wish otherwise than it was.

After her surprise, the angels led her into a spacious hall, in which another company of angels were walking, and seemingly waiting for her. They each came and gave her the kiss of affection, and bid her be of good courage; for they perceived Aucune's spirits were drooping as she reflected on her disobedience. To her great astonishment, she found, on joining them, that her garments were similar to theirs, but somewhat disfigured with black spots, that appeared here and there upon them; and turning round, she said,

"Stay, and let me retire to wash away these spots, for they look so filthy."

The angels smiled at her anxiety, and said,

"You cannot yet; but let us hasten on to the Foun tain, and you shall wash them there;" and so saying, they led her out on the path called Beauty.

The atmosphere was still delightful, and the road full of interest. It was wonderfully formed. There was now a gentle ascent, and then a slight descent; and yet, on the whole, they were continually ascending. It was not straight forward; for occasionally they met barriers, which caused them to go a little way round sometimes; but this was really no misfortune, for they were invariably rewarded with some glorious view that they would otherwise have lost; or they were thereby protected from some great danger, which they saw, on turning the corner, was concealed behind it. As far as

the eye could reach, there were magnificent trees, variously gathered into clusters, according to their kinds; and, in rich green pastures, all kinds of cattle were peacefully feeding. But the most singular and interesting of all things to Aucune, was a star that went on before them, and pointed out their way, just as that did that led the Magi to Bethlehem! The angels were well acquainted with this beautiful object, and called it the "star of knowledge." It was always visible, and shone with peculiar splendour during the shades of evening; and so long as they saw it, there was no danger of missing their way.

Aucune travelled on with her angelic associates, who made the journey still more interesting and instructive by each telling some story of wisdom, or by describing to Aucune the character of their great Master, and the nature of his kingdom. For a long time she went on, and once or twice she thought she could hear the flowing of the Fountain; but it did not appear. But at last she became weary and tired; and, moreover, she began to feel the same oppression and difficulty in breathing that she experienced at first. At last she was obliged to stop, and with tears in her eyes, said,

"I see I cannot reach the Fountain! O, what must I do?" she asked, with great anxiety; "O, what must I do?"

"O sister, fear not," said they, in tones of the kindest sympathy; "we knew you would be unable, but if we had told you so, you would not have believed us, so we have come thus far to show you. We know that you have not been altogether obedient to your father;

and until you habitually obey your earthly parent, and all the commands of truth, you will never be able to obey our heavenly Master, and live in the land of angels. Thou must, therefore, return to thy earth," continued the angels with earnestness; "and mark! thou must not only implicitly obey thy father's just desires, and be kind to thy sister and friends, but thou must change thy motive! Hitherto thou hast desired beauty and loveliness to enable thee to steal away thy sister's. Go, now, and learn to desire blessings without wishing to take away the blessings of others. Thou shalt never be less blessed because others are blessed too; for in the hand of our Great Master are universal blessings; blessings for evermore! Do this for six months, and then thou shalt visit us again."

If the former disappointment disturbed her, this did in a tenfold degree. It was not only the disappointment itself, but the additional task, as she felt it, that was imposed upon her, that overwhelmed her with trouble; for she supposed that there was little value in beauty, if it did not make her an object of praise above all others. The words of the angels had puzzled her; and she felt that, if those were the only conditions, she could never see the Fountain of Beauty. She returned sadly and sorrowfully, hoping, yet fearing, and much disturbed. But, on her approach to the gate, the angels met her, and cheered her, and gave her many assurances of ultimate success. They bid her an affectionate adieu; and, as she passed the gate, she heard those in the hall singing the following words, to the most soothing music she ever heard:—

"Never fear,
Sister dear,
For beauteous thou shalt be;
Thy soul prepare
By holy prayer;
Then the fountain thou shalt see."

On her return to the world she was very sad and dejected for some time. But Chacune was even more than usually kind; she danced and sung, and brought her ripe fruit, which she had cultivated with great care; endeavouring, by every means in her power, to raise Aucune's drooping spirits. By the assistance of her father and sister, and a few kind friends, who had already observed the change for the better that had taken place in her mind, she began, at last, to be more cheerful and playful. It soon began to be remarked by all, how amiable Aucune was becoming, and how kind to Chacune she was. And as they walked abroad with their father, it used to be said by the neighbours, "Here comes the good man and his two beautiful daughters."

The first time Aucune heard this, it pleased her mightily. "*Two* beautiful daughters!" she kept saying to herself. "Two beautiful daughters! Well, I never thought of this," she continued; "but I can see that it is just as the angels said. I am not less blessed because sister is blessed too. Who would have thought that the praise of our neighbours was so sweet, when enjoyed and partaken of by sister!" She gradually began to feel more and more this truth; and, in a few months, it became a fixed principle in her character to deprive Chacune of no praise and good-will that their neighbours bore towards her.

Aucune, little by little, began to feel a certain delight and pleasure about life that never was felt before. All those who had avoided her, from fear that she would quarrel with them, now seemed to strive who could be most kind; for it is a truth worth remembering, that by love and kindness we may easily beget the same towards us. There was one very benevolent gentleman, who was called "The Wise Man of the Hill," a friend of her father's who was extremely pleased with the change which had taken place in Aucune's mind. This person had great possessions, and, having no children, he had determined to leave the whole of his property to Chacune; but, in consequence of the wonderful improvement in her sister's disposition, he decided to divide the whole equally between them. This was a proof of the superiority of kindness over unkindness that Aucune could not mistake; for all this was the result of her late kind ness to Chacune.

The sisters frequently visited this gentleman, and sometimes they stayed two or three days together enjoying the beautiful walks on the hill-sides, or playing with the lambs in the fields. On one occasion, as they were walking out with the "Wise Man," Aucune saw a few wild flowers growing at the top of a large rock; and, without saying anything to her companions, she stepped aside and walked up a steep and troublesome pathway, that seemed to lead directly to the flowers. She did not perceive, however, that the path, after a little while, diverged in an opposite direction, and led her completely from the objects she desired. She toiled, expecting every moment to reach the top, but still it

did not appear; and after growing weary, and being afraid lest the "Wise Man" and her sister might leave her, she turned round, with the intention of retracing her steps; but as she turned, a female, clad in very showy robes, bowed, and, with a fascinating smile, came forward, and said, "Beautiful maiden, I perceive you have lost your way. Come with me, and I will show you one nearer and easier than the troublesome one by which you came." And so saying, she beckoned Aucune to follow her, and turned down a good broad path. Poor Aucune's vanity was flattered when the woman praised her beauty, and, without thought, instantly followed after.

As they walked, the woman appeared all kindness and sweetness, and said, amongst many other things, "At the end of this path there is a fountain, that always makes the heart glad, and life happy, and the countenance beautiful, of those who drink of its waters." "Indeed!" said Aucune, with astonishment; "and what distance is it from here?" "Not more than a few miles," said the woman. "Wonderful!" exclaimed Aucune: "how astonishing neither the Wise Man nor Chacune ever named this fountain! This is the very fountain I have been endeavouring to get to for these many months," she continued to the woman, "and I have been teasing myself so long, and here it is just at at hand!" She began now to think that the angels and Chacune had been deceiving her; and, to surprise them all, and to show she had found out the secret as well as they, she determined to solicit the artful woman to show her the way to the waters at once. "I will do it gladly,"

said the woman, "for my name is Venus, and I am appointed to wander about in these lonely paths, to lead the weary to rest, and to guide all that will follow me to that happy fountain of ease, and mirth, and beauty." And so saying, she took poor Aucune's arm, and hastily led her away.

The Wise Man and Chacune had walked on, expecting Aucune would follow every minute; but, as she did not appear, they thought she was staying to gather a bouquet of wild flowers, of which she was exceedingly fond, and would follow them soon. So they went on and left her, thinking she would arrive at home, at least, in time for dinner. But dinner time came, and no Aucune appeared. But it was not unusual for Aucune to stay from dinner, for very frequently the neighbours would invite her to stay with them, and therefore her absence caused but little uneasiness; and in the afternoon the Wise Man and Chacune went to visit a friend, and did not return until evening.

In the mean time Venus led poor Aucune along and, in the most winning manner, told her all kinds of tales, some of which shocked her at first, but in a little time she entered into them with delight. The road was altogether shaded; indeed, so much so, that the light was almost excluded. It was easy and cool; and, being a gradual descent, the walk was delightful and interesting. The fountain, however, did not appear so soon as she expected. She had heard what Venus called the murmuring of its waters, for an hour or two, but it did not come in sight; and at last she began to be anxious lest she should not be able to return home that night.

"Never fear," said Venus, "for I have fairy legions at my command, who can transport you back in a moment." "If this be so," thought Aucune, "they can as easily transport me to the fountain at once, and thus save any further trouble." But when she named this to her conductor, who was always ready with some specious put-off, she said, "The day was fine, and the way beautiful, and as the distance was so short, it would be more delightful to walk."

Thus Aucune travelled on; but, in spite of all the stories and artful smiles of Venus, she gradually became anxious and uneasy, particularly as the sun was setting, and thick thunderclouds gathering in all directions. To add still more to her anxiety, they began to enter into a dense forest, in the midst of which Venus declared the fountain was. The shades of evening closed rapidly upon them; and, before they had proceeded far, the night became black and dreadful, and every star disappeared. The wind moaned amongst the trees, and at every succeeding blast it was louder and louder. Great drops of rain began to fall upon the leaves, and by and by they fell upon the travellers, who were drenched to the skin. Flashes of lightning followed in quick succession, accompanied with loud and terrible thunder. Trees were struck down, and hurled about by the fury of the wind, which now blew a complete hurricane.

Aucune covered her face with her hands, and ran hither and thither, striving to find a place of safety; but everywhere was under the influence of the storm. She besought her companion to protect her, and lead her back; but the true character of Venus now began

to exhibit itself. Aucune was now within her power, and it was seen that she was the demon of the storm, and had allured the poor girl into the forest to torment, and, if possible, to destroy her. As the awful flashes of lightning rapidly followed each other, and shivered the trees to atoms, and struck Aucune almost dead with terror, Venus laughed and rent the air with the noise of her wild, unearthly joy; and as she sung, in boistering song, in derision to the pitying supplications for protection of Aucune, the infernal notes joined in unison with the dreadful howling of the tempest.

Poor Aucune now saw the error she had committed, and avowed that, if God delivered her from the dangers that surrounded her, and gave her light and truth to understand, she would never suffer evil in disguise to lead her astray from the plain path of duty. And, turning from the wild vagaries of the demon, she covered her face with her mantle, and fell upon her knees, and prayed and said, "O, Father of heaven and earth, the God of all children, and the comforter and protector of the distressed, look down, with pitying eye, upon the lost and awful condition of thy child, and deliver me out of all my distresses. I have erred in forsaking thy paths, and I am now beset with all the miseries of sin; but with thee, Almighty Father, there is mercy and forgiveness. Extend, therefore, thy omnipotent aid, and lead me to the abodes of safety." She arose from that prayer internally comforted, and, on looking around, she beheld Venus fleeing away, as if hastening from some dreaded object; for

> "Infernals tremble, when they see
> The contrite heart and bended knee."

The storm gradually abated; and the twilight, breaking through the trees, told her that morning was approaching.

But what was she to do? In a dreary forest, with no path to direct her to any human habitation, she began to fear that she should die of hunger. "Fear not," said a voice; "thy prayer is heard, and thy guardian angels shall conduct thee to the abode of thy father." Aucune started at the voice of the mysterious messenger of consolation, and looked round, but saw no one. Angelic beings, however, were ministering to her; and, as they directed Hagar, in the wilderness, to the blessings she wanted, so they led Aucune out of all her dangers. While she yet was almost bewildered with astonishment at the strange flight of Venus, and the abatement of the storm, and the mysterious voice, the silvery notes of a trumpet struck upon her ear. She followed swiftly in the direction from which they seemed to come, and gradually they became louder and louder; and at last she heard distinctly the sound of voices, one of which she recognised as Chacune's. She raised her voice, and called, "Chacune, Chacune, help, dear Chacune!" Chacune heard the cry, and turned her beautiful pony's head, which had been provided for her by the Wise Man, towards her lost sister, and in a few moments she was embracing Aucune. Both sobbed for very joy that they had met each other once again: and Chacune said, in gentle rebuke, "O, sister, why did you stray? We have been seeking you all night, and our hearts have been sorely troubled on your account." "Forgive me, sister," Aucune exclaimed, "and you shall know

all." The Wise Man rode up, soon after, followed by several servants, one of whom dismounted; and after all had congratulated Aucune upon her deliverance, she was assisted upon the horse, and they hastened away, and very soon they had left the forest behind them.

As they travelled along, Aucune related the adventure, and told how she had been deceived, and what an awful night she had passed, and how she was delivered, and how the notes of the silver trumpet had directed her to them.

"I knew," said the Wise Man, with exultation, "that my trumpet of Truth would bring her to us if I could cause the sounds to be heard by her. She is not the first poor soul that it has saved; and, by the blessing of God, it shall always be exercised in behalf of such lost and erring creatures." In a short time they arrived at the Wise Man's; and, after partaking of a feast that had been provided to commemorate the happy deliverance of Aucune, the sisters departed on the morrow to their father's, who was astonished at the adventure, and thankful for the safety of his daughter.

When the circumstances were known, all the neighbourhood were filled with gratitude to the Lord, that he had so mercifully preserved Aucune; for they all now began to look upon her as a pleasant and good sister; and she, as may be supposed, was delighted to perceive the estimation in which she was held by those who, previously, had shunned her.

Her time passed happily on, and the six months were soon over. And as she was reflecting upon what had passed since she was in the spiritual world, the Lord

again opened the eyes of her spirit, and the same good angel stood before her, and with a smile of welcome, led the way to the Gate of Obedience. The angels there congratulated her with a kiss; and, to the astonishment of Aucune, they seemed more lovely, and their robes more beautiful, than ever. As she went into the lofty hall, she was still more powerfully impressed with the beauty and elegance of everything she saw. The walls were of pure alabaster, and numerous figures of gentle beasts and birds curiously wrought upon them. The roof was of cedar wood, richly carved, and supported by pillars of porphyry. The light descended through a dome, and had a rich mellowness; and, what was very remarkable, it seemed to be living, and looked like living golden light; and, as its beautiful rays played upon the walls, it created wonderful images, that portrayed the state and character of the affections and thoughts of the angels. "Astonishing!" exclaimed Aucune, in her first surprise. And, turning to the angels, she inquired, "Why all things were so beautiful to-day." "O," said they, "we enjoy all these wonderful and beautiful sights every day." "But," said Aucune, "they are very different from what they were when I last saw them." "Very likely," said the angels; "but then, you know, you did not love your sister. Now, that was wicked; and wickedness causes a dense mist to rise over the mind, which distorts and perverts the loveliest of objects, and thus true beauty becomes complete ugliness to the wicked." "O, how many glorious sights I must have lost by my wickedness and folly!" thought Aucune. And with this conviction she

determined henceforth to avoid all evil, and particularly all desire to injure her sister.

In a short time she was clothed with heavenly garments; and, to her surprise, they were as beautiful as any of those which the angels had on. The black spots and filthy appearance were entirely gone; and, in addition to what she was before clothed with, there was given to her a garland of sweet flowers, which was placed upon her head by a tall, majestic being, of superlative beauty and glory, who informed her that that was a symbol of the crown of life, and the badge of sisterhood of that heaven. And, thus robed, she proceeded on the path of Beauty. It seemed as if there were no necessity for a guide, for the way appeared perfectly familiar; but, notwithstanding, an angelic band bore her company, and, directed by the star of knowledge, they rapidly proceeded with their journey.

They travelled on, delighted with each other, and every thing they saw, until they came to another gate, composed of solid, shining silver, so brilliant that they could scarcely look upon it, and over the top was written, "The Gate of Duty." "Here we must part with you," said the angels, "we cannot live in that land, for it is much more glorious and more holy than ours. In our own land we are happy, and our cup even runneth over with blessings, but our spirits are not fit to breathe that purer air; and so, for the present, we must bid you adieu." Aucune was surprised at this, but said nothing, for she was anxious to get to the Fountain. The angels then gave an affectionate kiss, and turned away; while Aucune boldly ran up the steps, and knocked loudly at the Gate. Almost

instantly it was opened by a glorious being in shining white, and Aucune entered. She told her errand, and the angel said, "You shall proceed immediately." And in a little time a company of heavenly beings came to her, and signified that they were ready. Aucune soon accompanied them; but they had not proceeded far before she felt a similar oppression upon her head to that she felt when she was obliged to return before. She knew its meaning, and, bursting into tears, said, "Am I not pure enough yet to go to the Immortal Fountain?" "We would gladly take you, dear sister," said an angel, "but it would destroy you if we did, until you can breathe, with pleasure, the air of our heaven." "What must I now do?" asked Aucune, almost with despair. "You must again change your motives," said the angels, "hitherto you have done good and avoided evil, not from a sense that it is a duty you owe to God and to your fellow-mortals, but that you might acquire some selfish good. At first you wished to be beautiful, that you might deprive Chacune of her neighbours' love and praise, and then you wished to be beautiful that you might share them with her. Now, cannot you see that, in both these motives, there is something very selfish, particularly in the first? You must, therefore, return to your world, and do no evil, not simply because it has been commanded, nor yet to avoid any misery or punishment; for the one is but blind obedience, and the other selfish fear; but you must cease to do evil, because it is a sin against God, and an injury to your brethren. You will thus gradually lose sight of self in your inward motives, and do good because it is of God, and for your neighbours' benefit."

They then bade her be of good cheer, and trust in the Lord, and all the difficulties of the task would in time be overcome. "Return to the world for twelve months, and, at the end of that time you shall come to us again," said they; and parted with the usual kiss.

At first Aucune felt great difficulty in banishing all idea of reward from her mind. But, in time, by constant attention to her motives, she found it was possible to "do good, *hoping for nothing again.*" She ceased to make any more bargains with God by saying that, if he would make her beautiful by permitting her to bathe in the Immortal Fountain, she would be kind to Chacune, and good to all. She was gradually led to see that it was a right, a duty that we owe to each other, to do no evil either in thought, affection, or deed; and thus that we are placed in this world to learn to contribute our mite to the treasury of human usefulness and human good, so that we may all have a common right to human happiness. After repeated trials, the good providence of God once again opened her spiritual sight, and she was conducted through the Gate of Obedience to the Gate of Duty; and on this occasion its grandeur and magnificence had become heightened to a wonderful degree. It shone as if ten thousand rays of the noonday sun had concentrated themselves, and were consolidated into the form of a gate. Aucune knocked, and, at the solicitation of the angel in shining white, entered; and, as she looked round and beheld the astonishing grandeur of the place, she trembled lest anything should be injured by contact with her. She was first struck with the mighty intensity of the light; for it seemed to her as if she was placed in the

midst of a diamond, on which all the glittering rays of a thousand suns were shining. And, strange as it may seem, it was not painful, but wonderfully exhilarating and delightful! And the heat that was with it elevated and sanctified her whole soul, for it was spiritual heat, that could warm the heart, and kindle up the best affections, and produce a reverence and veneration for everything around. The angels robed her in pure, shining white garments, and set out upon their journey.

Aucune had noticed a strange peculiarity in the circumstance of the persons of the angels, and the scenery of heaven, becoming more beautiful and interesting at each succeeding visit. On a little reflection, however, she perceived that the change was in herself; for in that spirit-world all things have an immediate correspondence with its inhabitants. Every thought and affection of angels takes up an external objective form; and thus, all that is seen in heaven is the outbirth and reflex of angelic minds. Each angel, therefore, sees himself portrayed upon all that surrounds him. Every beast and every bird, yea, every object that is beheld, is thus made a mirror to reflect the inward souls of the angels upon their external senses, so that they cannot possibly mistake their quality!

This is one reason why angels are so singularly happy; for there is a continual harmony and correspondence between their state and external objects. No annoyances, or difficulties, or troubles can possibly take place with them; for the desires of the mind flow forth into external objects, and provide, as it were, for their own wants. Here is the reason, too, why heaven is so glo-

rious, and hell so monstrous; for goodness and virtue are the soul of real beauty, so that the beauty of heaven is the reflection of the goodness of angels. And wickedness and vice are the essence of all deformity and misery; so that the dreadfulness of hell is the outbirth of the wickedness of the sinner.

Just, therefore, as Aucune's state improved, did all that she beheld become more beautiful and delightful. She was gradually brought into a pure, angelic state, and then she could breathe the air of heaven, and associate with its purer inhabitants. And, as they journeyed on, they beheld each other's states, and wish, and life, and glory, reflected before their eyes; so that each enjoyed his own and others' pleasure; and, in blessing others, they became blessed altogether.

They saw beautiful palaces on their way; some were of polished marble, with steps of alabaster in front, and at the sides were pillars of jasper, supporting rainbow roofs. Within these colonnades were angels, walking two and two, with long flowing robes of shining white, like those that the women saw the angels clothed with at the sepulchre of the Lord. The companions of Aucune told her that those, and all angels, had once been inhabitants of the natural world; but, having made their spirit perfect by the divine assistance, they were transplanted from earth to heaven, to live in everlasting bliss!

Aucune was walking on in silence, contemplating the remarkable instruction of the angels, when she heard the faint notes of distant music. It came nearer and nearer, and gradually it seemed to emanate from every

palace and every angel in heaven! It was a hymn of praise to the Great Creator, and the song was this:—

"Holy, holy, holy Lord God Almighty,
Which was, and is, and is to come!
Thou art worthy, O Lord,
To receive glory, and honour, and power;
For thou hast created all things,
And for thy pleasure they are and were created!"

Aucune, almost unconsciously, echoed the loud-swelling song; for it was in unison with the chord that was most awakened in her heart. As soon as the music had ceased, and she had, in some measure, recovered from her surprise, she asked the meaning of such general praise. "These are glorifications," said the angels. "They are frequently heard in heaven, and are indications of the strong perceptions of the goodness of the Lord, which the angels sometimes feel. We are made sensible of the benevolence and mercy of God, and, in humble thankfulness for all His mercies, we simultaneously burst forth into songs of adoration and gratitude. Heaven then rings with the praises of God."

They still progressed, and talked about these wonderful things; and at every step new wonders appeared. At last they arrived at another gate, still more beautiful than either of the others, and made of solid gold. Over the top was written, in letters of shining gold, "The Gate of Love." As soon as Aucune saw it, she felt a presentiment that she would not be able to pass, and involuntarily cried, "Not yet!" "Not yet," was echoed from within the portal. "Not yet." She started, and was turning away, sadly dejected with her repeated

failures, when the gate was opened, and a company of the sweetest beings ever mortal saw, clad in rich white robes, appeared, and invited her to them. As she was approaching, another company in the gate sang a song of condolence; and all the music she had ever heard was as nothing to it. The words were as follows:—

"Young immortal, never fear;
Courage take, and go;
Fill thy soul with love sincere,
While on earth below.

"Then, through this gate of glory
Thou shalt enter in
To realms of joy so holy,
Pure and free from sin."

Aucune felt inwardly delighted with this assurance of yet seeing the Fountain of Beauty, and felt that it would, indeed, be a fountain of joy to her. The angels all kissed her, and, emboldened by their kindness, she entreated them to say what she yet lacked, to fit her to proceed through their land to the Fountain.

"Thou must know, sweet immortal," said one, who seemed to be the personation of love itself, "that ours is the land of love. Here we do everything from love, and not from a mere sense of duty; for in motives of duty we perceive something of constraint and servitude. They, therefore, who are in this state look upon God as a good Master, and themselves as His servants; but we love to regard Him as our Father, and ourselves as His children. Thou must go, then, immortal," continued the angel, "to thy world again, and make what has hitherto been a duty a delight and a pleasure. Thou

must learn to hate evil, and shun it, because it is contrary to God and the good of thy fellows : and thou must do good because it is good, and of God, and the unconstrained choice of thy soul. Thou must neither let fear drive thee from evil, nor the hope of reward, either in the life of the body or in that of thy spirit, cause thee to do good; but thou must do it from the sincere and pure love of virtue itself; so shalt thou, in time, return to us, and pass on to the Fountain of Beauty."

The angels walked down the steps with her, and gave her the usual kiss, and bid her be of good courage. They stood affectionately gazing after her, and waving their handkerchiefs in the breeze, by way of encouragement, until they were closed from her view. Aucune returned to the world, almost afraid that, after all, she would not be able to bathe in the Fountain. "Hope not for the Fountain!" said the same mysterious still small voice, that had, more than once, taught her what to do in cases of trouble. She felt that it was a warning from heaven, but she was at a loss to understand it. "Hope not for the Fountain!" said she to herself, with surprise; and thus she kept pondering and turning it over for many days.

In great distress of mind she wandered to the shady grotto, and prayed to be enlightened; and, while she prayed, the heavens opened, and an angel descended and stood before her. "Let not thy soul be disturbed," said he, "but rather rejoice that thou art able to see thy difficulty; for it is one that eludes the sight of thousands. Thou must henceforth cease to hope for the Fountain as an end of life, and go to Chacune, and she will instruct

thee further." And, as he thus said, he suddenly departed out of her sight. Aucune still felt disturbed, and immediately sought Chacune, and told her all that had occurred, and implored her to tell her what to do. "Dear sister," said Chacune, "you have followed goodness, hitherto, merely to prepare you to go to the Fountain of Beauty; now you must hereafter desire the Fountain for the purpose of leading you to goodness. What you have, up to this time, made the end, you must now regard as the means, and the means must hereafter be the end. Goodness and virtue should be the end of every endeavour. Truth may be the principal end up to a certain period of regeneration, but afterwards it must become merely the means to a higher and holier one, which is goodness. Learn, then, my dear sister, to understand well the true ends of human life, and, without hoping for, you shall have blessings. Endeavour to make this change in your mind, and the barrier will become an assistance to the higher object you shall have in view."

The sisters walked, in meditative mood, into their father's beautiful garden. One was wrapped in profound thought concerning the interior wisdom that the angel and her sister had taught her; the other was hoping for the ultimate success of her sister, and meditating on the means she should adopt to assist her. In a short time they were aroused from their thoughts by the approach of their father, who informed them that the Wise Man of the Hill had come, and wished to see them. "Run and welcome him," said Aucune, "and I will go and gather a little fruit, for he will be fatigued

with the journey." And away she bounded to the orchard, and plucked the finest fruit she could find, while Chacune and her father went to entertain their visiter.

As soon as Aucune entered, the old gentleman informed them of a dreadful occurrence that had taken place. He said, "As I was riding, with my servants, not far from the district where we found you in the forest, Aucune, we met a boy, shivering with cold, and his face covered with blood. On inquiry, we found that his father, and mother, and two sisters, and himself had mistaken their way; and, while in the act of retracing their steps, they were met by a woman, probably the same that led you astray, who told them to follow her, and she would lead them to a place of safety. Little thinking whom they were following, they cheerfully obeyed, and were led on from one place to another until night set in, when a dreadful storm arose; and, while in the midst of it, a faint light appeared, which they followed, and found it led to a cave, from which proceeded the noise of revelry and boisterous joy. The man refused, at first, to enter; but the storm was raging with awful fury, the lightning flashed among the trees, and the thunder rolled, and the wind roared, and the rain fell in torrents; and, looking round upon his shivering and fatigued family, he at last consented. It so happened that the boy had tarried a little behind, from weariness; and, before he could arrive, a massive gate was drawn across the mouth of the cave, and shut him out, and his parents and sisters in. As soon as the gate was drawn, an infernal shout of delight proceeded from thousands

of voices, and the noise of revelry increased. The youth was terrified, and fled from the place, not knowing whither, and wandered about in the forest, and more than once was struck with falling trees, that caused the blood to flow down his innocent face, and filled his soul with terror.

"As soon as we found him, and heard his story, we judged that it would be the cave of the furies into which they had been allured; and we hastened thither, peradventure we might rescue them. On our arrival, we heard moans proceeding from within, which was an indication that some one was still living. We sounded our trumpet of Truth, that they might know that help was at hand, and, setting ourselves vigorously to work, we very soon found out a crevice in the rock, through which we all entered as quickly as possible. But it was not until the furies had taken alarm. Before we had all got fairly into the cave, we were obliged to draw our swords and fight the infernal hosts. The contest was severe at first, but not long; for, when manfully assailed, the furies are complete cowards; and we drove them before us, and finally they descended through the earth, and fled by a subterraneous passage, and left us in entire possession of the cave. We were directed to the man and his family by their moans; and, to our joy, we found they were still living, but much more than half dead. We broke down the gate, and endeavoured to destroy the cave, and brought the unfortunate creatures to the light, and examined their wounds, and poured in oil and wine, and set them on our horses; and now, I am happy to say, they are at my house, doing well."

The two sisters and their father were well pleased with the success of the Wise Man, and desired to return with him, that they might see the family.

On their arrival, Aucune was filled with anxiety to render them some assistance; for she remembered the night of horror she had passed under similar circumstances. She stayed a whole week, and never left them, night or day. At the end of that time, they were so far recovered as to be able to go on their way towards the city of Contentment, where they soon arrived, thankful to God for having raised up so great a deliverance from so great a danger into which they had fallen.

Well prepared for heaven by these acts of kindness, she was admitted into the association of angels; and, as she approached the magnificent Gate of Gold, a company of glorious beings came out and met her, and fell upon her neck, and embraced her, and kissed her. Their countenances bespoke incessant love, and they were evidently filled with extreme joy, which strongly reminded me of the joy which the Lord declares there is in heaven over every repentant sinner. The robes of the angels were so beautiful as almost to surpass even a faint description. They were white as the purest light, and shone as if some brilliant flame burned within; and all were bound together by a girdle of rich purple velvet. So perfectly did they fit their bodies, that there seemed not a single fold out of its place. Around their heads were wreaths of fragrant, delicate flowers, which never lost their odours, and here and there a ruby sent forth its beautiful reflected light; and behind each ear every one had an olive leaf. As Aucune entered, every angel

manifested the utmost delight, and welcomed her as a sister; and a choir of voices from within raised their harmonious notes, and sung,

"Enter, enter, young immortal,
Through celestials' golden portal;
Welcome to our land of love,
Welcome to the realms above!

"Sweetly shall the Fountain flow,
On thee rich blessings to bestow;
Beauty, goodness, joy, and peace,
Shall within thy soul increase!

"Sister angel, pass on, pass on!"

She was immediately clad with similar robes; and one tall, majestic, glorious being, who seemed to be the prince of the company, came to her, and placed behind her ear the olive leaf, and said, "This is the badge of our heaven, and by it we acknowledge you as our sister. Come, now, to the Immortal Fountain, for the barriers are all passed; peace and tranquillity shall henceforth be your companions, joy and gladness shall for ever attend you, and we will be your protecting friends." They all departed; and it is impossible to describe the beauty of the flowers, and the sweetness of their odours, and the glory of the light, and the purity of the atmosphere, and the happiness of that heaven; for, to mortals, they are ineffable! There was one object, however, the most wonderful and glorious of any she had yet seen. It was God, clothed, as it were, with the sun, and from whom proceeded light which illuminated all heaven with its

glory; and, on the appearance of his Divine Majesty, all angels prostrated themselves in humble adoration.

As they travelled, in a little time the murmuring of the waters was heard, and a thrill of delight passed through the soul of Aucune. She ascended the beautiful Mount of Innocence, on which it stood, and there before her lay the waters, in the form of a lake, from the centre of which they rose high up into the air, and fell gently upon the surface. Angels were bathing their beautiful forms; and Aucune ran up and looked in, and saw the face of one beaming with joy and beauty, which seemed to be looking at her from within the water.

And, as she continued to admire this lovely countenance, her sister Chacune came joyfully up and kissed her, and, in tones of exultation and pleasure, said, "O, my beloved Aucune! long, long have I wished to behold you standing upon the brink of these blessed waters, so that I could show you how sweet and beautiful you are! Look there," said she, pointing to the face in the water; "look there, and behold the beauty of your own countenance!" Aucune looked, and was astonished to find that it was her own face, the countenance of her own purified soul, so infinitely more beautiful than that of her body, that she did not recognise it. "But I have not bathed yet!" said she, with surprise. "True, you have not yet bathed in this type of the Holy Water," said Chacune, "but the true water of purifying, living truth, from the River of Life, has been flowing in your soul since the time you first set out to reach the Fountain. Remember how your heart was once filled with the spiritual filth of sin, and then think of the holy commands

and wise instruction that were given you by angels to make you pure and fit you for heaven. These were the waters of the true Fountain of Beauty!" "O, Chacune, Chacune!" said Aucune; "I understand it all!" and falling upon her neck, the two sisters embraced each other with the ardency of angelic love, and then fell upon their knees, and, with eyes and hands uplifted, they uttered in unison a holy and solemn prayer, which I heard as if ascending to the throne of the Majesty on high, blessing and praising God for all His mercies, and His wonderful works to the children of men. After this, I awoke.

THE BEAUTIFUL.

Walk with the Beautiful, and with the Grand;
Let nothing on the earth thy feet deter;
Sorrow may lead thee weeping by the hand,
But give not all thy bosom thoughts to her:
Walk with the Beautiful.

I hear thee say, "The Beautiful! what is it?"
O, thou art darkly ignorant! Be sure
'Tis no long weary road its form to visit,
For thou canst make it smile beside thy door:
Then love the Beautiful.

Ay, love it; 'tis a sister that will bless,
And teach thee patience when the heart is lonely;
The angels love it, for they wear its dress,
And thou art made a little lower only:
Then love the Beautiful.

Sigh for it!—clasp it when 'tis in thy way!
Be its idolater, as of a maiden!
Thy parents bent to it, and more than they;
Be thou its worshipper. Another Eden
Comes with the Beautiful.

Some boast its presence in a Grecian face;
Some on a favourite warbler of the skies;
But be not fooled—where'er thine eye might trace,
Seeking the Beautiful, it will arise:
Then seek it everywhere.

Thy bosom is its mint, the workmen are
Thy thoughts, and they must coin for thee believing:
The Beautiful exists in every star,
Thou makest it so; and art thyself deceiving
If otherwise thy faith.

Thou seest Beauty in the violet's cup—
I'll teach thee miracles! Walk on this heath,
And say to the *neglected flower*, "Look up,
And be thou Beautiful!" If thou hast faith
It will obey thy word.

One thing I warn thee: bow no knee to gold;
Less innocent it makes the guileless tongue,
It turns the feelings prematurely old;
And they who keep their best affections young,
Best love the Beautiful.

THE GENII OF THE GOLD MINES.

"Can gold calm passion, or make reason shine?
Can we dig peace or wisdom from the mine?
Wisdom to gold prefer; for 'tis much less
To make our fortune than our happiness."—YOUNG.

DAVID WINTERS sat by the fireside one cold blustering night. His arm-chair was drawn up within a few feet of the crackling wood fire, and he felt in a very comfortable, drowsy—contemplative mood. What cared he if the wind did shake the casement and rattle the doors, as though it would break through into his snug parlour? He only gazed complacently around upon the comfortable arrangements of his fireside, and relapsed into a fit of musing. Mr. Winters was not what one might call rich in this world's goods. He had his comfortable house, a few acres of good tillable land, good barn, well filled with live stock, a smart sprinkling of hens, ducks, and geese; and he had another thing which he prized as of far greater value than all the rest, a good wife and two children—a boy and a girl. My reader will perhaps say, learning this, "Is he not contented with his lot? can he wish for any greater riches?"

I am very sorry to say, dear reader, that he was not. He was blessed with health in his family, a loving spouse, and an easy, independent life, yet he was not satisfied. Some of his neighbours had been to the land of gold, and returned with well-filled purses. He had taken the infection, and wanted to visit that land himself. Visions

of "mountains of gold," gold dust, and golden ingots, filled his brain.

Mary, his wife, sat on the opposite side of the hearth, turning her spinning-wheel and converting the shining flax into tough thread, which in turn was to be converted into garments for David Winters Junior, who was at that time enjoying himself in a delicious sleep beside his mother.

"Mary," said Mr. Winters, suddenly breaking the silence, and striking his open hand upon his knee, as if he had an idea in his head—a singular idea—"Mary, do you know what I was just thinking of?"

"La, me, David, no! How should I know, unless you was thinking how much more wood it would take to melt the old—"

"Pshaw, Mary! nonsense," broke in David, not waiting for her conclusion—"I was just thinking how much money, how much gold would satisfy me."

"Gracious! David, what a man you are! Haven't you got everything comfortable around you; everything nice and convenient? and can't you be satisfied? Well, how much did you think would make you contented?"

"I thought, Mary, that if I had all I could place in the half bushel measure, I would be *nearly* satisfied; and, that if I had all I could put in this room, I should be *perfectly* satisfied!"

"Dear me! what an avaricious man you are, David! You'll never be contented, I'm afraid, if nothing less will satisfy your craving for wealth. I heard you tell Mr. Wilson to-day, that you had made up your mind to go to California. You was not in sober earnest, *was* you,

husband? Oh! I know you wasn't! How *could* you leave little David, Jeannette, and me?"

A tear trembled in the good woman's eye, and the hand that guided the flaxen thread shook nervously. She tangled the yarn around the spindle—her hands then fell to her side, and her head sank upon her bosom.

"Oh! don't cry, Mary," said David, almost repenting his ambition. "When I come back with a heap of money, you will be as glad to help dispose of it as anybody. Don't cry, Mary!"

An hour passed, and the old clock recorded it in its musical chimes. Mrs. Winters had resumed her spinning, and David sat in his chair *almost* asleep. The wheel buzzed merrily, the fire crackled cheerily, the old cat upon the hearth stretched herself lazily, and David's eyelids *almost* closed together.

As he sat there gazing into the bright fire—upon the glowing *coals*—he saw a slight movement among them, and a little fellow, all covered with dust and ashes, leaped out on to the hearth and shook himself. When David's eye first discovered him he was not certainly bigger than a man's thumb, and might have been mistaken for a coal of fire, he was so red in the face. Gradually, he seemed to expand in form and limb, until his figure could hardly stand beneath the ceiling of the room. As the figure increased in size, his face grew redder and redder, until it grew warm around him, and David felt uncomfortably warm. He did not feel at all alarmed in the presence of the giant creature, but involuntarily inquired who he was.

"*I am the Genii of the Gold Mines*," said he, looking down upon David with his great yellow eyes. "I am the spirit of the mines, and have it in my power to make you rich. I can show you where the main treasure lies, and teach you how to gain immense quantities of gold."

"And what do you require of men in return for this information?" said Mr. Winters.

"I only require that they should give me full sway over their bodies and souls—give themselves entirely to my service, the remainder of their lives. When I call they must answer; when I command they must obey; and when death summons them hence, their souls are delivered up to my guardianship."

"Is that all? Truly, some men hazard as much, and in the end get nothing. Show me the treasure, sir, and I'll comply with your stipulations. Give me 'gold galore,' and I'll serve you through life, and make over to you a quit claim deed of my spirit after death!"

A smile curled the red Genii's lip, and he immediately disappeared in the coals, from whence he came. David sat by the fire some minutes, impatiently awaiting the return of the Genii. He had almost persuaded himself that it was all a dream, and that the Genii would never return, when a beautiful girl appeared before him, as if by magic, with golden hair and the deepest blue eyes, the pearliest teeth and the most bewitching little smile that he ever saw. She opened her ruby lips, and in a mellow flute-like voice, that thrilled his very heart, she said,

"Mortal, you see before you a servant of the Genii

of the Mines. I am called Flora. I am sent to conduct you to the presence of my master!"

"Lead on," said David, bewildered with her beauty, "lead on, and I will follow."

She placed her dark blue eyes steadily upon his for a moment, glided toward him, and placing one taper finger upon his forehead, she retreated toward the fire-place. David did not leave his chair, but it seemed to glide along, as if upon ice, in the same direction. Thus, as if in a mesmeric sleep, he entered the glowing grate. A moment and all was dark. Still he felt the impress of the finger upon his forehead, and that he was passing through the atmosphere at a rapid rate. Soon there appeared in the distance a light as of a glimmering star. It grew rapidly larger and larger, and brighter and brighter, until the dazzling light blinded his eyes. He stood in the presence of the Genii when he again looked around him, and his guide had disappeared. He stood in an immense cavern, whose sides, roof, and floor were of solid, massive golden rock.

"Frail mortal, thou standest in the main treasure-chamber, from whence cometh all the gold of earth," said the Genii. "Look around, and feast thy greedy eyes upon the millions of millions that are here deposited. You can never but once penetrate to it. Sign these writings, and then choose thy manner of taking a share of gold from these walls."

David seized the pen and subscribed his name to the Deed.—The letters traced were of a dark red colour.

"There, that will do," chuckled the Genii; "you are mine *mine*, MINE! heart, soul, and body! ha! ha!

ha!" and he almost shrieked a laugh. The echo was caught up and resounded from each corner and point of the immense cavern. It was terrific—awful. The perspiration started from every pore, and David most heartily wished himself out of the place.

"How much gold will satisfy you?" said the Genii, fixing his yellow eyes upon his, as though he would read his innermost thought.

"Would you be satisfied with as much as you could raise from the floor?"

Now be it known, David was not a man who might be called small or weakly. He once prided himself very much upon his bodily strength, and the enormous weights he could lift. So the proposition of the Genii was in his favour.

"Yes," answered he. "Give me all I can lift, and I will be satisfied."

"Let it be so. You shall have your wish."

The Genii seized an iron instrument, and commenced digging the gold from the wall. His blows fell thick and fast. Presently a large lump of the precious metal was detached. He threw aside the instrument, and from a chest near by took a stout linen bag, apparently capable of holding two bushels of grain.

"Now," said he to David, who stood amazed, "I will make you acquainted with my further conditions." David did not answer, for he was glad to do anything to get himself out of the present predicament.

"You can take this bag," resumed the Genii, "and place in it as much of the metal as, in your best judgment, you think you can raise. If you over-estimate

your strength, and get more gold than you can lift, you shall have none, but shall be sent back to your family worse than when you left them. If you *do* lift it, it shall be yours. My servants shall escort you home, and a conveyance shall be furnished for your treasure."

David took the sack, and began filling it with the largest and brightest pieces. At first he thought he would limit his desires, and be sure not to put in more than he could raise. As he handled the precious lumps he became more and more excited, until he had no command over himself. The bag was about half filled, and he desisted a moment. The idea of having so much gold stimulated him to prepare for immense exertion, in order to raise it. "One more lump," thought he, and added it to the pile.

"Oh! *one* more will not make it much heavier."

Another lump was added—and yet another. The bag was placed in a convenient position, and he paused over it to take breath before he tried the lift. He did not have the slightest doubt but he could raise it, so excited had he become. He stooped, grasped the mouth of the sack in both his brawny hands, and raising himself slowly, steadily, but with all his strength, he essayed the task. He strained, he tugged with all his might; he exerted every muscle; the blood rushed to his brain—he saw more stars than revolve in the firmament; but it was all in vain. The obstinate load would not budge a hair's breadth.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the demon, and his face glowed with a brighter glow. "You did not raise it! But try once more, and then if you do not raise it—ha!

ha!" Again the echo was caught up as if by a myriad of fiends, and the cavern was filled with the laugh.

Once more David Winters grasped the sack. This time, with the determination to raise it or die in the attempt. When he was lifting with the utmost of his strength, the solid linen of the sack parted in twain, and David, losing his balance, fell heavily upon the floor. The Genii raised another—"Ha! ha! ha!" and again it echoed through the cave.

"Lost! lost! lost!" cried David, and—*awoke.*

"Bless my heart, David! what *is* the matter? Here you've been tugging and pulling at the *arm of your chair*, and now you've pulled it clean off, and fallen on the floor. Oh! what *is* the matter?"

David rubbed his eyes and looked around.

IT WAS ALL A DREAM!

He related his dream to Mary that night, but said not a word about going to California, as in fact he never did afterwards. Several days passed before he recovered from the severe contusion on his head from the fall.

The moral of this simple sketch is obvious. When a man is comfortably located, having a home and a family, and with a fair income, he is not justified in leaving all, to seek mere gold afar off. Like the hero of this dream, in doing so, he may not gain anything there, but lose everything he *has* at home.

"YES! yes! as beautiful as I could desire it! Every precious object takes a hue from the rose glow of my life!" and very gently was the foot-fall of Ada Ward pressed into the velvet carpets of her bridal home; very soft were the glances that rested upon the rich and graceful furniture, as though it were capable of making a part in her strange and wonderful happiness!—for the mysteries wrought in the quiet soul by love, are ever new, and more than strange and wonderful to the possessor of the enchanted life. And so the light figure of Mrs. Graham Ward, for the twentieth time, had been flitting from room to room, beginning at the top of the great house; her heart pronounced a benediction on everything, and when she stood within her magnificent parlours, her lips spoke the thoughts sleeping within.

"Yes!" she murmured, smilingly, "I believe if I did not look every day at all these things, and almost touch them, I should think myself in some delirious, blissful dream. But I am awake, and Graham is my husband, and this beautiful home is as fresh to me as the love-lighted world I have come to dwell in. Ah! many dreams I have had, but no wandering in delicious dream-land ever equalled this: dim prophecies they were that haunted me—a faint idea I had of the love mighty and eternal, that was to illuminate my soul—and I must be to Graham all that he is to me—sun-

shine! life! breath! Ah! I dare not tell him all my thoughts; he is so much older than I; and yet for all the world, I would not have him a day younger, for I could not feel that repose, that blessed assurance in looking up to him.

"And this is my boudoir!" she continued, entering a charming little room where the softened light fell through embroidered curtains, and lighted up with more brilliant touches the flowers her own hand had placed on the broad window-sill—then the same magic light struck out a richer crimson on her little favourite rocking-chair, and sought its rest upon warm crimson roses in the carpet. A dainty work-basket stood upon a zephyr table filled with pretty pretences to industry, and two or three delicate notes of congratulation and love from "the girls;" intimate friends to whom her heart clung, and for whom she wished a happiness equal to her own.

Ada took her seat, and still looked around her; she did not care to sew, she was too happy to need the ministry of the choice authors in the book-case before her—but a new thought struck her—she would talk with her own soul, she would begin a journal, and keep imperishable the burning thoughts that rose, wave upon wave, within her; this unparalleled romance that came with such a glory to her young, girlish spirit, should be impressed upon paper, where in future years she could go to it, and live it over again, and know that it really happened. And so she drew pens and paper from the secretary, and in the afternoon shadows and the golden lights she wrote, and wrote, and poured forth the eloquence that welled up from her heart. While her pen

was busy, and her cheek glowing, a timid hand rapped at her door.

"Oh, Betsy!" she exclaimed, a little impatiently, "what have you come here for?"

"But, mistress, dear!" said the girl, deprecatingly, "if I only could get you to write me a little word to my brother, I should be so thankful."

"I will; but not now, Betsy. I am busy now!"

"Oh, but Miss Ward, I want to send it for him."

"Well, Betsy, havn't I said that I am busy now?"

And Ada closed the door, but her heart smote her for a moment ere she went on weaving together her life romance. Poor Ada! she was too happy to lend a listening ear to others' hopes and wishes. Graham came home and entered the boudoir, where his wife, lovelier than ever, met him with outstretched hands, and eyes that half sought to hide their love-shining; he pressed the sweet mouth uplifted for his evening kiss, and passed his arm around her waist.

"Is tea ready, my dear?" he asked.

"I will see! Must you go out to-night, Graham?"

"Yes! a man of business must be at his post, my child!" and he pushed back the curls from her brow, and kissed it.

Ada left the room, and her husband stood musing alone. He was a man of thirty-five, with a handsome, haughty face, where a something reckless and imperative, not to say selfish, could be traced.

"A very pretty little creature she is, and she loves me so devotedly! A very pleasant thing it is to have such a pretty little wife to welcome me, and such a handsome

fortune with her!" and the glances Graham cast around were very different from Ada's. "I intend to make the little thing happy; poor child, how happy she is! but then it must be done in a reasonable way. I can't think of giving up my evenings to be spent here alone. I'll do it sometimes, though."

Here Ada appeared, and laying her hand on her husband's arm, went with him to tea.

When he had gone, she sought her favourite room again, and from the window watched the twilight shadows.

A familiar carriage stopped at the door, and her mother's face looked from it, and smiled a mother's love. Ada hastened to the front door, and received the beloved visiter with kisses and embraces.

"Come into my sanctum, mother; this is such a dear, precious room, the very quintessence of my Eden home!" and her sweet, happy laugh, went like music to the fond mother's heart.

"Let me take off your bonnet, mother darling, and here, sit in my own little chair, and let me sit on this cushion—isn't it pretty? and lay my head on your lap, and tell you, oh! so much! I never *can* tell you how happy I am. Do you know, mother,"—and she raised her head and looked into the beautiful, soft eyes above her,—"do you know, mother, sometimes I think I shall not, cannot live very long, for this wild intense love must burn my heart out—but I don't care; I care for nothing, nothing but this happiness—it is enough; it swallows up my being. I could not love more, and yet every hour I love him better. Mother, do you think

that other people do, can love as I do? is it as beautiful to them?"

"Yes, my darling; there are thousands of hearts telling the same story to-day!"

"Oh, bless them! blessings on them in their happiness!"

"And blessings, all holy blessings on those who are walking in dark and dreadful paths, without any joy to help them through their lot! The happy-hearted should send their sunshine to these."

"Oh, yes!" murmured Ada; "but who can turn from their heaven to look on such leaden pictures? Oh! mother, I am very, very selfish. I cannot bear that anything should break in upon this enchantment. I have almost forgotten that a day of reckoning will come. I am wicked, I know, but I want no better heaven than I have!"

"My poor child! my poor child!" and a gentle hand stroked Ada's hair, while glistening tears fell upon it.

"Why do you say 'poor child,' mother?" asked Ada, raising her eyes, where love and hope unquenchable seemed to dwell. "Your rich and happy child!" and with smiles she drew down the beloved face and kissed away the drops. "Mother, dear, I feel within me the assurance that this happiness must be immortal. Do you remember these words:

> "'And if such *dreams* are given
> While at the portals thus we stand,
> What are the *truths* of heaven?'

Oh! if heaven be as blessed as my own heaven, I shall ask no more!"

"But, dear child, it will not be as beautiful, unless you learn to be an angel here, and look with a true and tender love on others besides those your own happiness is bound up in."

"Ah, true!" answered the young wife, and poor Betsy's imploring face came before her. "Mother, will you excuse me a few moments?" she asked, rising hastily.

"I must go myself, dear. I have stayed longer than I intended. Try to-morrow to call on poor Kate Suthington, and comfort her. You heard that Henry Williams had married in Europe?"

"No. Oh! Kate, dear Kate!"

"Well, good-bye, darling. Come and see us very soon."

"Yes, yes. Good-bye."

Ada bent her steps to the kitchen, and there she found Betsy sitting by the table, with her apron over her face, crying.

"What is the matter, Betsy?" she asked, very kindly.

"I am afraid the vessel will sail in the morning, and my brother cannot come over in it, unless I send the money to him in a letter."

"Is it too late, do you think?" and a great pang of self-reproach went through the heart of the young mistress.

"Perhaps not," answered the girl, with a look of hope.

Ada ran to her room, and brought utensils for writing, which she rapidly used. Then, after enclosing the money, she sealed the letter, saying,

"Now hurry, Betsy. Here is sixpence to get into the omnibus. You will reach the place in time."

But Betsy did not reach the place in time. She was half an hour too late, and her young brother, as well as herself, suffered from the sickness of hope deferred many long weeks, because the fair young bride, amid her joys, had not yet learned the habit of instantly turning a patient ear to others. This beautiful life-lesson her guardian angels waited to teach her, that, when her hour was come, she might enter into her rest.

A year, fraught with experience, has passed away, silently dropping into the book of life its records; and Ada Ward is within her favourite room. The broad moonbeams slant across the carpet, and fall upon the form lying there in the abjectness of despair. A pale cheek is pressed to the foot-cushion. Ada has that day buried her little babe, and cold, black, ghastly shadows envelop her; colder and blacker than they might have been, because her husband, finding it so gloomy at home, has gone out for a walk.

"Oh, that it should be I!" she groaned, wringing her clasped hands, and pressing them upon her heart, as though she would quiet its great agony. "If I could die! If I could only die! Oh, that such woe should come to me! That my glorious temple of love should be broken—dashed to pieces eternally! That I must live years, ages, in this blackness of darkness! Day after day pressing my hands upon my heart to keep it from bursting! If we were parted, I think I could endure it better; but to gaze in his face and read no love there; to receive with a grave, repressed face his

acts of politeness; to know that I cannot charm him; that there is no winsome light in my eyes to him; nothing precious in my smile; to have no words pass between us save those that are necessary; and to see often more smiling words addressed to others than to me. Oh, my Father! why may I *not* die? Am I so unlovely, so unworthy of love? Is there no grace in me? My mother, my mother! oh, to lay my head on her sheltering breast! She would weep her soul away to know that her cherished child was an unloved wife. It would strike to the core of my father's heart to hear the cold words spoken to his 'little bird,' as he used to call me. I am no one's little bird now, only a miserable, blasted wretch, with the elixir of life for ever dried up in my veins, and burning ashes heaped on my heart. Little babe! little angel! thou, too, art taken from me! If thou wert here, soft tears might perhaps allay this aching. But it is well with thee. Only one pang more to lose thee, but I can bear it, when I remember how merciful it is to thee. Thou wilt not be subject to a lot like thy mother's. Sometime, I shall come to thee, my flower, and it will be a joy to look within thy sweet eyes, and know that no shadow ever darkened them. I must live. I must bear on to meet thee. If thy dimpled hands could be laid upon my brow, I should think God and His angels were merciful to my pain, but He has left me no joy, no blessing! He has bereaved me awfully, cruelly. He has forgotten to be gracious. Ah! that I were stronger; that I could argue with the Almighty. I did not ask the breath of life; it is hateful to me now. Oh, this madness, this dreadful rebel

lion at my lot! This fearful life, without hope, and without God in the world! If I could sleep, sleep on and get some rest, and grow resigned, and wear a placid face, and quietly tread my way downward to the grave! Perhaps I could bear up better if my health were as strong as it used to be. Oh! my Father and my God, forgive me! Be merciful to thy wretched, lost, abandoned child! Shelter me until the storm be over-passed! I will endeavour to bear my cross, to wear my crown of thorns."

This battle with life went on in Ada's soul for months. Sometimes the evil and sometimes the good triumphed; most frequently, a cheerless despair dwelt within her. She saw nothing lovely, nothing to be desired on earth; but she wore a quiet face, and fulfilled the duties of wife and housekeeper. Friends thought she seemed rather pensive since the death of her babe, and not much inclined for society. Her husband thought she had grown to be "deuced sober." He did not remember in whose power it lay to dispel that soberness, or that he had freely and solemnly promised to study her happiness before that of any other mortal. Ada's soft eyes lighted with love when her parents were with her, more tender and caressing than ever; and she tasked herself to the utmost to be as cheerful as *their* Ada used to be. A thousand sweet and graceful acts of devotion she performed for them; it was such a comfort to her to anticipate a want. Poor, forlorn one! this was one little fruit of her great sorrow. One day, when her parents had parted with her after a day's visit, her father remarked, earnestly,

"I think, dear, our Ada grows more angelic and thoughtful of our happiness every time we see her. She was always a lovely child, but not as she is now. Have you observed it, Mary?"

"Oh! yes," and the wife looked into her husband's beaming face with a smile, but a tear fell unobserved on her work. The mother remembered that her darling never told her now how happy she was. When her head lay on her lap, she sometimes said,

"Mother, dear, tell me of all that is noble in life; how we may be purified by sorrow; it was a sorrow to lose my little babe; teach me how to meet her."

And, with fast falling tears, the mother would talk, and Ada would weep quietly, very quietly and softly, until there was no bitterness within her. Then she would go to her splendid home, and with gentle patience give Betsy her accustomed lessons in reading and writing. When her head reposed on her pillow on such nights as these, the recording angel wrote, "Another deed of love is born from her great sorrow."

Ada rarely realized this. She realized that the gaunt demons of unbelief and despair were seeking after her soul, and that they had made a desolation there, and tempted every slumbering evil, while they had withered her every flower. But the months went on, still silently dropping their records into the book of life, until another year had completed its cycle. Ada had sought her retreat after a busy day, and with a pensive smile had drawn forth her life romance. Thus she wrote:—

"When these quiet evening hours come, and I am alone, a tide of great and irrepressible regret rushes

through my soul. Sometimes it is terrible in its useless, devouring might, and again it flows more quietly and dreamily. I often fear the bird of resignation will never fold its wings above my heart. I shall never be really happy again; perhaps, alas! never content and capable of gratitude for the sad gift of existence. I wish to be; none know, but myself, how great are my efforts to banish the memories of that golden, gleaming vision, and to enter heartily into all that is about me. I think the greatest woe is past; that I have drank all that is most bitter in my life's cup; yet it seems very sad to know that the sweetness was all drained before; is all gone! hopelessly gone! Yet I ought to be thankful that it is less dreadful to exist; that I do not momently 'draw the breath of fear,' as I did when my self-deception was being dissolved; thankful that I know it is vain to make those heart-breaking efforts to win back that love; yes, thankful that I am in no suspense; sick no longer from hope deferred; in no new despair when his capricious tenderness vanishes into coldness. Certainly I know what to rely upon. I know that it is best for me to interest myself in others' welfare, to think as little of him and of myself as possible, as far as it is consistent with every duty. Another reason I have to be thankful—my anger towards him has ceased; my burning, maddening sense of injury. I have simply made a mistake. I thought he loved me for what I was; he probably thought he loved me somewhat, too; but it was only that my face was new, and bright with joyousness and love for him. It would, I think, have been the same with any other little maiden he had mar-

ried. Then it is some consolation that I spare another young and noble heart from this quiet breaking. Why should it not be I as well as any other? Yes, I know that I can bear it, and mayhap it makes me a comforter to the suffering. Ah! I love them in their pain with a tenderness so infinite, compared with what it used to be. To-day I went to see Kate Suthington. Ah! that her love should still have power to tear her heart like a vulture; she bears up before others with a noble dignity, and Henry Williams is a weak and erring man to her view, now; he has lost the key wherewith he unlocked a soul too noble for him. But in her own words—

"'Oh, Ada! that the world should have lost its loveliness; that I should only have learned what happiness, beauty, life were, to have lost them!'

"Then I talk to her from my soul's depths. I cast about to find some recompense for all this, and I believe words of great faith and wonderful hope break from my lips; words that charm me with some deep, strange, all-powerful feeling that God is doing all things well. I feel serene and very peaceful after this, when Kate lays her head on my breast, folds her arms around me, and says,

"'You do me good, Ada! Yes, there may, there must be a something deep in all this, that we cannot see; perhaps when the ground has been broken and ploughed more deeply, gold may be found.'

"Then we take out our sewing, and talk of the books we have read, or one reads to the other, and we part with a cheerful glow thrown over our souls from this friendship."

Five years later, one serene afternoon found Ada Ward within her favourite room. No outward changes of great moment had befallen her, save that the furniture was not so fresh. One might have thought but a day had passed. Her lovely face was more spiritual; more assured and earnest in its expression; in her eyes a world of trust and deep hopefulness might be found. At this moment they beamed upon Kate Suthington with a loving, laughing, triumphant look.

"Ah, Katy darling!" she said, "there is not a happier mortal on earth than you, traitoress as you have been to your first love; and this new husband of yours, has he erected another Eden in your life?"

"Perhaps so," answered Katy, with a soul-illumined smile.

"And you have learned to believe with me, that the pain of life may be transition, but that happiness is a real entity; something that shall come some day to the earnest spirit; perhaps here; perhaps not until our life has opened amid the everlasting beauty."

"I believe it; and should I lose it again, I would simply wait, and strive to work diligently, that others, as well as myself, might gain their greatest good."

"It is very beautiful to see great happiness," said Ada, softly; "it is an earnest of our life in heaven, and a revealing of what our natures are capable of. It enables us to measure God's love better, and gives us a glimpse of something divine."

After Kate had gone to her happy home, Ada wrote in her journal as follows:—

"Katy darling has been here this afternoon; dear

Katy, sweet Katy, happy Katy. I think she has no idea of the degree in which she brightens my life; it used to give me a pang when I saw happiness, such as mine was, one brief while, but it is so different now; it gives me a glow of such heartfelt pleasure. I say to myself, 'Not yet, a wise Father permits it to them; but you know your own heart, and God knows that you may need a discipline very different from theirs; but be patient and grateful, the joy is coming.' Oh! sometimes I feel a boundless hope and rapture when I look up to God, and realize the great love with which He has ordered my lot. I think I never should have taken a broad glance at life; never should properly have fitted myself for another world, if this had been as happy as I wished it. How differently do I write in this, my life romance, from what I expected to, when I began it; but with all its sad experience, I have found a wealth in life that makes me often wonder. I have wept with gratitude that this priceless gift has been vouchsafed me, that it will never have an end. Oh! wonderful to live amid fresh recurring joys, for ever; such as no pen can describe; to be bathed in love, and ever performing deeds of love! To be able, every day of my life, to strive, with God's help, to perfect and beautify this future, and sometimes to be able to arouse others to this noble strife!

"Ungrateful that I was! I once felt that my life was a blasted one. What does it signify if one suffer? I sometimes ask myself when the cross is folded to my heart heavily. I learn very soon that 'He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless

return again, bringing his sheaves with him!' There are so many quiet pleasures given me, I look upon them sometimes as all extras. I think 'this is the world where the battle must be fought, and yet so many little joys to cheer us.' Eternally shall I thank God that he has taught me to fight this conflict—that the morning of my day was sorrowful, in order that a ripening eternity should be joyful. This morning I went to see one of my sick neighbours—she had lost a beloved husband. I said what I could to comfort her, but she answered,

"Ah! Mrs. Ward, I could speak to you, as you do to me, if I were young, rich, happy, one of the favoured of the earth!"

"I said that even I might make myself miserable if I forgot what blessings I had—and that the 'favoured of the earth were not always the favoured of Heaven.' But she would listen to nothing of this—her vision was bounded to a few fleeting years—they were life to her—she had no soaring hopes beyond. I came away thinking I was very rich, because I hoped I had an investment for a dearer, nobler life—yet I will try to open a vein of comfort for this afflicted one—perhaps she may in time believe how earnestly I desire her good. I meet with so many noble spirits, and often these dear ones confide to my ear heart-stories full of interest and pathos, and it is a holy pleasure to weep and wonder, and forget my own heart-story the while, or only remember what of worth has survived it. When I read books that go to my heart, I feel with one who has reached the haven where her genius is no longer thwarted, 'Life is richly worth living for!' It is true that my days are very much of one colour, and

household love does not bless me within my own home, yet it is noble to strive to be faithful amid all this, and to hope I am still of some use. My little life romance is of a gray shade, but it is only the first chapters I am writing here—it will be finished, where? In heaven, I hope! Finished? Ah, never! Its beauty shall increase, its glory of life shall be too dazzling to be written with an earthly pen; nevertheless, the romance shall go on, and never reach its end, in the world that is eternal!"

Ada had written her last chapter on earth; the sunshine that awoke her, was amid the Everlasting Beauty. When she had put away her writing materials, a strange pain shot through her heart; ere she could leave the room, it had ceased to beat.

THERE'S WORK ENOUGH TO DO.

The blackbird early leaves its rest
To meet the smiling morn,
And gather fragments for its nest,
From upland, wood, and lawn.
The busy bee, that wings its way!
'Mid sweets of varied hue,
At every flower would seem to say—
"There's work enough to do."

The cowslip and the spreading vine,
The daisy in the grass,
The snow-drop and the eglantine,
Preach sermons as we pass.
The ant, within its cavern deep,
Would bid us labour, too,

And writes upon its tiny heap—
"There's work enough to do."

The planets, at their Maker's will,
Move onward in their cars,
For Nature's wheel is never still—
Progressive as the stars!
The leaves that flutter in the air,
And Summer's breezes woo,
One solemn truth to man declare—
"There's work enough to do."

Who then can sleep when all around
Is active, fresh, and free?
Shall man—creation's lord—be found
Less busy than the bee?
Our courts and alleys are the field,
If men would search them through,
That best the sweets of labour yield,
And "work enough to do."

To have a heart for those who weep,
The sottish drunkard win;
To rescue all the children, deep
In ignorance and sin;
To help the poor, the hungry feed,
To give him coat and shoe;
To see that all can write and read—
Is "work enough to do."

The time is short—the world is wide,
And much has to be done;
This wondrous earth, and all its pride,
Will vanish with the sun!
The moments fly on lightning's wings,
And life's uncertain, too;
We've none to waste on foolish things—
"There's work enough to do."

"VERONICA!"—"Veronica!"

Yes; I heard them calling and searching for me—hither and thither with confused exclamations and laughter. I heard also the hurried tread of feet upon the great staircase, the opening and closing of doors, and occasional bursts of music from the rooms below. Yet I heeded not the festivity and gladness, and remained secure in the deep window overlooking the gardens, and shaded by the heavy silken curtains.

It was a festal night at Glockenburn—a night of rejoicing, for my father had but a few hours previous brought back to his stately mansion, a new bride. For this reason, was there music and gayety, brilliant lights, beaming faces and joyous greetings.

But I stood aloof from it all—proudly alone, with a heart full of evil emotions. I, of all of them, owned no thraldom save my *will*, that one great self of my nature. Revering with absorbing devotion the sacred memory of my dead mother, I could not acknowledge another in her place. Child though I was, I had long been the only mistress of Glockenburn, and should I thus surrender my royal sceptre into stranger hands? I who should have been sole sovereign, sole heiress of Glockenburn!

All the bitterness and pride of my spirit rushed forth at these thoughts, and my whole frame quivered with emotion. Envy, hatred, and all evil passions, crowded

around my heart. I plucked one by one the red roses that clambered about the lattice, and, tearing them in pieces, dashed them down into the walk below.

Again could I distinguish the voices of my gay cousins, calling repeatedly and with impatience—"Veronica! Veronica! where art thou?"

But I closed my lips firmly, standing upright and proudly in the full moonlight, behind the curtains. Presently steps came nearer, and a hand was laid upon the lock of my door. I knew that they would find me now; that they would drag me forth in their giddy mood. So I stepped from my concealment and stood calmly awaiting them.

Instantly the door burst open, and a gay troop hurried into the apartment. A glad shout greeted my appearance—then again they grew silent, remaining uncertain and wavering as they looked upon me.

Haughtily, and with angry defiance in my eyes, I stood in their midst.

"Why have you sought me?" I cried, passionately. "Why break in upon my solitude, and disturb me with your merriment? I go not with you—my foot shall not cross the threshold of that door."

My cousins and their young guests shrank back in amazement at my words. Even the merry Genevieve, their leader, was abashed.

"Veronica!" said my father in a stern voice, as he stepped into the apartment—"you are no longer a child, to indulge in such caprice. I command you to follow me."

His clouded brow and tones of displeasure left me no alternative. I obeyed.

With a beating heart and disordered dress I followed the laughing throng down the broad stairs, through the lighted corridors, even tc the festal rooms below. I looked around upon the gay groups that hovered throughout the rooms. All wore smiles upon their countenances, and were clothed in gala-dresses. My dark robe and unbraided hair ill accorded with the rich costumes and shining fabrics which ever and anon floated past me in the dance. Still I passed onward in the wake of my conductors, silently and with scornful tread.

At the upper extremity of the long room, underneath a bridal canopy of white hangings and roses, stood a slight and graceful figure. She wore rich robes of shining satin, a veil of lace, and a crown of nuptial flowers. Very fair and very beautiful she looked in her snowy attire. I had never dreamed of aught so lovely. Her face was more beautiful than that of the Madonna in the chapel, more angelic than that of the pictured saint in the calendar of the Passover.

She was the new bride, she was—my stepmother.

Had she been less lovely, I might have forgiven her usurpation of my rights. But that very loveliness aroused my hatred, and augmented the indomitable pride within me.

We stood directly before her. I felt that all eyes were upon me, that all ears awaited the sound of my voice. She stepped hastily forward—a blush was upon her cheek, and she outstretched both her fair hands to me.

I did not reciprocate the movement. I did not even lift the bridal veil to my lips, as was customary, or salute the jewelled cross which hung upon her arm.

Bowing low in mock reverence, and with a haughty flush upon my brow, I spoke clearly, but coldly:

"You are welcome—quite welcome to Glockenburn. I wish you all happiness, and greet you with a bridal greeting."

Her hands dropped beside her; the blush died upon her cheek, and she turned away with suffused eyes. My father gazed upon me with anger in his glance, yet no word escaped his lips. The guests exchanged whispers one with another, and my cousins stood awe-struck around me. I broke from their midst and rushed to my apartment.

I donned my gayest attire, bound my waist with a golden cord, and braided my long, dark hair with jewels. Flushed and excited, I stood before the mirror and viewed myself reflected therein. My eyes gleamed with unnatural brilliancy, my cheeks were crimson, and illuminated my dark face. I could not believe that I was the same calm, passionless Veronica of yore.

I did not stop to consider my new character, but descended again the staircase, and stood once more in the bridal hall. I was the gayest of them all. I whirled in the giddy dance, keeping pace with the music in impetuous delight. My senses were bewildered; my brain on fire. I was scarcely aware of my own existence. Yet wherever I turned, I felt that a spell was upon me. Yes, I *felt* the mournful gaze of those wondering blue eyes, although I saw them not. I knew that my step-mother watched my every motion with a sorrowful and earnest glance.

The last lights were extinguished, the music hushed,

the guests departed. I gained my own room unmolested, and, hastily disrobing, threw myself upon my couch. I cast aside the crimson curtains, and allowed the moonlight to fall in upon me. I dared not look back upon my past actions, lest I should repent. Feverish, and with an exhausted spirit, I closed my eyes. That night, a vision appeared unto me. I dreamed that a white figure bent over me with folded hands, and it said,

"Veronica, I greet thee with a bridal greeting!"

—

It was the feast of the Pentecost. The great hall was lined with green branches, and garlands were hung upon the walls. The little chapel was adorned also with evergreen, and the altar of the Madonna was wreathed in myrtle and palm. A beautiful Christ, of white marble, was placed on the shrine. It wore a crown of roses, and was surrounded by waxen lights. The silver basket, containing the broken bread, was beside it, covered with an embroidered cloth of fine linen. My young cousins were robed in white, looking peaceful and happy, and wearing little knots of blue flowers in their bosoms. My step-mother, also, was more beautiful than before; even paler and gentler. Since the evening of the bridal, we had ever avoided each other. She, sadly and timidly; I, disdainfully and proudly. My father's lips were closed He no longer smiled upon me. Neither did he speak. My cousins, awed by my unpardonable conduct, kept aloof, and did not molest me with their gayety.

The great clock on the staircase struck two, the hour for prayer. My apartment was adjoining the little chapel, and there I sat alone, with no white robe about

me, and no blue flowers resting upon my unquiet breast. I could hear the sound of the organ, swelling out its mellow notes upon the air, as my step-mother played the "All praise Thee," the divine hymn. How touchingly its deep tones spoke to me! melting my heart and teaching of the grace, the glory, the majesty of my Creator.

Then there was a great hush, a stillness profound, and I knew that they were at prayer. I threw myself upon my knees. I covered my face with my hands, and wept the first tears of remorse and anguish that had ever dimmed my eyes. Oh! how great was my sin and self-abasement! How immeasurably great the wickedness of my heart! I took my rosary from my bosom, and bedewed it with tears as I prayed to the Holy Mary, and to my mother in heaven, to bless me and to guide me to repentance.

Again I listened. I heard my father bless the broken bread, and my cousins responding fervently "amen." Then my step-mother's voice spoke clearly and distinctly.

"Peace and good-neighbourhood be between us, my children."

And again they responded cheerfully and earnestly,

"Peace and good-neighbourhood."

"Oh! how those words thrilled to my heart. I longed to join with them, also, to rest my weary head upon my step-mother's bosom, and whisper those words of love and amity. Crushed and humbled, I bowed myself in the dust, and cried aloud for forgiveness.

Thus, for a great length of time, I remained in anguish and despair, my face hidden among the cushions of the

couch. At last, some one lifted the latch of my door; yet I heeded it not. Light footsteps echoed across the floor, and the rustle of garments disturbed me. I lifted my head—my step-mother stood beside me.

She still wore her white robes, and her long hair waved upon her shoulders. Her beautiful face looked down upon me with a pensive, angelic expression.

"Peace and good-neighbourhood," she uttered, gently. Her voice was tremulous with emotion, and there were traces of tears upon her countenance. Those tears had been shed for me—in secret and in sorrow.

There was no pride in my heart now. I took both her hands in mine, and drew her gently down beside me. Her fair hair fell about me, and I laid my weary head upon her bosom.

"Peace and good-neighbourhood, *my mother*," I whispered.

She encircled me with her arms, and I could feel her warm tears upon my cheek; and thus we remained in an unspeakable trance of joy.

At last, my step-mother spoke. She said,

"Veronica, I also have erred and suffered; therefore, have I less to forgive. Once, in my pride of heart, did I turn a deaf ear to His holy purposes and love But the beloved voice and angel-teachings of a departed one have pointed out to me the path of rectitude. And now am I unceasingly thankful for the beautiful examples and glorious wisdom of our Saviour."

My step-mother ceased speaking, and embraced me fervently. Twilight was already curtaining the windows, when we descended the stairs arm in arm. The halls

were lighted, and a glad gleam went shining upon the walls and intertwining among the gay garlands. My young cousins crowded around me once again, and my father stood smiling in their midst. With a subdued spirit, I knelt at his feet and received his blessing.

"Peace and good-neighbourhood," whispered the pretty Genevieve, at my side, and she crowned me with a wreath of myrtle blossoms.

I looked around at my young cousins, with their white robes and happy faces; at my step-mother, beautiful and loving; at my father, with his kind eyes full of tears. Then I stood up among them, and with a thankful spirit cried unto them all,

"Peace and good-neighbourhood."

OH, WATCH YOU WELL BY DAYLIGHT.

Oh, watch you well by daylight—
By daylight you may fear,
But keep no watch in darkness—
For angels then are near;
For Heaven the sense bestoweth
Our walking life to keep,
But tender mercy showeth,
To guard us in our sleep.
Then watch you well by daylight,
By daylight you may fear,
But keep no watch in darkness—
For angels then are near.

Oh, watch you well in pleasure—
For pleasure oft betrays,
But keep no watch of sorrow,
When joy withdraws its rays;
For in the hour of sorrow,
As in the darkness drear,
To Heaven intrust the morrow,
For the angels then are near.
Oh, watch you well by daylight—
By daylight you may fear,
But keep no watch in darkness—
The angels then are near.

FIRESIDE AFFECTIONS.

THE man who sits down in a virtuous home, however humble, in which his own industry enables him to breathe the atmosphere of independence, and his wife's management to enjoy cleanliness and comfort, has a vast scope for the creation of happiness. The minds of his children,—of his wife,—his own mind, are so many microcosms, which only ask to be inquired into and developed, to reveal hoards of wealth, which may be coined into current enjoyment. We are ever too little sensible of the good immediately within our grasp; too ready to cavil at difficulties and to declare them impossibilities. A great man once said there were no such things, and as all proverbs have their foundation in practical truth, this idea may receive confirmation from the common phrase—"Where there is a will, there is a way." It is

certain that the difference between what zeal and energy will accomplish with small means, compared with what power, ill applied or feebly applied, will long leave unachieved, is most astounding. Few are those who have not to reproach themselves with supineness, or a prodigal waste of time and resources; few, who, when they look back upon the field of past experience, but feel how barren they have left the track which might have been richly cultivated. Let us instantly reform. The present will become the future; let us resolve that it shall be rich in fruit, delicious to the reverting spirit of review, and yielding good seed for the progressive path before us. The traveller rarely begins with his own country; in like manner, the searcher after enjoyment too often looks beyond home; too late in life's journey, when little of either strength or time remains, this is to be regretted. In the case of home, the early neglect is usually irretrievable, where, we may be certain, if flowers are not cultivated, weeds will spring,—where the violet and the rose might have charmed our senses, the nettle and nightshade will offend them. Fenelon was accustomed to say, "I love my family better than myself; my country better than my family; and mankind better than my country; for I am more a Frenchman than a Fenelon, and more man than a Frenchman." This is an instance of reasoning more beautiful in theory than reducible to practice; I should be satisfied with the man who proceeded almost inversely, and invested his first funds in the domestic treasury; these once established and yielding interest, he may at once enjoy and dispense at will. Many spirits are moving on the stream of

society, and the rising waters are attesting their influence. Religion has its preachers, science and politics their lecturers, but there seems to be a dearth of moral teachers—Apostles of the Religion of Home, who would show warmly and eloquently to assembled congregations the beauty and the benefits of the home affections,—the dreadful, blank and ruinous bankruptcy attendant on their want or violation—who would send away their dispersing auditors with awakened hearts, each saying in the secret chamber of its individual breast,—"*I will* be a better wife, a better husband, a better parent, a better child, than I have ever been." Those who should make this resolve and act up to it might count upon an exceeding great reward—the harvest of present happiness, and the solace of future consolation. Of the latter need, let it ever be remembered, none will be spared: the wedded will be the widowed—the parented will be the orphaned. The links of life are not more surely cemented than they are struck asunder, and happy is he in whose living hand is left the fragment of the chain, if, when the heart that loved him is cold, he can lay his hand upon his own, and say—"I never neglected her—I was never unkind; we suffered, but I ever sought to make *her* share of suffering the least." As happy she who can recollect habits of devotion and endurance, that she kept ever present to her mind how he was toiled and tried in the conflicting struggles of the world abroad, and had sedulously sought, as much as in her lay, to create for him a recompense at home—sweet will be this drop in her bitter cup of bereavement. Without risking the charge of partiality, I may say this consolatory consciousness of self-abnega-

tion falls more often to the lot of woman than of man. The kindlier feelings, checked in their outset, grow stagnant, or take a concealed and sluggish course, never yielding sufficient evidence of vitality. Thus many whom self-culture has redeemed mentally from the bondage of early bad habits, have failed to attain moral emancipation from the thraldom in which want of genial manners principally contributes to hold them. I have noticed even a false shame evinced at giving any evidence of susceptibility to the lovable emotions, and rudeness affected to hide the tenderness that was yearning to burst forth. To these I would say, in the beautiful language of a popular song,

> Love now! ere the heart feels a sorrow,
> Or the bright sunny moments are flown,
> Love now! for the dawn of to-morrow
> May find thee unloved and alone.

Oh! alone—alone in the house of mourning! What would you not then give to recall the time when you suffered your best feelings to lie in unprofitable silence? —what would you not give to recall to consciousness—consciousness of your love, your contrition, the heart you had often hurt by apparent indifference? By a magic peculiar to death, all that was beautiful, was amiable in the departed, rises on the stricken heart of the survivor with renewed beauty; while in the same proportion his own merits shrink—his own demerits are magnified. Spare thyself this bitter addition to a bitter draught—the cup may not pass from thee! Let not the sun of affection go down while it is yet day, or the night of thy mourning will be dark indeed! It seems strange

that mental improvement should be more easy than moral amelioration—but so it is; the mind's prejudices fall before that silent monitor, a book, and the faculties assert their freedom; but it requires more effort to effect a change of manner, and modes of expression—if the amenities have not grown with our growth, strengthened with our strength, they rarely take kindly to the soil. Gentleness and tenderness then must be among the first and most constant of the influences exerted over the infant mind. The general increase of kindliness and urbanity, in the classes in which the graces of society have been least regarded, are among the best advances that have long been making. The history of private life in past times exhibits a severity of conduct towards the young, from a mistaken notion of its utility, nay, of its necessity, that it is painful to recall. The sceptre was not deemed more essential to the king, the mace to the keeper of his conscience, than the rod to the schoolmaster; and if portraits of these birch-loving pedagogues could be presented to us, no doubt the stereotyped frown would be found on every face. Lady Jane Grey records that she never sat in her mother's presence, and severe study was a severe shelter from such severe austerity. Joy to the young spirits of the nineteenth century—everywhere be their hearts opened by kindness and encouragement! Let us not be niggards of the moral comfit—praise. Credit to a dawning or dormant capacity is often what an advance of capital is to a struggling trader—it assists, perhaps inspires, the exertion that enables him to realize fortune and repay the loan with interest.

WORK FOR HEAVEN.

If thou have thrown a glorious thought
  Upon life's common ways,
Should other men the gain have caught,
  Fret not to lose the praise.

Great thinker, often shalt thou find,
  While folly plunders fame,
To thy rich store the crowd is blind,
  Nor knows thy very name.

What matter that, if thou uncoil
  The soul that God has given;
Not in the world's mean eye to toil,
  But in the sight of Heaven?

If thou art true, yet in thee lurks
  For fame a human sigh,
To Nature go and see her works,
  That handmaid of the sky.

Her own deep bounty she forgets,
  Is full of germs and seeds;
Nor glorifies herself, nor sets
  Her flowers above her weeds.

She hides the modest leaves between,
  She loves untrodden roads;
Her richest treasures are not seen
  By any eye but God's.

Accept the lesson. Look not for
  Reward; from out thee chase
All selfish ends, and ask no more
  Than to fulfil thy place.

SPIRITUAL BEAUTY.

THE following article is a part of an eloquent discourse by Rev. Chauncey Giles, of Cincinnati. No one can read it without interest and profit.

Beautiful as the material world is in the form and colour of its objects, it is the least beautiful and excellent that the Lord could create. All natural objects, in their smallest and simplest forms, as well as in their largest and most complex combinations, are the rudest outlines and the faintest shadows of that beauty, which is inexpressible and incomprehensible by any finite power, in its Divine essence.

And yet this is a beautiful world, and does retain many of the lineaments of its Divine Prototype. We cannot open our eyes without seeing it, and, if our lives are at all attuned to the harmonies of the universe, without being affected by it. It dwells even in the various hues of light that flash and sparkle in the rude and shapeless stones in the earth, in the various combinations of mountain and valley, hill and dale, stream and lake and ocean; it is embodied in the infinitely various forms and textures of the vegetable creation; in the grass and forest, in the slender plant and the wide-spreading tree, and above all in the flowers, which seem to be the very embodiment of the most chaste and delicate beauty. And then over all these forms, so countless in their numbers, so wonderful in their varieties and combina

tions, there is thrown the many-hued garment of light. Morning comes and lifts the curtain of the night, spreads its green over the landscape, gives to the lily its white, to the rose its red, and to every flower and petal its proper tint, sparkles in the dew and plays in the streams. Is it not the beauty of the Lord upon the earth?

But even this, various as it is, is not unchanging, is indeed never the same. There is a beauty of the morning, when everything is waking to new life and activity; and another of the evening, when the shadows lengthen and the quietude of repose is settling down upon the earth and gathering everything to rest. There is a beauty of noonday, when the earth is hot and every object is bright and flaming in the full blaze of the sun; and there is another of night, when the moon throws her silver light over flower and leaf, and valley and stream, or the earth is canopied by a broad firmament of jet, gemmed with diamonds of suns. There is a beauty peculiar to the spring, another to the autumn, one to summer, another to winter. The clouds, with their ever-changing forms, chasing each other above while their shadows move with even pace below, or stretching in broad bars across the western sky, flaming like molten gold and looking like the sunny isles of the blest; and the rain, the frost, and the snow; and the vapour that the earth sends up on wings of fire as incense to the morning sun; the wind that gives motion and apparent life to all these forms, making the hills sing and the leaves and waters dance—all these elements unite in never-ending combinations, and each one adds something to the beauty of the whole, and keeps the scene shifting

in perpetual play before us. These are some, a few of the more general elements that constitute the beauty of the material world. But he who has an eye for it, who has the inward that answers to the outward beauty, can see more at one glance than the poet can tell or the painter put upon canvas. This is the beauty of the Lord in the rocks, and sand, and water; this is the beauty that He creates out of the mould, and the refuse of living forms. If such is the beauty of this world, where everything is so coarse and hard and unyielding to the plastic forces of the spirit, what must be the beauty of the spiritual world, where substances yield instantly and perfectly to the slightest thought, and where there are ten thousand distinct forms that combine to make one form here! When I think that the beauty of this world is but the rude sketch and the faint outline of that of the spiritual, when I know that the elements that compose the forms in the spiritual world are infinitely more numerous, and inconceivably more distinct and perfect than they are here—though they seem almost infinite in this, and so wonderful that they surpass all description, my heart swells with indescribable emotion. I feel like bowing my head, and my heart too, in penitence and shame that I should ever have a selfish wish, that I should ever distrust the goodness of a love which manifests itself in such forms, and makes such provision for the wants, and such a glorious habitation for the dwelling-place of its children.

But beautiful as the world is, it is the lowest form of beauty, and in many respects imperfect. It is perpetual because there is a constant succession of forms; the

flower and the cloud, the forest and the stream, that compose the landscape to-day, or form a most important part of it, are gone to-morrow, never more to be restored. The withered flower and the decayed fruit and the fallen tree disappear and become parts of other forms. Each individual thing also has but a few of the elements which are found in the whole. One has colour, another form, another both. But all these beauties are collated in the perfect man. There is not a form, nor a motion, nor a colour, nor a quality of any kind that can be called beautiful that is not found in man, and, so far as he lives a life of true order, in every man. The reason is evi dent. All the goodness and beauty that exists in the world is an expression in material forms of the infinite goodness and beauty. And as man was made in the likeness and image of the Divine, so he is represented in everything in the universe. Everything without is the correlative of something within, something which has an actual and substantial existence, or which yet remains as a mere possibility. And this is the real cause of the effect that beautiful objects have upon us. They would afford us no pleasure if there was no correlative within, no answering form that vibrated in unison with it. It is this correspondence of the outward to the inward world which gives birth to art. The beauty within longs to express itself in suitable forms without, and it may seek to attain its end in a poem or a picture, a statue or a song.

But man has not only the forms, motions, colours, and qualities which constitute the beautiful in the natural world, in animals and plants, but he has an entirely new

plane of being—the spiritual, a degree of life higher in the scale of existence—a nobler man composed of organs formed from spiritual substances. This degree of life is not only immeasurably higher and nobler than the life of animals and plants, but it heightens and gives new effects to those forms and qualities which he has in common with the lower orders of creation. It is a new and purer light shining through them, giving them a higher beauty, a richer colouring, and a more complicated and perfect action.

But it does more than this. It lifts man out of the material world, and frees him from the shackles of time and space. Thus, the more you put into the mind, the more you increase its capacity. The more beautiful our spiritual forms become, the more is their power increased to attain to a still higher beauty. Thus, when our progress is in the right direction, it increases in a constantly accelerated ratio. This we know from experience. The more we know the easier we learn; as the more living branches a tree possesses, the more blossoms and fruit it can bear.

The beauty of the natural world and of the material body is limited both in time and space, and by the imperfection of the substances of which it is composed; but the spirit has no such limits. You cannot crowd the canvas too much; you cannot confuse by multiplying the images. The more they increase in number the more clearly defined and distinct the forms of each feature and organ become.

The material world and the human body is passive to the forces that act upon it. It offers no resistance ex-

cept that which inheres in its substance. It assumes any shape that the plastic power can give it. The body will take any form that the soul gives. The soul is the mould, into whose form the body is cast. Every material organ in all its parts, is the image of the soul at some stage in its life. I say at some stage of its life, for the soul, composed of spiritual substances, may change much quicker than the body, and may be either more or less beautiful than the body, as it is advancing or retrograding in spiritual life. But to the spirit is given the power of receiving or rejecting the higher life that would mould it to the glorious beauty of heaven.

As the beauty of the material world originates in the Divine love and wisdom, and is the expression of them in material forms, so human beauty, which embodies them all, has its origin in the same source. For the Lord dwells in the highest regions of man's mind, far above his conceptions and consciousness, and is ever striving to descend and ultimate, in the lower planes of man's life, the unutterable beauty and excellence of the higher; and he does descend and moulds the lower forms into his image and likeness, so far as man permits him.

We have thus far endeavoured to gain a general conception of the beauty of the Lord, as it is exhibited in the material world and embodied in the human form, varied, heightened, and intensified by a spiritual soul. We have found in man the correlative of all these forms, accompanied with an unlimited capacity of reception and combination, and that the Lord is always in the effort to come down upon the earth of every human being—that is, into the natural man, and even into the body—that

His will may be done in the ultimates of life as it is in the heavens of our minds; and thus that even our lowest natural faculties may be glorified.

It is a very common remark that man is the maker of his own fortunes, meaning by that his wealth, his knowledge, and his position in social and political life; and there is much truth in the remark. But it is equally true, that he is the maker of himself, of his own spiritual form, and he is every day changing his features and moulding his form after a heavenly or infernal model. It is true we have nothing to do in determining the original pattern of our forms or of the substances of which they are composed. We originate nothing, our agency only consists in reception and use. We are at first the mere outline of a man, and we have a whole eternity before us in which to fill it up and become men; and, as I have before remarked, the more we receive the more we shall have the capacity to receive. The more excellent our forms, the greater power to attain to a higher excellence. If we have any agency, then, in the fashioning of our spiritual forms, it becomes of the utmost importance that we should know what it is, and how we ought to exercise it. Let us, then, look more particularly at the origin of beauty, and the means of obtaining it.

"All beauty is from good, in which is innocence. Good itself, when it flows in from the internal man into the external, constitutes the beautiful, and thence is all the human beautiful." "Every angel is the form of his own affection," and his beauty is in exact proportion to the genuine good and innocence in that affection; and

thus we may learn that the way to become beautiful is to become good. When we say that every angel is the form of his own affection, we must keep in mind that affection is not a mere abstraction, but that it originates in spiritual and substantial forms, just as music originates in the instrument, and takes its form and quality from it. When an artist makes a picture or a statue, if it is true to life, whether ideal or not, we see in it the embodiment of some passion or virtue, or affection; and if it is well done, all who know anything of that quality will recognise it. Why? Because that form when animated by a living soul, and set into activity, will produce that affection. There is no affection out of a form, any more than there is strength where there is nothing to be strong, or sweetness without anything that is sweet. When we speak of goodness then as being the origin of beauty, we do not mean an abstraction, but we mean some plastic power that is in itself a form of beauty, and has the ability to impress its own lineaments upon other substances. There is no abstract goodness, no more than there is abstract food. If we wish the beauty of the Lord our God to be upon us, we must receive his life and live it. We must live according to true order, so far as we understand it; we must give up our own wills, so far as they are grounded in self-love and the love of the world, and compel ourselves to think and live a heavenly life, and then every organ and feature of our spiritual form will be moulded into a heavenly beauty.

Thus, if we wish to change our spiritual forms, the way lies plain before us. We must change our affections; and this we can do, or permit the Lord to do for us, for

as I have said, he dwells in the highest regions of our minds in his own divine perfections, and is ever knocking to us to open the door and let him descend to the ultimate plane of life.

Not only the face but the attitude of the whole form changes with a change of affections. A great sorrow or a great success will sometimes so change the whole contour and form of the face that an intimate friend can hardly recognise us. The expression of the face is changed every moment in animated and varied discourse; and all that is necessary to establish any particular feature is habitually to exercise the affection of which it is the form. Every time we exercise a good affection, we do something to mould ourselves into its form, and to establish it as a permanent lineament in our features.

If we felt the full force of this truth, it would often have a controlling influence over our minds, and the affections we exercised. There are many who are careful enough of their external appearance. They take good care of their manners, their dress, their complexion, but think little of the beauty or deformity they are *becoming* while they are thinking of these very things. When we regard the consequences of our actions so far as they affect others, and react upon ourselves in the form of pleasure or pain, we think we have taken the whole into account. But we have omitted the most important effect, the change actually wrought in our spiritual forms.

Who would wish to become the embodiment of pride and vanity, so that they should appear in every feature, and act in every motion? And yet every time we are

proud or vain, we do something towards becoming their forms. The pangs of envy are great enough in themselves, it would seem, but who could bear the thought of being the embodiment of that vile passion? And yet we cannot be envious without changing ourselves for the time we exercise the passion, into its form. Who would not shrink with horror at the thought of being, in the light of heaven, the personification of low cunning or spiteful malice? To have the shrewd leer of the one lurking in the eye, and stealing forth from every feature, or the vile passion of the other loading the breath, and stinging every one into spite against others! It would be more than the brand of Cain, and we might well cry out if we knew it, "My punishment is greater than I can bear." Are there any here who would voluntarily give themselves up to become the personification of anger and revenge? or who would dedicate themselves in all coming time to be the type of avarice? And yet whenever we give way to these passions, we become their infernal deformities, and if we do it habitually, we fashion ourselves into their deformity. We turn away with disgust from the loathsome reptiles that crawl forth from the slime, and love the foul places of the earth; but they are the correspondents and forms of low sensual affections, and when we give way to them, we transform ourselves into their likeness. We are all actors in the great drama of life, and it is to many a terrible tragedy, for we not only act our part, but we become it. We cannot throw off the mask when it is ended. If we choose an evil part we are henceforth that evil. All its deformities are wrought into us; its ugly lineaments are

traced in every line and feature of the face, and its inmost soul flames forth in every expression, and starts in every motion. The disguises we assumed and loved to personate have become realities, and the whole being is moulded into the dominant love. This is a penalty which we think little of, but which we cannot escape, for it inheres in the very nature and conditions of life. It matters not whether we play our part in public or private, there is no hiding-place where we can escape from ourselves. If we can conceal our deformities from others by fair pretence, we often think we have avoided the most serious consequences of evil, but that is only a small item in the terrible catalogue. If it were possible that we could hide from the eye of omniscience itself, we should still be the evil we loved, and its repulsive and loathsome life would be embodied in every feature and motion. How repulsive, we may form some conception from monstrous animal and insect forms; for as all that is good and beautiful in the world is a correspondent of all that is good and beautiful in man, so his evils and falses are represented in all that is wild, fierce, poisonous, and destructive. And whenever we suffer any evil to become our dominant love, its representation, however loathsome it may be to the natural sight, is really our type of beauty, and we seek on all occasions to transform ourselves into it. To my mind there is no consequence of evil so terrible as this. The fabled furies armed with a whip of scorpions, pursuing the guilty soul, is nothing, to becoming the embodiment of the fury. To know that we have changed the glorious beauty and sweetness of heaven into infernal deformity—that we have be-

come it, and that we must for ever be the embodiment and personification of that lust we have loved and practised here—this is the hell whose terrors are the most awful.

But I gladly turn away from these fearful consequences of loving and practising evil, to those sublime and beautiful results which flow from the operation of the same law, from loving and living the good and the true. It is often said that virtue is its own reward, and it is, in the same sense that vice is its own punishment, and a much greater reward than the mere pleasure that flows from its exercise, or the approbation it secures from all the good. By the love of goodness we become the embodiment of it. The virtues and affections are as various and as numerous as human souls, and whatever affection predominates, the soul becomes the form and type of that affection. It is modified by the relative strength of the other affections, so that there are no two affections exactly alike, as there are no two faces. Yet the dominant love gives tone and character to all the others, and appears in them as there are features and expressions common to families and nations. We have offered to us then this reward for living the life of goodness. We shall become more and more fully and perfectly the form of that good we love and do. Every feature of the face will be moulded into its beauty; every expression will shine with its affection. It will sparkle and glow in the eyes; it will play in every varying form about the lips; it will modulate and give the sweetness of heavenly harmony to every tone; it will pervade every limb and organ, and sway every motion

to gracefulness, and give proportion, symmetry, and angelic beauty to the whole form. Go where we will, on earth, in the world of spirits, in heaven or in hell, we shall be the embodiment and type of that affection, and all its winning graces and attractive loveliness will play through us and flow from us. As light from the sun, as fragrance from the flower, so will the sphere of our love flow from us and communicate itself to others, and draw all of a concordant affection toward us, and bind them to us by the indissoluble bonds of attractive sympathies.

We see this effect of a life of goodness and truth even here. There are faces that we love to look upon, though wasted by sickness and wrinkled with age. The splendour of a beautiful soul shines through the crumbling walls of the body, and the sphere of innocence and tried virtue flows forth as delicious fragrance from the heart. Honesty and manly firmness, unswerving integrity, bright honour or tender pity, loving trustfulness, delicate sympathy, white innocence in manifold forms and graces, shine through the walls of clay, and blend in wondrous beauty in the material face and form. But the most that we can see, is but little compared with what really exists within. When these impediments are removed, our affections will shine forth in their true form and brightness. "Such as are principled in mutual love continually advance in heaven toward the morning of youth, and the more thousands of years they live, the more nearly they attain to a joyous and delightful spring, and so on to eternity with fresh increments of blessedness, according to their progress and

advancement in mutual love, charity, and faith, until they acquire a beauty surpassing all description. For it is the nature of goodness and charity to form and establish their own image in such persons, causing the delight and loveliness of charity to be expressed in every feature of the face, so that such persons become the forms of charity itself. Such is the living form of charity as beheld in heaven, at once portrayed by and portraying charity, and that in a manner so expressive, that the whole angel, more particularly as to the countenance, appears and is perceived as charity itself. This form of exquisite beauty affects the inmost life of the mind of him who beholds it with charity; and by the beauty of that form the truths of faith are imaged forth, and thereby rendered perceptible. Those who have lived in faith towards the Lord, that is in faith grounded in charity, become such forms of beauty in another life; all the angels are such forms with infinite variety, and of these heaven is composed."

Is this the state upon which our friends who have already gone before us have entered—our children, our wives, and husbands, and parents? Is this the state we are striving to lay the foundation of and to form in ourselves and children here? We are all striving to *get* something. We hasten from morning till night. We level the hills, fill the valleys, and bridge the ocean, and embowel the earth, to get something. We explore nature, we grasp on all sides, we plant, and build, and reap, to get houses and lands and gold; we study by night and by day, and plot and counterplot that we may attain social and political station. Why not strive to

be something? We assume virtues for an end, and why not make it our end to be the virtue? Then our comeliness will not be the glorious beauty of the fading flower. Then our treasures will not be on earth but in heaven. We shall be our own treasures, and carry our own riches with us. This is the highest wisdom, it is the only wisdom. This is the sure and highest reward of goodness. For the more fully we become the forms of the goodness and truth of heaven, the more fully and orderly and blessed will be our reception of the Divine Life; the more beautiful we shall become ourselves, the more we shall communicate to others, and thus again the more we shall receive. Who, in view of such consequences, will not make his life the prayer, "Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us."

DO GOOD.

Do good! do good! there's ever a way,
A way where there's ever a will;
Don't wait till to-morrow, but do it to-day,
And to-day when the morrow comes still.
If you've money, you're armed, and can find work enough
In every street, alley, and lane,
If you've bread, cast it off, and the waters, though rough,
Will be sure and return it again.
Then do good, do good, there's ever a way,
A way where there's ever a will;
Don't wait till to-morrow, but do it to-day,
And to-day, when the morrow comes, still.

If you've on.y old clothes, an old bonnet or hat,
A kind word, or a smile true and soft,
In the name of a brother confer it, and that
Shall be counted as gold up aloft.
God careth for all, and his glorious sun
Shines alike on the rich and the poor;
Be thou like Him, and bless every one,
And thou'lt be rewarded, sure.
Then do good, do good, there's ever a way,
A way where there's ever a will;
Don't wait till to-morrow, but do it to-day,
And to-day, when the morrow comes, still.

OUR DAILY LIFE.

The idea is very general, that the ordinary duties of life are not favourable to the highest developments of character; and we often hear it said, how much we might learn, and how much good we might do, if we only had the leisure. All our time is wasted in supplying the ever-recurring wants of the body; those low animal wants, the eating and drinking and clothing. We accomplish nothing. It is like pouring water into the sand. The round of yesterday is the round of to-day, and will be the round of to-morrow; and thus life passes; and, when the month or the year has completed its circle, we are just where we commenced; we have nothing to show for all our toil and care. Who has not felt so? and who has not, at some time, envied those who seem to have the leisure to cultivate their minds—to help forward

plans of public and general interest? Who has not wished that they could be Howards, or Frys, that they might devote their lives to the welfare of their fellows?

And then again, there is a deep-seated feeling that the time, strength, and thought we devote to these temporal things is so much abstracted from the spiritual and eternal; and thus there is a perpetual conflict between what we must do or starve, and what we think we ought to do; or, in common phrase, between the world and God. The consequence is, we perform the greater part of our duties as slaves; they are task-work imposed upon us by the hardest of task-masters, necessity; and, what is still worse, we divest ourselves of the very strength which we need—motives of high ends; we put off our heavenly armour, throw away our weapons of heavenly temper, and descend naked and nerveless into the conflict with low cares, strong necessities, animal wants, and desires.

This feeling of incompatibility between higher and lower duties, has no doubt led thousands to leave the common duties of life, and give themselves up to seclusion, to contemplation, and prayer. But all these mistakes are founded in false notions of religion, of the real nature of natural duties, and the designs of Infinite Wisdom in making them necessities.

We are *planted* amidst these cares, as the seed is planted in the ground; and for the same reason, that we may come in contact with, and gain access to, the very materials necessary for our growth. These cares, these common duties and employments, are the very stuff out of which the web of life is woven; and the analogy be-

tween the growth of the seed and our own development is most perfect.

Our life is rooted in natural things; not to lie dead and buried beneath them, but to grow up out of them, and to be rendered stable and abiding by them. The seed cannot grow, unless it is planted; it will dry up or decay; neither can goodness, unless it is ultimated in act. One may weep over fictitious woes, and indulge in idle fancies of what they would do, if they were not bound down to the earth by burdens and cares. But there is no goodness in such thoughts and visions; they never bear any fruit.

I acknowledge that we enslave ourselves unnecessarily. Vanity, and avarice, and pride, and ambition, and envy impose burdens upon us, and make slaves of us; rob us of our strength, our time, and our golden opportunities. But, after making all due allowances for these, the principle remains the same.

If the Creator, in his wisdom, had seen fit, He might have so formed us that we should need no clothing, and no food, and no habitation; but, in his wisdom, He has so formed us, and placed us in such circumstances, that we need all of these; and our highest duties, and noblest life, grow out of these very necessities. They were not inflicted upon us as a curse, or a punishment; but they were made conditions of our being, that they might become the instruments of a higher life. There is nothing in them incompatible with the highest culture, and the loftiest attainments in spiritual life. Every natural use is designed to be the basis of a spiritual use which is to be rooted in it, and grow out of it; and the highest

wisdom consists in changing these natural things into spiritual; in making our common duties, our every-day employments, those which grow out of the wants of the body, the life of the family, the church, and society, of friendship, and the relations of the individual to communities, and nations, the embodiment of heavenly affections. We must anoint them with the precious ointment of disinterested love; that will preserve them from decay, inaugurate them into new life, and give to that which is fleeting as shadows, and which seems born only for the present, something of permanence and immortality.

The ancient chemists searched long for the philoso pher's stone, whose magic power would change the baser metals into gold, and for an elixir of life, which would arrest the progress of decay and make man immortal. They searched long and laboriously for it; they explored the secrets of nature, decomposed and compounded her elements, and sought far and near for that which lay within them.

This unselfish love is the power which transmutes everything into gold, and distils from the lowliest uses the very elixir of life.

Let us not pass this by as a mere figure of speech, for it is a great truth, and it has an intimate bearing upon the happiness and highest well-being of all. The most of our time is necessarily occupied with duties which seem temporary and unrelated to our highest wants and aspirations. If we could see that they are the very materials out of which the noblest and truest life is built up, we should all be more contented with our lot, and should use the opportunities we have to better advantage. We

are all too prone to overlook or undervalue the means we have, and to wish for some great occasions, or extraordinary opportunities. Our Heavenly Father has not dispensed his favours so unequally as we often suppose; as He has furnished air, light, and water, heat and food, the great elements essential to our physical life, in such measures and forms that there can be no monopoly of them; so he has given to us the means necessary to lay the foundation and commence the superstructure of our spiritual life, in fuller measure than we often think. There is no useful employment that does not afford the means and opportunities for the formation of a virtuous and excellent character. The youth of either sex, whether at home or abroad, at school or at a trade, as a clerk or apprentice, or student of a profession, has the means of forming the noblest virtues.

There is at all times an occasion for exact truthfulness and fidelity, the foundation of all the virtues. There are difficulties constantly occurring which tax the patience and perseverance, and which call forth all the energies. There are unpleasant duties to perform, causes of irritation and trouble, which tax our adherence to principle and self-control. There are constant opportunities for the exercise of forbearance, kindness, affection, self-culture, generosity, self-denial, modesty, respect to superiors, obedience, true loyalty, and indeed the whole catalogue of the virtues.

If we follow the youth, until he has entered upon the duties of adult life, we find the materials for the highest uses more abundant. There is no virtue that is not called into requisition in the family circle. In the mar-

riage relation, there is room for the exercise of every excellence that brightens the life and gives zest to the happiness of the highest angel. The most patient forbearance, the gentlest kindness, the strictest justice, the purest innocence, the most loyal fidelity, and the most unselfish affection; and when you add to this relation the helplessness of infancy, the sweet innocence of childhood, where is there a more favourable condition for the exercise of the noblest qualities of man or woman? It is not in the council chamber, or senate, or executive chair; it is not as leader of armies, and conqueror or ruler of nations. There is no more favourable condition on earth—no, nor in heaven.

But these relations do not end in the domestic life. Each family is linked to others. There are social duties of a more general nature, which call for their appropriate virtues. Besides, there is the business. As a mechanic, merchant, or labourer, or as a professional man; as a competitor in the arena of life for the same honours or emoluments; as the master and employer; as the builder of houses and engines, and all manner of mechanism; as the artist and artisan; as a buyer and seller—every man can make his business instrumental to the highest ends of life.

There is no virtue embraced within the circle of God's requirements which we all may not find occasion to practise; and to confirm the principles of heavenly life by practice is the very object for which we live in the natural world, and are planted, as it were, in the soil of so many duties and cares. Every workshop, and store, and office, and domestic hearth, should be consecrated to these high

purposes; they should be anointed with the holy oil of love, the love of use; and thus they will be inaugurated into a higher office, and will become the representatives of the noblest qualities, and be the instrumental means of attaining them.

So long as we look to ourselves, in our relations to others, all employments become service, slavery. Our domestic relations are cares, and anxieties, and a weary round of profitless labour; our daily employments are so many tasks, imposed upon us by hard necessity, and we aim to avoid them as much as possible. Hence so many strive to gain the reward without performing the labour; and he who receives the most for the least service, is considered the most fortunate; and possession is deemed the real good, without much regard to the means by which it is obtained. But possessions acquired in this way have no living connexion with us; they are but dead carcasses which have not been embalmed, and they will return to dust.

But the person who performs his duties from the love of being useful to others, anoints them with the precious spikenard, and changes them from cares and anxieties, and perplexities, and slavish toil, into gifts and pleasures, into peace and rest, into strength and virtue, and true holiness.

The farm and workshop, store and office, and domestic hearth of such a worker, become a temple consecrated to the holiest uses, and he himself, though covered with the smoke of the forge, or hardened and soiled with honest industry, a priest offering acceptable worship to the King of kings and Lord of lords. The very instru-

ments of his labour are changed into forms of spiritual beauty, into vessels of gold and silver, fashioned after the similitude of heavenly affections, and made receptive of their life. The fleeting is changed to the permanent, the temporal becomes eternal, and the mere inanimate matter, the dead wood and stone, and merchandise, are changed into living, spiritual substances. Men long for immortality. Here it is! the very stuff of which it is woven is strown around our pathway, thick as the stones in the paved streets. Whatever we love with an unselfish affection lives, becomes a part of our being, and is as deathless as our souls.

ANGELS IN THE AIR.

[Suggested by the remark of a little girl, who, observing large snow-flakes falling, exclaimed to her sister, "Oh, don't hurt them, Mary; there's angels in them!"]

Dark, darker grew the leaden sky,
The wind was moaning low,
And, shrouding all the herbless ground,
Sad, silently, and slow,
Wending from heaven its weary way
Fell the white flaked snow.

A little child looked wondering on,
As larger flakes fell near,
And, clutching at her sister's hand,
Exclaimed with hushing fear,
"Oh do not, Mary, do them harm—
There's angels in them, dear!"

"'Twas, but," say'st thou, "a child's conceit,"
But ah, the lesson prize—
High instinct is best reasoning,
The pure are still the wise:
Man's vaunted head what poor exchange
For childhood's heart and eyes!

Things are to us as we to them;
Thought is but feeling's wing;
And did but our cold withered hearts
To earth less closely cling,
We might see angels everywhere,
And God in everything!

BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL.

I.

All was still in the deep heart of the coal mines. The throb of toilsome life, the tumultuous echoes of harsh voices, the thunder of iron wheels and implements, was hushed. It was midnight;—midnight always there, but calmer now.

Under a great chain of light, which, like a shining serpent, curved and quivered for miles away, sat two boy-watchers in the dead night. They rested, in a half-embrace, upon the ground, the arm of one thrown carelessly, but firmly, around the other. Dick and Boatswain were fellow-workers in the mines; born in its dusky bosom, reared under the influence of its harsh theories, bound to it, body and soul, by their stern task-master—Destiny; they had never beheld God's glorious

sunlight, never! His wide, beautiful world was only a traditionary tale to them.

"Tell it again, Boatswain, dear Boatswain, tell it again," whispered little Dick, looking up timidly into the bold blue eyes, that shone above him with a clear, stern light.

Boatswain's glance rested, for a moment, upon the childish face before him. Those dark, serene eyes, so like sweet, mournful pictures; the masses of tangled brown hair, making a shadowy outline about those slender features; the graceful lips, red and smiling, were all dear images to him.

Then, in his calm, flowing voice, he related what Dick loved so well to hear, and what he had visioned many and many a day.

"It's like another country lyin' miles and miles, over head from this, with high mountains leanin' against a great blue sky, wider an' wider than you could ever dream of. Then there's rivers a-dashin' and foamin' over queer rocks, and talkin', for ever an' ever, about how the sunshine is a-rockin' itself to sleep in oceans of grass and flowers (just think o' that, Dick!), that goes quiverin' and throbbin' from mornin' till night, like a real human heart.

"And then there's woods that makes pleasant shade, and spreads out green fingers like, to hide themselves. And oh! if you could only think how thousands and thousands of birds pierces thro' and thro' them green sort of fingers, with whistlin' and singin' all the while. Then, when it comes night, there's the moon 'stead of the sun, hangin' like a silver basin 'way up high, and

makin' a grand shine, only 'taint gold-like, but white, you know. Oh! oh! Dick, it's that that crushes me! To think how it must be, like a fine glory, up there now, and we, may-be, never to see it. Never, never, Dick!"

Boatswain's voice had fallen to a whisper, and his blue eyes shone fiercely, defiantly, down. Dick clung closer to him, the tears all wet on his cheeks, and trickling down to his red lips.

"Oh! don't, Boatswain: you promised we should see it, some day, the beautiful world."

"Yes," replied Boatswain, with terrible vehemence, in his usually calm voice. "Yes, we shall see it."

"You have promised!—you have promised! And when, with God's help, you get out of this, you won't forget me. You won't forget poor Dick, who loves you better than worlds an' worlds put together."

Boatswain half raised himself on one arm, and gazed earnestly upon the loving, devoted being, beside him, who had toiled with him, suffered with him;—who now hoped with him.

Then Dick heard him say, in a voice scarcely audible from emotion and passionate tenderness—"Never!"

II.

Boatswain (they called him that in the mines, because he was so bold and cheery),—Boatswain was a foundling. He was a hardy plant, which had crept up in the stubble-field of life; whose brighter flashes of colour, and gaudy aspect, concealed a chill and wintry heart within. Only one drop of kindly dew ever fell into its rude bosom,—only one gush of April tenderness ever quickened its

pulsations,—and that was the essence of poor little Dick's devotion.

Shrill, but mellow, was the whistle that roused his young companions at the commencement of every lamp-lit day. They blessed its cheerful sound, and obeyed its summons willingly, though it awakened them to toil again. They blessed it because its fresh notes aroused answering chords in their own hearts, not quite withered, not quite tuneless yet.

And now, as weeks rolled by, that whistle grew bolder, sterner than ever; the gay blue eyes seemed always looking afar off, as if they beheld ever in the dim future, a fixed and revealed purpose. Every night, when all was hushed, a dauntless whisper echoed from a far corner of the wall,

"Are you there, Dick?"

Then, when they were seated under the shining lamps, Boatswain would say, prophetically: "I'll tell you what, Dick, it's comin', it is. 'Tain't half so far off, but comes nearer,—so near, that I can hear foamin' rivers and the wind a-sweepin' its great wings over the grass. Oh! how it nods, an' rushes, an' roars! I've laid twenty plans, but they all breaks like glass, yet I know it's comin', I feel it just here."

Boatswain took Dick's hand and laid it on his sturdy breast, where it remained, fluttering with excitement, like a small brown bird.

"Boatswain, how grand and brave you are! Seems like I couldn't ever climb up such a great way that lies 'tween you and me. But when we're out of this, if harm ever comes of your daring, it'll be me who'll stand by

you till the last drop of blood. Then maybe the great way a-tween us might grow shorter like than 'tis now."

Boatswain made a movement, half-caressing, half-imperious, and thought how short the way was between their two loves, and how the time Dick spoke of would never come.

"Hist!" said Boatswain, impressively, and speaking very low; "there'll be searching for us, not many nights from this. Two miles from this wall there's an old shaft that hasn't been worked for years an' years. It's so long and so narrow that never a bit of light dare come only to the edge of it. I never *saw* it, Dick, but I *dreamed* of it, and I could find it in the dark, I tell you. No human foot ever climbed that place—no human creature dare venture it. *But I've sworn to escape that way;* I'll dig fast-holds for our feet and hands, my boy. Ha! they'll never find us again."

Dick trembled, and shrank away instinctively from the strong arm embracing him.

"Dick!" whispered Boatswain passionately, "I'll dare it for *you!* It'll be me that'll help you, or *die!*"

III.

'Twas the middle of the night, and the late moon shone aslant around the edges of an old shaft belonging to the mines. Thick and green lay the long leaves over it, tangled with a red mass of flowers. Something was at work below where the moon reached, for faint noises and low whispers murmured underneath. Two dark, climbing figures made their way slowly but steadily towards the light above.

"Ho! Dick! Dick!" cried Boatswain, half aloud, in a voice trembling with terrible emotion, "hurra! we're almost there! Do you see that white shine, glimmerin' and winkin' at us? That's our savin' light, I tell you! It's the blessed moon's light, a-waitin' for us!"

Dick drew in his breath, and felt as if he should swoon away, before he could make another hold in the shaft's side. Then he felt Boatswain's strong hand supporting him, and lifting him higher, where he could see the white shine plainer above him.

But suddenly the great bell of the mines thundered below them, the clang of iron bars and the muffled tramp of a hundred feet came upon their listening ears.

"Three more! only three more!" almost shrieked Boatswain, "oh, Heaven! *only* three more, and we are free *for ever!*"

Nearer and nearer came that heavy tramp, and the clanging iron.

"Help! help! Boatswain, dear Boatswain, oh, help! You promised *never* to leave me—*never* to forget me. Oh, I am going! Save me! You promised—you prom—"

Yes, he *had* promised; but wasn't the moon hanging out of the sky letting its glory flood over his face—and the red flowers helping those green fingers of leaves to beckon him on? Wasn't the beautiful, new world spread out before him; its wide arms even now embracing him?

Still the wild clinging arms hung about his feet with despairing energy; still they retarded him from the glory above, for the coming evil below.

"Boatswain! dear Boatswain!"

"Dick," answered a hoarse voice, deep with rage and terror, "*let go*, I tell you! It's too late now; I couldn't save you no how. Let go!"

With one vigorous movement, he shook off those wild arms; with one leap, and the help of his strong arms, he reached the top.

He was no longer a slave, but free as air; free for ever.

Down, down, fell that slight childish form, in a whirlwind of torn red flowers. Down, with a broken heart, and a trust as rudely shattered.

All mangled, and covered with blood, his limbs quivering in agony, lay poor little Dick at the bottom of the old shaft. The white shine was no longer visible to his sight, but he could distinguish, far above him, a faint hurrah! that told him Boatswain was no longer a slave. It told him, with its jocund voice, that faith, and truth, and love, were all merry, merry mockeries.

The heavy tread of feet drew around him, and a group of haggard, hard faces crowded over him, with curious, cruel eyes. They raised him in their arms rudely, with jeers and fierce shouts of triumph. They put the penitential irons on his slender limbs, wounded and bleeding as they were.

But he bore it all patiently, only turning away his head, and murmuring, with ashen lips,

"'Pears like I'd clomb so high up, by this time, 'twan't such a long way a-tween us, after all. But, oh! it is so lonesome like, up here. I'll never forgive him. I swore it by that grand white shine, I did."

IV.

Months passed away, and still on his miserable pallet, under the gleaming lights, lay poor, helpless Dick. It seemed to him as though a hard, bitter spot kept deepening and widening in his heart. The serene eyes began to wear a severe, dusky look; the pleasant, trusting smile had all faded out of the once red lips, leaving a grieved, old expression there. He never spoke to those around him, only whispering to himself, as he watched the swinging light,

"Yes, I'm comin', I am, one of these days, white shine. Tell him—it's a hard word when I says it of him—that I can't forgive, *never*. Tell him how the red flowers sickened me, a-lyin' down there, all bloody, and how I takes 'em up and presses 'em on this hard spot, just here, and promises never to forgive."

"Poor child! Poor little fellow! What are you saying?"

The pleasant, sunshiny voice caused Dick to turn, suddenly, in its direction.

"Only talkin' to the white shine, sir," he replied, his eyes fixed upon the strange figure bending beside him. It seemed, to him, to wear a scarlet cloak which flung out a glow over the low pallet. But it was only the genial beaming of a benevolent face gazing down on him.

"Better pray, child. They tell me you have rebelled, and caused, deservedly, this misery."

"Oh!" groaned little Dick, with his hands pressed over the bitter spot, "oh, Boatswain, Boatswain!"

The glow of the scarlet cloak fell closer round him; he felt himself raised, tenderly, and lying in its folds.

Dick never could tell afterward how it happened that, all at once, the hard, bitter spot melted quite away; how the old trust came rushing into its place, like the river Boatswain talked of; and how he told, with lips grown red from the glow of the scarlet cloak, his sad, sad story.

"Dick," murmured the pleasant voice, made rich and soft by tenderness, "I am alone in the wide world, as you are, my poor boy. But there's wide room in my heart for you to lie within it. Will you go with me?"

Three days after that, five hundred pounds were laid in the hard palm of the master miner. Three days, and Dick, holding fast the hand of his deliverer, under shadow of the scarlet cloak, walked out into the world of blessed sunlight.

"Didn't I tell you I was a-comin', white shine, some o' these days?" he murmured, looking into the great blue sky above him; "oh, Boatswain, it appears like I could most forgive you now, if 'twan't for the smell of the red flowers, an' the promise I made down there."

V.

Bright and beautiful looked the spring-time sunlight into Burleigh Hall. Mr. Richard Summerset watched it, falling aslant into the bosom of a red plant, as he sat in his pleasant library. He was a fine, handsome man, about three-and-thirty, with serene brown eyes, and mellow-tinged cheeks. And as he sat thus, intent upon his business papers, his curved lips compressed with habitual determination, his muscular form expressive of firm will in the right, and severe power in the wrong of life, you could scarce recognise trusting, dependent Dick of olden days

He had lately returned from a long tour across the seas; returned to find his benefactor gone to his home beyond the skies, and himself heir of Burleigh. The scarlet cloak had fallen upon his shoulders now, to be borne through life as a sacred trust. Its still folds covered him closely, save that one place in his heart where the hard, bitter spot had lain of yore. *There* its gleaming fell away, faintly.

Years had passed, and still the revengeful feelings held pre-eminent sway; still Boatswain's whereabouts was an unsolved mystery. Yet Mr. Richard Summerset never despaired, for he had sworn a solemn vow, and *that* vow he should fulfil.

The door of the pleasant library opened, and a man entered, bearing a letter in his hand.

"Aha! John, what's this?" and Mr. Richard turned over the red seal, which bore the strange device of a half-moon.

"From the gentleman of the Shires, sir; his gardener brought it over last night."

Mr. Richard tore open the letter, and read this brief sketch, written in a bold, round hand:

"*To the Master of Burleigh:*

I have read, in this morning's columns, your advertisement concerning a certain man, or lad, who escaped, years ago, from the Brighampton mines. I *know* this man, and can deliver him into your custody, or that of the parties concerned. With your permission, I will ride to Burleigh on the 20th.

Yours, &c.

SHAFTESBURY OF THE SHIRES."

"Who *is* this gentleman of the Shires?" demanded Mr. Richard, suddenly, looking up, with a hot flush on his brow.

"A fine, honourable sort of man, sir. He used to be a great favourite with old Master Geoffry, in days past, who helped him along, in his usual way, bless him! But times change, and he's grown unfortunate, they say, poor man! Perhaps you might better him, Mr. Richard, sir," said John, with a little sprinkle of feeling in his voice; "seeing how he was a favourite of the old master. You won't forget that, Mr. Richard?"

"No, I shall *not* forget it," replied Mr. Richard, briefly. "You may go now, John. A fine, honourable man!" he muttered, between his closed teeth; "and *this* is honour!"

VI.

The gentleman of the Shires was ushered to the threshold of a wide, sunny apartment in Burleigh Hall. As he stood there, he could take in, at a glance, its quaint dimensions, a handsome, benign face opposite him, and particularly a strange red plant flourishing in a high window.

Mr. Richard Summerset arose from his chair with a sudden movement; he received his guest with a low bow—so profound as to cause a painful flush to come athwart cheeks, and lips, and brow.

The man before him was of stalwart frame, and a little past the meridian of manhood. There was something haughty, yet noble, in the bold, restless glance of his eyes. Yet the wrinkles around lips and brow told how he had battled with the world—perhaps vainly.

"I am indebted to my advertisement for this visit," said Mr. Richard, in a strange, husky voice; "are you prepared to assert, verbally, what you have here written?"

He referred to the red-sealed letter lying beside him.

"I am," was the distinct and firm reply.

Mr. Richard shuddered slightly, but continued—

"You know this man; you are willing to deprive him of what seems to me dearer than life itself, his *liberty?*"

The gentleman of the Shires remained proudly silent, yet his face blanched.

"You are aware, too, that you will receive a reward for this deed?"

This time his guest nodded imperatively, and a light sprang into his cold blue eyes.

"Ha!" cried Mr. Richard Summerset bitterly, reaching out for a handful of red leaves, which he crushed in his fingers. "And for a few pieces of glittering gold—for a paltry sum of this red metal, you will barter a lifetime! A living, breathing human being like yourself; a *soul*, which, however base, has God's own seal upon it! You will *dare* to do this?"

The man rose from his seat, crossing over calmly to where the master of Burleigh sat in his severe anger. He stood before him with a proud majesty.

"Mr. Richard Summerset," said he, in a voice firm, but threaded with little quivering lines of emotion—"I *will*, I *do* dare it! I have a young wife, whose life is of my life, whose springtime has scarce blossomed into maturity. Would you have me blight its fragrance or its beauty? I have a child, and shall I, with a coward

heart, press upon its faint existence the seal of *Poverty?* Never! That paltry sum, that glittering metal, shall be *their* saving providence. I bless it! I bless *you*, that you can give it them!"

"And yourself?" murmured Mr. Richard, breathlessly; his whole face melting in a gush of awe—of admiration.

"*I am that man!* and have I not the right to barter my *own* existence; my own living, breathing body?"

His head dropped; he buried his face in his hands.

Ay! toss away those red flowers, Mr. Richard Summerset; crush out the hard, bitter spot from your heart for ever; and wipe away those big drops coming thick and fast into your eyes! Have you ever—with your wide benevolence, your benign justice—say, have you ever *dreamed* of nobility like this?

The master of Burleigh rose out of his chair with faint steps, and the meekness of a little child. He laid his hand tenderly, oh! *so* tenderly, upon the man's shoulder.

"Boatswain!"

"Great Heaven! little Dick!"

"Be quiet, Boatswain; don't struggle, don't look at me so with your wild blue eyes. Listen to me. For *twenty* years I have sought for you—for *twenty* years I have vowed to be revenged. I shall *never* break that oath."

"Never!" repeated Boatswain, with his proud, firm voice. "No, never!"

"You shall suffer, I tell you. Your wife and child

shall feed of my bounty—my gold shall dower them. And you, Boatswain——

The wretched man groaned aloud in bitter agony.

"Oh! *you*—shall come into these arms a *free* man! *Your* proud head must bow—to rest upon my bosom. Stand up, Boatswain!—be a man! and, if you can find room in your noble heart for such as I—forgive me!"

Mr. Richard Summerset's voice grew thick with sobs, and the words could scarce find utterance.

"Bless you! bless you! my noble Dick! my brave, brave Dick! Bless you!"

And they were locked in each other's arms.

—

Oh! blessed are the merciful; for *they* shall *obtain* mercy.

—•—

RUB OR RUST.

Idler, why lie down to die,
Better rub than rust.
Hark! the lark sings in the sky—
"Die when die thou must!
Day is waking, leaves are shaking,
Better rub than rust."

In the grave there's sleep enough—
"Better rub than rust.
Death, perhaps, is hunger-proof,
Die when die thou must;
Men are mowing, breezes blowing,
Better rub than rust."

He who will not work, shall want;
Nought for nought is just—
Won't do, *must* do, when he *can't;*
"Better rub than rust.
Bees are flying, sloth is dying,
Better rub than rust."

TALE-TELLING.

"WHAT is the matter with you to-night, Anna? Who's been laying a straw in your path?"

"I wish it was only a straw," answered Mrs. Maxwell, taking up her husband's half-playful remark. But it's worse than that—a foreboding."

"Surely, Anna, you would not dwell on a silly fancy as long as you have been musing over that one fashion plate—though ladies generally are supposed to find food for thought in those enchanted pages. But, I happen to know that you have your cloak and bonnet, and all that sort of thing."

"Well, if you must have it—the truth is this. One of these faces has a strong resemblance to Susie Lane, and that recalled to me her visit this afternoon; and, unfortunately, Mrs. Arnot came in."

"How unfortunately?"

"Why she's been wishing to make her acquaintance ever since we have been so intimate."

"So much the better, I should think."

"*Dear* Harry"—Mrs. Maxwell always emphasized the

adjective when she wished to be particularly understood —"you don't seem to see that I did not wish them to meet."

"I hope you are not selfish, Anna," said Mr. Maxwell, gravely. "I thought you were anxious Mrs. Arnot should go into society now that she has laid aside her mourning. I think it would be best for her myself."

Mrs. Maxwell was quiet for a moment, and then said, "I'm not a bit jealous, Harry; you know it's not at all my nature—and I really can't say why it is, but I dread something unpleasant. Perhaps I am vexed a little at the eagerness with which she offered to improve the opportunity. Susie, I mean. Almost before Angela was seated, she said, 'I am so happy to meet you at last, Mrs. Arnot. I have heard so much of you from Mrs. Maxwell.' And, then, the moment it could decently be said—she begged, on the strength of her intimacy with me, that Mrs. Arnot would consider her an acquaintance."

"Well, isn't that the way you ladies proceed?"

"Why, as Mrs. Arnot was comparatively a stranger in the city, it was right enough for Susie to make the first advances. Angela had nothing left but to ask her to call, or I but to offer to go with her some day. You need not shake your head, Harry. I am *not* coveting to keep Mrs. Arnot all to myself."

The truth was, though Mrs. Maxwell did not for a moment imagine she was trying to deceive her husband, she did not like to confess to him, that she considered Miss Susie Lane an unsafe acquaintance to introduce. Mr. Maxwell had not liked their own intimacy at first, and

she was afraid of reviving old prejudices, which she had striven so zealously to conquer. She was fascinated by Miss Lane's good-natured, sprightly conversation. She had then but few intimate acquaintances in the city, and enjoyed the chatty, lively visits Miss Lane was lavish of. She felt quite lost if a week passed without one of them. Susie was so amusing. Told a story capitally, always knew who was engaged, and who expected to be. What was worn at the last wedding, and how it happened that the Lawrences and Hathaways did not speak. A list of bridal presents at any reception she attended might be relied on as accurate enough for publication, and if an engagement was broken off, the next time you saw Miss Lane, you had the reasons in full. Yet there was nothing vulgar, or impertinent in it all, apparently. Nothing but a good-natured wish to make her conversation and society agreeable. "Besides, it was only natural Susie should know everything that was going on," Mrs. Maxwell once had urged with her husband. "She had such a large circle of acquaintances, was sought by every one, and with her time and income at her own disposal." No one would dream of calling Miss Lane an "old maid," but certainly she was *au passée*, with very small hands and feet, good teeth, bright eyes, and an ever ready smile, to keep her account in the social current.

No one ever heard her say an absolutely ill-natured thing; if she mimicked an unfortunate peculiarity, she was sure to excuse the very defect a moment after, in the blandest possible manner; and if, after she had gone, you felt uncomfortable, and some sensitive point

burned and smarted, you could not trace back the sting, or the precise moment it was received.

Nothing more was said by Mr. Maxwell about his wife's pre-occupation, but he noticed that when he arranged the chess-board a few moments afterwards, her opening moves lacked a purpose, and as the game proceeded, she grew positively careless. So he very quietly set away the stand, and offered to read aloud the latest number of the Caxtons, thoughtful husband that he was; in a little time her eyes lighted with interest at its clever witticisms, and the cloud passed away.

A close acquaintance of more than a year had deepened the friendship between Mrs. Maxwell and Mrs. Arnot, so romantically conceived, and sadly brought about. They had many tastes and pursuits in common, could see much of each other from the neighbourhood of their dwellings, and almost came to supply the place of sisters to each other. In the notes which often bore messages between them, they did not write "darling Angela," or, "my sweetest Anna," nor did they kiss at the street corners through veils, or, indeed, any time they met and parted, as many ladies make a point of doing with common acquaintances; a practice, by the way, so universal, that it has lost all significance; so much so, that for ourselves, we prize a cordial grasp of the hand, and a smile, far more than "lip service" shared in common with the merest acquaintance.

Our friends had often spoken of this, and the conversation was renewed one morning which they were passing together, each employed with the needle, in Mrs. Arnot's pretty dressing-room. It was just the time and

place for a confidential chat. "One of Mrs. Maxwell's days," Mrs. Arnot always said, for with her country habit of exposure Mrs. Maxwell did not mind a little rain, and liked to pass the morning in Pine Street best, where they were thus secured from all intruders. The storm had increased since her arrival, so that the thick mist had become a heavy shower, that pattered against the window near which their sewing-chairs were drawn, serving to make the cheerful fire in the grate all the brighter by contrast. One loves to draw close to the grate on such a day, if solitary, and, buried in a lounging-chair, muse at the fantastic shapes of the glaring coals, or the brightness of the flickering flame, while a book lies half closed over the hand, and seems at once as a suggestion and excuse for the revery. Or better still, with a companion entirely agreeably, home assumes its most homelike air, and our ordinary comforts seem magnified into blessings.

Something of this the friends had been saying, and then the subject turned from the dear inner circle, to the broader band of social relations, and how much, after all, there was in pleasant acquaintances.

"I am just beginning to realize," Mrs. Maxwell said, "how much there is in the word *friend*. From the time I was first sent to school, I had a habit of making violent friendships—as my sister Mary used to call them. Yet I never could define to my mother why I liked those intimates very satisfactorily, to her at least. I was laughed at all one winter, for saying, when once fairly cornered, "Well, I *do* like Maggie Robinson—because—

because she has brown hair, and wears such a beautiful pink mousseline?"

Mrs. Arnot smiled. "Quite as sensible as many reasons that grown up children give," said she; "and perfectly natural, as I remember by my own experience. But I was somewhat different. I did not care about being loved or loving my school-mates particularly, only I liked popularity. To be the head of everything, admired not loved, I did not care how many were afraid of me, so I sat at the head of the class, and was praised by the teachers."

"You are entirely candid, Angela."

"Yes, for my fault has been one of a lifetime, and I have learned from bitter experience that to be loved is better than all praise."

"I was going to tell you of my many friendships," continued Mrs. Maxwell. "It was a rule at our school that all the upper classes should keep journals, and I have mine from the time I was eleven; how you would laugh over those poor little sentimental, ridiculous entries! Sometimes, such a day as this, I get them out, and look them over. But with all their folly, they often bring tears. There are so many traces of those childish days —names scrawled in pencil on the margin; autographs of class-mates I have never seen since; profiles, half-and-half caricature, in pen and ink. Why the very change in the handwriting is sad, and it is so curious to trace all the elements of character which I now possess, to that day of small things."

"I should like to see those relics."

"Ah, me! I'm afraid they're like love-letters, of no

use to any but the owner, Angela;" Mrs. Maxwell spoke half-playfully, half-tearfully, for her lips quivered, though her eyes still smiled. "There could be nothing particularly amusing to you in such an entry as this:—

"Walked up street with Annie Moore and Susan Leslie, after school; Annie is such a dear girl, and brought me those worsteds to finish my lamp mat. We met Willie Gibbons, whose face looked very red, when he stopped to talk with us a moment. He had a pond lily in his hand, which he gave to Annie, but the stem was almost twisted off."

It was so natural and child-like! Mrs. Maxwell enjoyed it particularly.

"As I said, it can't be very interesting to you, but to me it recalls those little lovers, she in a sun-bonnet, and he in a linen roundabout and broad-leaved straw hat, and then I think how it has all come to pass, just like a story-book, and they are married now, and I often laugh at them about those very walks.

"Well, this journal with all its scribblings, and French phrases spelled in a most anglicized style, and little conceited entries of all sorts, bears record to a vast number of friendships that did not last half as long as the journal has. Sometimes we quarrelled about things as trivial as a credit-mark. Then I would find that I had wasted all my pocket-money and kisses on a really treacherous girl, but somehow I did not grow any wiser."

"I don't believe you ever retaliated, Anna."

"I suspect I did, and made faces, and 'said things,' with the best of them. Or the worst rather. So in

vacations I often went away on long visits, and always came home in an ecstasy with some one I had met. I remember one return, bounding into the room where Mary was, and commencing my travels before I took my bonnet off, 'Oh, Mary,' I said, 'I've had such an elegant time, and I've made so *many* friends.'"

"Acquaintances," said Mary, correcting me in her quiet way.

"'No, *friends*,' I still insisted, for I had not yet learned that there is a vast difference between the two."

"You learn that soon enough in a large city," said Mrs. Arnot. "Do you know I shudder sometimes when I look back upon those dreary thankless days, when I shut out all human sympathy, even Robert's: for it grieved him that I could not admit any love but his own. But I was punished for it, that terrible night. I remember when that faint-sinking came, as I was watching alone with my poor little Ernest, praying in my heart for some one to comfort me, I was so utterly lonely! It was then the thought of your proffered kindness flashed upon me, and I hardly remember how or when I sent for you. But you came—like an angel of mercy—*dear Anna!*" and Mrs. Arnot laid her hand on her friend's, and half closed her eyes to keep dim the rising tears brought by this bitter recollection.

"*We* shall *always* be friends," Mrs. Maxwell said.

"Yes, in the true sense of the word. We do not think when we are younger how many elements enter into such a relation. I could never love any one, or call any one *friend*, that I did not first respect, in word,

deed, and thought. Yes, we shall always be friends, I am sure."

Mrs. Maxwell could not trace the influence, but as this was said, a sad and heavy feeling came over her; perhaps it was the earnestness with which Mrs. Arnot had spoken. She tried to shake it off.

"This is very different from those vows of eternal friendship, young ladies make," she said. "When I left school I had *seventeen* correspondents! Papa used to say I ought to have a letter-box of my own at the Post-Office. I keep up just *one*, of the seventeen now. I do not even know where half of them are at the present moment. One loses sight of school-mates so easily, particularly if we have no better reason for loving them than that they wore *pink mousselines!*"

"Did you ever have a real quarrel with any one you truly loved?"

"Never, in my life. I used to have so many all on the same terms that I never minded a little fuss. If the acquaintance was broken off, well and good. There were twenty more agreeable people."

"I am very peculiar about that," said Mrs. Arnot. "I don't believe I could ever 'make up'—as some people do. If I should once be seriously offended, I don't think I could ever feel the same towards a person again; even my very best friend."

"You go on the principle then that friendship is like a Venice glass—once shattered never to be restored."

"Exactly. But how very solemn and philosophical we are growing! I'm afraid Robert would think us sentimental after all, if he should hear our disquisi-

tions. What pleasant mornings we do have, Anna! I wonder—by the way, I *met* Mrs. Le Grand yesterday —I was going to say, I wonder if she enjoys her visiting and shopping expeditions, half as much as we do these home talks."

It was perfectly natural that Mrs. Maxwell should think over this conversation on her return home, and speak of it to her husband. He was always ready to discuss whatever interested her, not like many husbands we have known, whose evenings are shadowed by the "burden and heat of the day," and have neither time nor spirits to interest themselves in what they consider trivial matters. It is this lack of sympathy oftentimes that becomes a slow process of heart-starvation, if we may use the term, and these little troubles and interests are confided to an injudicious acquaintance, or locked up to become bitter thoughts, and bring that wan spiritless look to the face, which distinguishes so many married women. As we have before said—thrice happy is she who finds a judicious, thoughtful *friend*, at her own fireside.

"I love her better every time I see her," she exclaimed enthusiastically of Mrs. Arnot; "and indeed she is perfectly right. I don't see how *we* could ever be separated."

Yet it was only on her next visit that she fancied Mrs. Arnot received her less warmly than usual. Perhaps it was thinking so often of their last conversation, she had expected too much. Mrs. Arnot was not very demonstrative usually. But take it altogether, she felt

chilled, and uncomfortable, and did not take out her knitting as she had intended to do.

Two or three days passed before the visit was returned. That was not unusual, but there seemed no excuse, and Mrs. Arnot's manner implied one was expected. Mr. Maxwell came home early, and pressed her to stay the evening, saying that he would send for her husband as they often did, but she declined. It was certainly very strange, so soon after their perfect understanding. Then they met at the house of a mutual acquaintance. Mrs. Maxwell scarcely knew how to approach Angela, and this irresolution brought out something like positive coldness on Mrs. Arnot's part. So Mrs. Maxwell felt, and even her friend remarked it. This was saddest of all, for there had been some little jealousy among the ladies of her circle, at the close intimacy she had formed where they had not been received. There were not wanting curious eyes to note the difference, nor tongues to "stir up strife." Mrs. Maxwell came home grieved to the very heart, and cried bitterly, with a feeling of despondency she was quite ashamed of. She was almost resolved to ask an explanation, but she hesitated to do so, lest there really might be no change, and Angela would think her jealous, or exacting. Still worse, she dreaded an open disagreement, for she could not forget what had been said about the Venice glass. Besides these reasons, the next time she called, Mrs. Arnot's manner was just the same as ever. She seemed very glad to see her, was even more kind than usual, and Mrs. Maxwell came home persuading herself that she had fancied the change entirely.

We cannot trace the coldness that eventually sprung up, through all its shades and gradations. Coldness there was, though courtesy was never wanting in Mrs. Arnot's manner. It was like a still frosty air, the more piercing for its very quietness. Mrs. Maxwell was made miserable by it, for she had never known before how much she loved her. But she was not conscious of any offence, and strove to conceal even from herself how much she was pained. It was a sudden impulse of the old friendliness, which induced her one morning in early summer—for months of guarded intercourse had passed—to select some unusually fine strawberries that had been sent her directly from the country, and arrange them with leaves, in a pretty basket, that gave them the most tempting air imaginable, and take them herself to Mrs. Arnot. Fruit, flowers, and books, had been the principal gifts exchanged between them, and she felt almost happy again, as she eagerly entered the parlour at Mrs. Arnot's. Formerly she had ushered herself up to the little sitting-room, but this had been dropped tacitly for some time. Still it was rather cooling to her enthusiasm to be told "Mrs. Arnot was engaged, but would be down directly;" and wait minute after minute in the darkened room, as formal and uninteresting as city parlours usually are in their summer suit of brown Holland, and net laces. Her spirits fell considerably, and when the door opened and Mrs. Arnot actually came, do all she could her greeting was constrained and her offering formal.

"I knew you would excuse it," Mrs. Arnot said, drawing on her gloves as she spoke, "but I have an

engagement I cannot possibly break: and I thought, perhaps, you would walk with me."

So a servant was summoned, the basket given in charge, and the two went out together. They walked several squares, conversing on the leading topics of the day; spoke of the beauty of the squares, the last fashion for bonnets, and the marriage of a mutual acquaintance. Oh, how different from the many pleasant walks of days gone by, when "*they* talked truly upon all things—substance—shadows—variations of thought and feeling—all that interested them most deeply in human love, or a diviner influence. And so they parted, while Mrs. Arnot said,

"You come so seldom lately. I am sorry I was obliged to go out to-day."

Mrs. Maxwell drew close her veil the instant she was out of sight. Her warm, affectionate nature had been cruelly wounded.

"I cannot bear it any longer, Harry, indeed I cannot," she said to her best counsellor, who saw the traces of tears when he came at nightfall to be made happy at home; and then she laid her head on his shoulder and sobbed, those long, grieving sobs, like a frightened child.

"You think too much of it, Anna," he answered, soothingly. "You have had friends before and lost them without half this feeling. I am afraid my wife is romantic, after all."

"No, dear, you are mistaken. My regard for her was above all romance. She united so many lovable elements of character, and besides I am grieved for the

very principle involved. She herself gave me the assurance that nothing could part us. She has always spoken of her gratitude, though I have only followed the dictates of humanity by going to her; but it bound us together, you can see; and I am afraid it will shake my faith in human nature, Harry, if she has deceived me."

"Listen," said Mr. Maxwell, more seriously. "You are not content to give her up entirely. You feel that you have been wronged. Why not ask an explanation at once? If you cannot be reconciled, it is better to give up the acquaintance at once."

"But I have *never* done anything to offend her, and it would be so hard to give her up. To go by the windows I have always looked up to so eagerly, turning my face away—and those books that I love so well, to put them away—there are twenty things to remind me of her every day! It would be worse than her death—a living death, Harry."

Mr. Maxwell scarcely knew what to say. A coldness between himself and Mr. Arnot had been the natural result of affairs, and he had often felt unpleasantly at the daily contact it was impossible to avoid. They often came up in the same omnibus, or walked squares homeward, with mere monosyllables of commonplace. It was unpleasant in any point of view. He rather urged an explanation, but still left it entirely to his wife's judgment.

It came at last. Mrs. Maxwell had loved her friend too well to let pride seal her lips any longer. She went to Mrs. Arnot with a deliberate purpose to win her back, or seal up the past, as a pleasant dream with a sad

awaking It was a conscience pure from any known offence, and this still humble resolve, that carried her through the painful introduction of the subject, and the pang of pain she felt when Mrs. Arnot coldly answered,

"An explanation she had avoided. It could only bring pain to both, and she had long since been convinced they could never be friends."

"I was so mistaken in you, Anna, and I shall never trust another as I have done you."

"But is it fair to condemn me without a hearing?"

A flush of wounded pride passed over Mrs. Arnot's face. "It is all too evident to need proof."

One less gentle than Mrs. Maxwell, or less steadily resolved to "bear all and suffer all," if she had really offended, to win back her friend, could not have listened again to that cold, calm voice, or would at least have met the proud glance with one equally disdainful. But Mrs. Maxwell knew the ruling passion had for a moment the mastery, and only answered, still gently,

"I must insist, for my own sake, and in memory of the past, that you tell me my offence. That it is light I am certain."

"Oh, Anna—light! Light to say that I had an unloved home! Light to slander my noble, kindest of husbands into torturing my confidence, while you professed the sincerest regard for me. Anna, I solemnly tell you I never was so deceived in a human being!—and, when I thought you so good and pure, and that you were leading me to a higher life!"

The truth flashed upon Mrs. Maxwell in a moment. Some one had been repeating the stories she had so con-

fidently given credence to, before making Mrs. Arnot's acquaintance.

"I could not believe it at first," continued Mrs. Arnot, now speaking more freely. "I shook off the suspicion, though one of your own friends you had yourself introduced told it to me. I tried to meet you the same as ever, but I could not. I could not play the hypocrite! I should not have cared so much for myself, but to think after all I had told you of Robert's goodness, it was too cruel!"

It was thus that Mrs. Maxwell's fault had "returned to her after many days." A fault she had forgotten, save as a warning not to give credence to rumour for the future. And then, as a still further expiation of past errors, she told all—how she had been guilty only in repeating the slanderous tale from very kindness of heart; that the belief of her husband's unkindness had first attracted her to Mrs. Arnot, and that she should have confessed this, and craved her pardon, but to spare her from the knowledge that her own conduct had con firmed the cruel suspicions.

They were both humbled, both subdued. The knowledge that her own offence had clouded her husband's good name, quelled every rising thought of pride in Mrs. Arnot's heart. She felt that she had wronged her friend by not seeking an explanation, by the distrust which prompted concealment. There was mutual pardon to be sought, mutual forgiveness obtained; and though Mrs. Maxwell asked no name, she well understood who was "the whisperer" that had "separated chief friends."

She had suffered before from Miss Lane's distorted repetitions; always put forward so carelessly, so good-naturedly, yet bringing mischief in the end. She had wished Mrs. Arnot's good graces, and had said "she never expected to see Mrs. Maxwell and herself so intimate at one time, when Mrs. Maxwell had first heard these stories."

It was only natural to ask "what stories!" and to be told the whole affair without date or explanation, however, two very important points Miss Susie did not consider it necessary to be particular about. Mrs. Arnot had other acquaintances quite considerate enough to tell her "how much they had felt for her, when every one believed, from what Mrs. Maxwell had said, that her husband was unkind."

There are some people, strange as it seems, quite judicious enough for such a communication, and the flame was fanned. Mrs. Arnot was proud—Mrs. Maxwell's manner was tortured into conscious guiltiness, and one barrier after another was thus placed between them.

They parted, as they both *said*, better friends than ever—each anxious to repair the wrong she believed herself to have committed. But,

"What deep wound ever closed without a scar?"

and, though Mrs. Arnot had learned that it was the part of true friendship never to credit a suspicion, and Mrs. Maxwell became more truly charitable than ever, it was a long time before the old confidence was wholly restored. Not until Mrs. Arnot was again a mother, and when Mrs. Maxwell stooped down to caress the

beautiful infant, whose name she asked, Angela said, "She is to be called Anna, that I may always remember my first *real* friend, for I have learned all that little word means since knowing you."

BEAR ON, BEAR BRAVELY ON.

O, NEVER, from thy tempted heart,
Let thine integrity depart;
When disappointment fills thy cup,
Undaunted, nobly drink it up;
Truth will prevail, and Justice show
Her tardy honours, sure though slow;
Bear on, bear bravely on.

Bear on! our life is not a dream,
Though often such its mazes seem;
We were not born to lives of ease,
Ourselves alone to aid and please.
To each a daily task is given,
A labour which shall fit for heaven;
When duty calls, let love grow warm,
Amid the sunshine and the storm,
With Faith life's trials boldly breast,
And come a conqueror to thy rest;
Bear on, bear bravely on.

"BLESSED ARE THE BELOVED!"

"Oh! cast thou not
Affection from thee in this bitter world!
Hold to thy heart that only treasure fast;
Watch—guard it—suffer not a breath to dim
The bright gems of its purity!"

Yes, it is a bitter world—and how few there are who love us! Sometimes we meet one whom we feel 'twere bliss to live for—to die for! a look from whose eye is joy; a tender word from whose lips is heaven; and yet a careless word, an idle jest uttered in a merry mood, *a little mistake*, has power to part us!

How few there are who love us! So few that we cannot spare one from out the number! It is said that "blessings brighten as they take their flight;" and so with friendships, so with loves, we prize them most as they leave us.

When such a treasure, which has almost become a part of our being, goes from us, how sad! It is like the losing of a queen's crown diamonds; like missing the rarest jewels from a necklace; like the shattering of an exquisite vase, filled with precious distilled water which can never be gathered up again.

There can be no greater grief than to be shut out from the shelter of a beloved one's heart; a Hagar thrust out into the wilderness; a Pariah sent forth to wander in the wide, wide outer world! And then, when the bitter words have been spoken; when affection has been turned to coolness; when we sit down alone, en-

wrapped in the mantle of pride and scorn, with the dead ashes lying scattered upon the desolate hearthstones of our hearts—oh! it is like dying!

Oh! ye who love and are beloved, clasp close your treasures! Suffer nothing, envy, malice, the whispers of slanderers, the voice of Fame, the love of gold, or aught else, to part you! Life is, by far, too short to waste in bickerings; the world is cold enough without *our* adding to its desolation. Love is too precious to be lost lightly! Rather bear and forbear, forgive and forget, cast from you the evil and only gather up the good, than lose one jot of affection!

Some one has written, "Love not! oh! love not!" but surely,

> "'Twere better to have loved *and lost*
> Than never loved at all!"

* * * * * * * * *

> "Better trust all and be deceived,
> And weep that trust and that deceiving,
> Than doubt one heart, which, if believed,
> Had blessed one's life with true believing!"

There must come partings for all! The grave must lie between! Some day the earth will fall heavily upon the coffin wherein you have buried your heart; the sods will press down the dear head which has lain upon your breast; the daisy and violet will bloom above the lips which have so often met your own, and then could you bear to think that you had wronged your trust, slighted their love and cast it from your heart—or that pride, or the love of gold, or fame, had parted you?

Ah, no, no! It were far better then to be able to say, "I loved him always!" "I never gave him a harsh word!" than to bind the mocking wreath of Fame around an aching brow, or clasp dazzling jewels over a desolated heart.

Yes, Love is "the only treasure!" neither power, Fame, gold, gems, nor the applause of a world can satisfy the heart. They may indeed charm and cheat for a season—but at last, like the apples of Sodom, they turn to ashes in our grasp.

There is no truer earthly bliss than the priceless boon of Love. Happy they who win it! Thrice "blessed are the beloved!"

THE LEGEND OF BROTHER ALFUS.

In the old days, when monasteries studded the slopes of every hill in Germany, they formed a feature in every landscape; huge buildings of quiet, peaceable aspect, rearing their small, slender belfry towers in the midst of forests where the ringdoves hopped from branch to branch. Many a faulty, erring man, no doubt, those gray walls sheltered, but they contained, as well, many a saintly sage, whose thoughts, long since weaned from all worldly joys, dwelt only on the future and the invisible.

At Olmutz, in particular, there was one who had rendered himself famous throughout the surrounding coun-

try, by his piety and learning; he was a simple and unaffected man, like all men whose knowledge is great; for science is like the sea—the further we advance, the wider grows the horizon, and the less do we seem ourselves. Brother Alfus had had, nevertheless, his seasons of doubt and misgiving; but after having wrinkled his brow and whitened his hair in vain disquisitions, he had at last been compelled to fall back upon the faith of little children; and then confiding his life to prayer, as to an anchor of mercy, he suffered himself to rock gently in the tide of pure love, holy visions, and heavenly hopes.

But in a little while rough squalls began again to shake the saintly bark. The temptations of the understanding returned, and reason began haughtily to question faith. Then Brother Alfus grew sad; dark clouds began to float over his spirit; his heart grew cold, and he could no longer pray. Wandering through the country, he sat upon the mossy rocks, lingered by the foam of waterfalls, and sauntered amidst the murmurs of the forest; but it was in vain that he sought light from nature. To all his inquiries, the mountains, the leaves, and the streams gave but one answer—God! Brother Alfus came out victorious from many of these struggles, and each time his faith was made firmer than ever, for temptation was the gymnasium of the conscience; if it does not destroy it, it strengthens it.

But, after a time, inquietude came over his spirit more keenly than ever. He had remarked that everything beautiful loses its charm by long use; that the eye soon grows tired of the most beautiful landscape, the ear of the sweetest voice, the heart of the fondest love; and

then he asked, How shall we find, even in heaven, a source of eternal joy? In the midst of magnificence and delight which have no end, what will become of our restless souls? Will not unchangeable pleasure at last bring on *ennui?* "Eternity! what a word for creatures who know no law but that of change and diversity? What man could wish his sweetest pleasure to last for ever? O, my God! no more past, and no more future! no more remembrances, and no more hopes! eternity! eternity! O, sorrowful word! O, word, which hast spread fire and lamentation upon earth, what must thou, then, mean in heaven?" Thus spoke Brother Alfus, and every day his doubts became greater. One morning he issued from the monastery before the other monks had risen, and descended into the valley. The fields, still moist with last night's rain, were glistening under the first rays of the rising sun, like a maiden smiling through her tears. Alfus stole gently through the shady thickets on the hill-side. The birds, which had but just awoke from their slumbers, were perched in the hawthorns, shaking down rosy blossoms on his bald head; and some butterflies, still half asleep, flew lightly in the sun to dry their wings.

Alfus stopped to gaze on the scene before him. He remembered how beautiful it had seemed when first he saw it, and with what transport he had looked forward to ending his days in that delightful retreat. For him, poor child of the city, accustomed to see nought but dark courts and sombre walls, these flowers, and trees, and clear air, were bewitching novelties. How quickly passed the year of his novitiate! Those long rambles in the

valleys, and those charming discoveries! Streams murmuring through the corn-flags, glades haunted by the nightingale, eglantine rose, wild strawberries—what joy to light upon them for the first time! To meet with springs from which he had not yet drunk, and mossy banks upon which he had never yet reclined! But, alas! these pleasures themselves do not last long; very soon you have traversed all the paths of the forest, you have heard the songs of all the birds, you have plucked nosegays of all the flowers, and then adieu to the beauties of the country! Familiarity descends like a veil between you and the creation, and makes you blind and deaf.

And thus it was now with Brother Alfus. Like men whose abuse of ardent spirits had made them cease to feel their power, he looked with indifference on a spectacle which in his eyes had once been ravishing. What heavenly beauties, then, could occupy throughout eternity a soul which the works of God on earth could charm for a moment only? Asking himself this question, the monk walked on, his eyes fixed on the ground, but seeing nothing, and his arms folded on his breast. He descended into the valley, crossed the stream, passed through the woods, and over the hills. The tower of the convent was beginning already to fade in the distance, and at length he stopped. He was on the verge of a vast forest, which extended as far as the eye could reach, like an ocean of verdure. A thousand melodious sounds met his ears from every side, and an odorous breeze sighed through the leaves. After casting an astonished look upon the soft obscurity which reigned in the wood, Alfus entered with hesitation, as if he feared he

were treading on forbidden ground. As he advanced, the forest became larger; he found trees covered with blossoms which exhaled an unknown perfume; it had nothing enervating in it, like those of earth, but was, as it were, a sort of moral emanation which embalmed the soul. It was strengthening and delicious at the same time, like the sight of a good action, or the approach of a lover. At length he perceived, farther on, a glade radiant with a marvellous light. He sat down to enjoy the prospect, and then, suddenly, the song of a bird overhead fell upon his ear—sounds so sweet as to defy description, gentler than the fall of oars on a lake in summer, than the murmur of the breeze amongst weeping willows, or the sigh of a sleeping infant. All the music of the air, and earth, and water, the melody of the human voice, or of instruments, seemed centred in that song. It was hardly a song, but floods of melody; it was not language, and yet the voice *spoke*. Science, wisdom, and poetry, all were in it; and in hearing it, one acquired all knowledge.

Alfus listened for a long time, and with increasing pleasure. At last the light which illumined the forest began to fade, a low murmur was heard amongst the trees, and the bird was silent.

Alfus remained for a while motionless, as if he were awaking from an enchanted sleep. He at first looked around in a sort of stupor, and then arose. He found his feet benumbed: his limbs had lost their agility. It was with difficulty he directed his steps towards the monastery.

But the farther he went, the greater was his surprise.

The face of the whole country seemed changed. Where he had before seen sprouting shrubs, he now saw wide-spreading oaks. He looked for the little wooden bridge by which he was accustomed to cross the river. It was gone, and in its place was a solid arch of stone. On passing a hedge on which some women were spreading clothes to dry, they stopped to look at him, and said amongst themselves,

"There is an old man dressed like the monks of Olmutz. We know all the brothers, but we have never seen him before."

"These women are fools," said Alfus, and passed on. But at last he began to feel uneasy. He quickened his footsteps as he climbed the narrow pathway which led up the hill-side towards the convent. But the gate was no longer in its old place, and the monastery was changed in its appearance; it was greater in extent, and the buildings were more numerous. A plane-tree, which he had himself planted near the chapel a few months before, covered the sacred building with its foliage. Overpowered with astonishment, the monk approached the new entrance, and rang gently. But it was not the same silver bell, the sound of which he knew so well. A young brother opened the door.

"What has happened?" asked Alfus; "is Antony no longer a porter of the convent?"

"I don't know such a person," was the reply. Alfus rubbed his eyes with astonishment.

"Am I then mad?" he exclaimed. "Is not this the monastery of Olmutz, which I left this morning——"

The young monk looked at him.

"I have been porter here for five years," was the rejoinder, "and I do not remember to have ever seen you."

A number of monks were walking up and down the cloisters. Alfus ran towards them, and called them; but none answered. He went closer, but not one of them could he recognise.

"Has there been a miracle here?" he cried. "In the name of heaven, my brothers, has none of you ever seen me before? Does no one know Brother Alfus?"

All looked at him with astonishment. "Alfus!" at last said the oldest; "there was formerly a monk of that name at the convent. I used to hear the old men, long ago, when I was young, talking of him. He was a learned man, but a dreamer, and fond of solitude. One day he descended into the valley, and was lost sight of behind the wood. They expected him back in vain. He never returned, and none knew what became of him; but it is now a hundred years or more, since that."

At these words Alfus uttered a loud cry, for he understood it all; and falling on his knees, he lifted up his hands and exclaimed with fervour: "O, my God; it has been thy will to show me my folly in comparing the joys of earth with those of heaven. A century has rolled over my head as a single day, while listening to the bird that sings in thy paradise. I now understand eternal happiness. O, Lord, be gracious unto me, and pardon thine unworthy servant!"

Having thus spoken, Brother Alfus extended his arms, kissed the ground, and died.

"BE CONTENT WITH LITTLE"

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

I WILL give you two or three good rules which may help you to become happier than you would be without knowing them; but as to being completely happy, that you can never be till you get to heaven.

The first is, "Try your best to make others happy." "I never was happy," said a certain king, "till I began to take pleasure in the welfare of my people; but. ever since then, in the darkest day, I have had sunshine in my heart."

My second rule is, "Be content with little." There are many good reasons for this rule. We deserve but little; we require but little; and "Better is a little with the fear of God, than great treasures and trouble therewith." Two men determined to be rich, but they set about it in different ways; for the one strove to raise his means to his desires, while the other did his best to bring down his desires to his means. The result was, the one who coveted much was always repining, while he who desired but little was always contented.

My third rule is, "Look on the sunny side of things." The skipping lamb, the singing lark, and the leaping fish, tell us that happiness is not confined to one place. God, in his goodness, has spread it abroad on the earth, in the air, and on the waters. Two aged women lived in the same cottage; one was always fearing a storm, and the other was always looking for sunshine. Hardly need I say which it was wore a forbidding frown, or which it was whose face was lighted up with joy.

HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP.

(Psalm 127: 2.)

As from the glare of busy, feverish day,
We turn with longing to the holy stars,
Feel the soft air of night around us play,
And bless it for the respite from our cares;

So to the grave the earnest Christian turns,
Weary of sin, and stained with many tears,
So his poor bruised heart within him burns
With longing for this covert from his fears.

As we hear music, in the hush of night,
Sounding far off, as if the angel bands
Were sweeping harp-springs of the star-beams bright,
Close by the door of Heaven, with skilful hands;

So, through the awful stillness of the grave,
The Christian soldier hears the glorious psalm
Of those blest souls his Master came to save—
And who, through Him, have won the victor's palm.

As weary children to their mother's care
Hasten, like birds, unto the parent nest,
Kneel by her side, and say their evening prayer,
Then fall asleep, close nestled to her breast;

Even so God's children, coming to the eve
Of life's last weary day, pray him to keep
With his kind care the dear ones they must leave,
And then "He giveth His beloved sleep."

RELY ON YOURSELF.

Most persons are averse to close thinking and investigation. They would rather rely on others, and follow the beaten track, than strike out new paths, and aim at greater progress and higher attainments. It is the part of indolence and imbecility servilely to copy others, and to remain satisfied with walking in their steps, instead of soaring into higher regions, and taking wider views. Much depends on early education in regard to the future intellectual efforts of children. If they are furnished with everything the young heart can desire,—if every gratifying object is placed around them, and there is nothing left for the exercise of their own powers,—their minds will be feeble, and never acquire the vigour necessary for extensive usefulness. Parents often greatly mistake in providing too many playthings for their children. They appear to think that, by heaping around their little ones a multitude of toys, they shall add to their enjoyment and expand their minds. But the more a child has of these things the more restless he becomes. He throws aside one after another his playthings, and is almost equally dissatisfied with whatever is placed within his reach. He has too many objects; they are a burden to him, and render him fretful and uneasy.

Even the child derives his highest pleasure from doing something for himself. Give him a few articles, and let

him add others by his own invention; let him try what he can do, and see that his efforts have accomplished something, and he will be delighted and stimulated to renewed exertion. The boy who has made but the rude imitation of a ship, a cart, or a house, will be more cheerful and happy than he would have been by the most costly and brilliant toy. But, what is of far more importance, his mind has received a new impulse; it has acquired new vigour, and is better prepared for other efforts. It is by a succession of these infantile attempts, by an almost infinitude of trials to imitate the sterner realities of age, that the mind gathers strength, develops its powers, and rises to the highest attainments. The pyramids of Egypt, it has been said, were built by the successive strokes of the pickaxe and the chisel, and the mightiest intellect is formed by a gradual process from the imbecility of infancy. Its progress may not be observable for a time, like the coral rock built up from the bottom of the ocean; but it ultimately rises above the waves, and becomes an island, adorned with verdure and beauty. So the childish intellect, by its own action, rises above the common level, becomes an ornament to society, and a blessing to the world. Could you have seen, in childhood, any one of the self-made men who have honoured the country and the age in which they lived, you would have found him left to his own resources. His self-formation commenced with the first buddings of reason and imagination. So it was with Franklin, Sherman, and others. Their humble origin shows that they were not surrounded with a profusion of splendid toys. Their minds were daily acquiring

fresh impulse and increased energy from the very circumstances of destitution in which they were placed. What Webster, the great statesman and careful observer of human nature, says of older scholars, is equally applicable to children: "Costly apparatus and splendid cabinets have no magical power to make scholars. As a man is in all circumstances, under God, the master of his own fortune, so he is the maker of his own mind. The Creator has so constituted the human intellect, that it can only grow by its own action, and thereby it will certainly and necessarily grow. Every man must, therefore, educate himself." Let parents improve the clue here given, and apply it to the training of children. Assist them in their rude endeavours to do something for themselves. Furnish the means, and they will soon learn to apply them in accomplishing their purposes.

They should early be taught that they have a character to form, on which depends their own happiness, the esteem of friends, and, above all, the approbation of their Maker and Redeemer. They can soon learn that there is no pleasure like that of doing right, of being kind, generous, and thankful for favours shown them. He who would have friends must show himself friendly, and there are innumerable occasions recurring daily for the exercise of the best and noblest affections. A child should love to please and oblige others, and should love to do good. This should be his element, the very air he breathes, the rejoicing of his heart. He is amiable and lovely just in proportion as he exhibits good-will and kindness, and a regard for justice and rectitude; and he is an object of pity, to be pointed at by the finger of

scorn, when these traits are wanting, or the opposite ones displayed. His character is himself, his dispositions, affections, and general conduct. It is that which he will carry with him in future life, and which will shape his destiny. He can easily be made to realize its importance, and how much it depends on himself. Parents must look after their children, when away from under the parental roof. Their eye must follow them to the village school, and they must see what influences are operating there for good or evil, and what are the restraints under which they are placed. It is surprising how much mischief they will learn, in a short period, from wicked companions, and how much they may do to corrupt the minds and morals of others. They should be made to realize their individual responsibility, while mingling with their associates, and that they are accountable for their conduct in company equally as when alone. Each individual is singled out and marked by the all-seeing One, and the sins of youth may cause regret and remorse at a future day.

The formation of character demands the study of the Scriptures with a view to their precepts and examples. It requires the cultivation of the heart, the moral affections as well as the intellect. It involves improvement in external deportment, in ease, propriety, and manly behaviour, in consulting the feelings of others, and in often yielding our convenience to theirs. Civility is a great ornament, and next in importance to the first principles of knowledge.

Children should early be taught self-government. They must learn to govern their temper and passions,

and not be left as the "horse, or as the mule, which have no understanding; whose mouth must be held in with a bit and bridle." It is shameful and ruinous to allow them to fly into a rage, and give way to violent passion, when unexpectedly disappointed in regard to a pleasant walk or ride, or some other anticipated enjoyment. Whenever such ill temper is manifested, they must be called to an account, whatever other business is on hand, and must be taught its exceeding sinfulness and its destructive consequences to themselves. Self-government is essential to all true peace and happiness; it is essential to the quiet of families and communities, and to all civil freedom. A free government cannot exist where the people have not learned to govern themselves. Anarchy and despotism will ensue, and the masses must be controlled by the strong arm of absolute power. A vigilant, an all-pervading police, or a standing army, must accomplish what the people might easily do for themselves. The foundation of all free government must be laid in the early training of children. They must be made to control their temper. This may be a difficult task; it may require a long course of discipline; but the object is worth all the care and effort it may cost. Washington well understood its importance when he said, "I can more easily govern the American army than my passions." But he had them in subjection, and the world admired his self-possession and unruffled temper in the most trying circumstances. Scarcely a greater blessing can be conferred upon a child than the ability to govern himself in the fear of the Lord in every emergency.

The young should be taught to rely on their own efforts in their studies. They must use the utmost endeavours to solve a difficult problem, or investigate an abstruse subject, before resorting to others for assistance. They must learn to clothe their thoughts in their own language. It may not be as learned and elegant as that of the most accomplished writers; but one idea expressed in their own way is more improving and worth more than the copying of whole pages from other authors. By giving utterance to their own feelings and conceptions, they are preparing to become the future ministers of the gospel, the eloquent advocates at the bar and in the senate. They acquire the habit of thinking for themselves, and thus become qualified for taking a part in the great enterprises of the day, and pushing forward the movements which are to renovate the moral world.

Let it not be thought that this self-reliance is inconsistent with a proper sense of dependence on the Supreme. All our powers are given us by the Creator, to be employed for his glory in accomplishing the purposes of redeeming mercy. They must be improved diligently by us, while realizing our entire dependence on a higher power. "Without me," saith the Saviour, "ye can do nothing." He only who quietly and with child-like simplicity submits himself to God, accomplishes the end of his existence, and enjoys lasting security and peace.

"From Thee is all that soothes the life of man,
His high endeavour and his glad success,
His strength to suffer and his will to serve."

GOD IS LOVE.

Stand on the mountain side,
And look abroad o'er all the joyous earth;
Young flowers are flinging incense far and wide,
And the rejoicing streams,
With all their happy gleams,
Sparkle out gladness at the sunshine's birth.
What speaks of hatred here?
On the high mountain, in the leafy grove,
There is no sign of sorrow or of fear:
God speaks through Nature in the tones of love.

The air is breathing balm,
From earth's dim convex, to the circling skies;
It falsely seemeth but a voiceless calm.
These kindly spirits bend,
And with earth's discords, blend
The music of celestial harmonies.
Nor in the warlike guise
Of earth's proud armies do the bright hosts move,
But gloriously humble, meekly wise,
God speaks through Angels in the tones of love.

On Zion's holy hill,
"Fairest among ten thousand," who is he
That to the tempest speaketh, "Peace, be still?"
And to the ear of faith
In softest music saith,
"Come, weary-hearted, come to peace and me,"
Come, trusting fearlessly!
"Come—and an easy burden mine shall prove;"
Thus saith "the faithful witness" unto thee,
God speaks through Jesus in the tones of love.

Physician of our souls!
Thy love is ruling over all our days,
Whether the loud-voiced thunder sternly rolls,
Or the low breeze's sigh
Tells, as it echoes by,
Thy loving mercies, and thy equal ways:
No wrath, no pain, no strife,
But peaceful mercy reigns around—above,
O'er all the darkness of an earthly life,
God speaks through all things in the tones of love.

THE RELATION OF BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

MRS. FARRAR, in her excellent "Young Lady's Friend," makes the following observations, which are particularly commended to elder sisters:—

The important relation which sisters bear to brothers cannot be fully appreciated, without a greater knowledge of the world and its temptations to young men, than girls in their teens can be supposed to possess; and therefore I would beg you to profit by my experience in this matter, and to believe me when I assure you, that your companionship and influence may be powerful agents in preserving your brothers from dissipation, in saving them from dangerous intimacies, and maintaining in their minds a high standard of female excellence.

If your brothers are younger than you, encourage them to be perfectly confidential with you; win their friendship by your sympathy in all their concerns, and let them see that their interests and their pleasures are

liberally provided for in the family arrangements. Never disclose their little secrets, however unimportant they may seem to you; never pain them by any ill-timed joke; never repress their feelings by ridicule; but be their tenderest friend, and then you may become their ablest adviser. If separated from them by the course of school or college education, make a point of keeping up your intimacy by full, free, and affectionate correspondence; and when they return to the paternal roof, at that awkward age between youth and manhood, when reserve creeps over the mind, like an impenetrable veil, suffer it not to interpose between you and your brothers. Cultivate their friendship and intimacy with all the address and tenderness you possess; for it is of unspeakable importance to them that their sisters should be their confidential friends. Consider the loss of a ball or party, for the sake of making the evening pass pleasantly to your brothers at home, as a small sacrifice; one you should unhesitatingly make. If they go into company with you, see that they are introduced to the most desirable acquaintances, and show them that you are interested in their acquitting themselves well.

If you are so happy as to have elder brothers, you should be equally assiduous in cultivating their friendship, though the advances must of course be differently made. As they have long been accustomed to treat you as a child, you may meet with some repulses when you aspire to become a companion and a friend; but do not be discouraged by this. The earlier maturity of girls, will soon render you their equal in sentiment, if not in knowledge, and your ready sympathy will soon convince

them of it. They will be agreeably surprised, when they find their former plaything and messenger become their quick-sighted and intelligent companion, understanding at a glance what is passing in their hearts; and love and confidence on your part will soon be repaid in kind. Young men often feel the want of a confidential friend of the softer sex, to sympathize with them in their little affairs of sentiment, and happy are those who find one in a sister.

Once possessed of an elder brother's confidence, spare no pains to preserve it; convince him, by the little sacrifices of personal convenience and pleasure which you are willing to make for him, that when you do oppose his wishes, it is on principle and for conscience' sake; then will you be a blessing to him, and, even when differing from you, he will love and respect you the more for your adherence to a high standard.

So many temptations beset young men, of which young women know nothing, that it is of the utmost importance that your brothers' evenings should be happily passed at home, that their friends should be your friends, that their engagements should be the same as yours, and that various innocent amusements should be provided for them in the family circle. Music is an accomplishment chiefly valuable as a home enjoyment, as rallying round the piano the various members of the family, and harmonizing their hearts as well as voices, particularly in devotional strains. I know no more agreeable and interesting spectacle, than that of brothers and sisters playing and singing together those elevated compositions in music and poetry which gratify

the taste and purity of the heart, whilst their fond parents sit delighted by. I have seen and heard an elder sister thus leading the family choir, who was the soul of harmony to the whole household, and whose life was a perfect example of those virtues which I am here endeavouring to inculcate. Let no one say, in reading this chapter, that too much is here required of sisters, that no one can be expected to lead such a self-sacrificing life; for the sainted one to whom I refer, was all that I would ask any sister to be, and a happier person never lived. "To do good and make others happy," was her rule of life, and in this she found the art of making herself so.

Sisters should be always willing to walk, ride, visit with their brothers, and esteem it a privilege to be their companions. It is worth while to learn innocent games for the sake of furnishing brothers with amusement and making home the most agreeable place to them.

If your brothers take an interest in your personal appearance and dress, you should encourage the feeling by consulting their taste, and sacrificing any little fancy of your own to a decided dislike of theirs. Brothers will generally be found strongly opposed to the slightest indecorum in sisters; even those who are ready enough to take advantage of freedom of manners in other girls, have very strict notions with regard to their own sisters. Their intercourse with all sorts of men enables them to judge of the construction put upon certain actions, and modes of dress and speech, much better than women can; and you will do well to take their advice on all such points.

Brothers and sisters may greatly aid each other in judging of their friends of the opposite sex. Brothers can throw important light upon the character and merits of young men, because they see them when acting out their natures before their comrades, and relieved from the restraints of the drawing-room; and you can, in return, greatly assist your brothers in coming to wise and just conclusions concerning their female friends. Your brothers may be very much indebted to the quicker penetration of women into each other's characters, and saved by your discernment from being fascinated by qualities that are not of sterling value; but, in order to have the influence necessary to such important ends, you must be habitually free from a spirit of detraction, candid in all your judgments, and ever ready to admire whatever is lovely and good in your own sex. If, when you dissent from your brother's too favourable opinion of a lady, he can with any justice charge you with a prejudice against her family, or a capricious dislike of her, your judgment, however correct, will have no weight, and he will be very likely to become not only the lady's champion, but her lover.

If your brothers have received a classical education, and are studiously inclined, you may derive great assistance from them in the cultivation of your own mind, and bind them still closer to you in the delightful companionship of literary pursuits.

I have been told by men, who had passed unharmed through the temptations of youth, that they owed their escape from many dangers to the intimate companionship of affectionate and pure-minded sisters. They have

been saved from a hazardous meeting with idle company by some home engagement, of which their sisters were the charm; they have refrained from mixing with the impure, because they would not bring home thoughts and feelings which they could not share with those trusting and loving friends; they have put aside the wine-cup and abstained from stronger potations, because they would not profane with their fumes the holy kiss, with which they were accustomed to bid their sisters good-night.

The duties of sisters to each other are so obvious and well understood, that it will be needless to enter fully upon them here. If your heart is right towards God, and you feel that the great business of life is the education of your immortal spirit for eternity, you will easily bear with the infirmities of others, because you will be fully impressed with a sense of your own; and, when you can amicably bear and forbear, love will come in, to soften every asperity, heal every little wound, and make a band of sisters "helpers of each other's joy."

A few cases may arise, in the most harmonious families, wherein sisters may not fully understand each other's rights, and may therefore ignorantly trespass upon them; such, for instance, as where one of the family is very fond of reading, and wishes to have a certain portion of her time uninterruptedly given to that employment, and a sister keeps interrupting her by conversation, or appeals to her for aid in some lesson or piece of work. Sometimes a great reader is made the butt of the rest of the family for that very valuable propensity, and half her pleasure in it destroyed by

its being made a standing joke among her brothers and sisters.

Sisters should as scrupulously regard each other's rights of property, as they would those of a guest staying in the house; never helping themselves without leave to the working materials, writing implements, drawing apparatus, books, or clothing of each other. It is a mistake to suppose that the nearness of the relationship makes it allowable; the more intimate our connexion with any one, the more necessary it is to guard ourselves against taking unwarrantable liberties. For the very reason that you are obliged to be so much together, you should take care to do nothing disagreeable to each other.

Love is a plant of delicate growth, and, though it sometimes springs up spontaneously, it will never flourish long and well, without careful culture; and when I see how it is cultivated in some families, the wonder is, not that it does not spread so as to overshadow the whole circle, but that any sprig of it should survive the rude treatment it meets with.

Genuine politeness is a great fosterer of family love; it allays accidental irritation, by preventing harsh retorts and rude contradictions; it softens the boisterous, stimulates the indolent, suppresses selfishness, and, by forming a habit of consideration for others, harmonizes the whole. Politeness begets politeness, and brothers may be easily won by it to leave off the rude ways they bring home from school or college. Never receive any little attention without thanking them for it, never ask a favour of them but in cautious terms, never reply to their ques-

tions in monosyllables, and they will soon be ashamed to do such things themselves. You should labour, by precept and example, to convince them that no one can have really good manners abroad, who is not habitually polite at home.

Elder sisters exert a very great influence over the younger children of a family, either for good or for evil. If you are impatient, unfair in your judgments, or assume too much authority, you injure the tempers of these little ones, make them jealous of their rights, and render your own position a very unpleasant one; whereas, if you are patient and kind, and found your pretensions to dictate, not on your age, but on truth and justice, the younger children will readily allow your claims.

Young children are excellent judges of the motives and feelings of those who attempt to control them; and, if you would win their love, and dispose them to comply with your reasonable requests, you must treat them with perfect candour and uprightness. Never attempt to cheat, even the youngest, into a compliance with your wishes; for, though you succeed at the time, you lessen your influence by the loss of confidence which follows detection.

With every disposition to treat the younger ones kindly, elder sisters are often discouraged and discomforted by what they consider the over indulgence of their parents towards the younger members of the family; but where this complaint is well founded, much is still in their power. They can, by judicious conduct, do a great deal to counteract the bad effects of this parental fondness, and make the little ones ashamed to take a mean

advantage of it. The very indulgent are seldom just; now children value justice and strict adherence to promises more than indulgence, and you may mould them to your will by the exercise of those higher qualities.

It is the duty of elder sisters to take a lively interest in the education of the younger children, and to use all the advantages which they have received, for the benefit of those that are coming forward in the same line. They should aid their parents in the choice of schools, and ascertain what is actually learnt at them. Where circumstances render it necessary that the elder children should assist in teaching the younger ones, it should be done cheerfully; not as a duty merely, but as a useful discipline. Some writers upon education consider teaching others as the best and most effectual way of learning one's self. When Madame de Genlis described what she considered as a perfect system of education, she represented her models as taking younger children to teach as a part of their own instruction. It has been said, that we are never sure that we know a thing thoroughly, until we have taught it to another.

If the duty of teaching has its advantages, it also has its dangers; it is a very fatiguing occupation, and ought not to occupy too much of a young person's time. Where this is required of a daughter, other home-duties should be remitted, and her day should be so apportioned as to leave her ample time for exercise and recreation, or the labour may prove injurious to her health. It is very seldom that one, who has never attempted to teach others, can duly appreciate the labour of it; and a father so circumstanced, will sometimes think that as

many hours may be given to it as he gives to his business; but this is a great mistake; nothing is so heavy a tax on mind and body, as the act of communicating knowledge to other minds; and the more intelligently and lovingly it is done, the greater is the fatigue.

This duty should not be allowed to interfere with the further progress of the young teacher, for though it may be useful to go over old ground, with those who are learning, she should still be careful not to narrow her mind down to the standard of their habits; but refresh and invigorate it, at the same time, by exploring new fields of literature.

Those who are not called upon to teach younger brothers and sisters, may yet do them great good by exercising their minds in conversation, and by communicating useful information to them in their daily intercourse. The reverse of this I have sometimes observed with sorrow. I have seen amiable and well informed girls act towards these little ones, as if they were not at all responsible for the impressions they made on their tender minds. They would mislead a young inquirer by false information, and consider it a good joke; or they would harrow up young and susceptible minds by frightful stories, which, though amusing at the time, could not fail to send the little dears trembling to bed, afraid of the dark, and unable to sleep for terror. Where, however, the elder children have been properly trained by the parents, such mistakes cannot occur, and where they have not, it would require a volume to do justice to the subject.

"FREELY YE HAVE RECEIVED, FREELY GIVE."

Go forth among the poor,
  Thy pathway leadeth there,
Thy gentle voice may soothe their pain,
  And blunt the thorns of care:
Go forth with earnest zeal,
  Nor from the duty start,
Speak to them words of gracious love,
  "Blessed are the poor in heart."

Go forth among the sad,
  Lest their dark cup o'erflow;
They have on earth a heritage
  Of weariness and woe;
Tears dim their daily toil,
  And sighs break out from sleep;
Bring light among the darkness—say,
  "Blessed are they that weep."

Go forth among the weak
  Who lack the strength of prayer,
Whose trust is lost in hopelessness,
  Whose faith in deep despair:
And God's dear words shall touch their hearts
  Like Hermon's holy dew,
"He giveth power to the faint,"
  And will your strength renew.

Go forth through all the earth,
  There waiteth work for you,
The harvest truly seems most fair,
  But labourers are few.
With tireless—hopeful—ardent love,
  Fulfil your lofty part,
And yours shall be the blessing, too,
  "Blessed are the pure in heart."

THE FRIENDS:

OR, LUXURIES LOST AND HAPPINESS WON.

"Celestial happiness! whene'er she stoops
To visit earth, one shrine the goddess finds,
And one alone, to make her sweet amends
For absent heaven,—the bosom of a friend;
Where heart meets heart, reciprocally soft,
Each other's pillow to repose divine."

It was a pleasant day in June, the month of roses, when the young earth seems to send on the balmy air a whispered thanksgiving to heaven for her rich and gentle beauty. The fresh foliage grows brighter as the sweet breath of the summer wind plays among the leaves, and sportively kisses the fragrance from the lovely flowers, wafting it over the green meadows and quiet plains.

At the open casement of a white cottage, two young girls were seated; one sewing, the other reading aloud, yet often pausing to utter the elevating thoughts the volume suggested. They were about the same age, and might number eighteen years. The reader was very beautiful. Her dark hair was arranged with exquisite taste around her finely formed head, and a Grecian braid confined the shining ringlets that would have shaded too closely the white intellectual brow. Her usually proud face was now soft and yielding as a child's in its look of confidence and love. A thoughtful tenderness dwelt in her large black eye, as it rested on her friend, while a faint smile stole over her lip, telling

how hushed was every unholy feeling, and betraying a heart full of sisterly affection.

Her companion, who possessed no beauty save that which is reflected from a pure heart, was seated on a low chair by her side, and as she raised her gentle countenance to that of her friend, it wore a look of almost spiritual loveliness.

The intimacy between Ellen Wilbur and her beautiful friend, commenced at school. The latter was wealthy and talented, and therefore received the homage of her companions, which was probably rendered to her "acres of charms;" for even children learn to hold "filthy lucre" in the same estimation as their elders.

Gertrude Stacy was the only daughter of a rich merchant, a native of England, who had early come to this country, where he married a poor, but beautiful and intelligent girl. His wife lived but a few years after her marriage, and Gertrude was a stranger to a mother's care from the age of three years. Mr. Stacy, wholly absorbed in money-making, cultivated none of the gentler affections. He possessed that calculating spirit, which so often chills the love of a young heart. As the fair girl grew towards womanhood, she yearned for a friend who might appreciate the deep feelings known only to her own soul. The sweetness and *naiveté* of Ellen's manners, combined with her intelligence, won Gertrude's admiration; and the fact that the friendless orphan showed less eagerness than any one else to become intimate with her, and always wore an air of gentle self-respect when they met, perhaps impelled the proud heiress to sue for the friendship of one who was regarded

by many young ladies of the institution as too poor to be blessed with their familiarity.

Since they had left school, Gertrude resided in the city, where she shone in the courts of fashion, as a "bright particular star." Rich, beautiful, and highly gifted, she met with adulation at every step, and although she received it with apparent indifference, its flattering breath fell upon her too haughty spirit like a grateful incense. She had few female friends among her fashionable acquaintances, for close observation had taught her, that she must seek for friendship where luxury and self-indulgence had not enervated the intellect, and put to silence the low, sweet murmurings of affection that would fain breathe over the soul like the music of heaven. Gertrude possessed strong feelings, and many noble qualities; but these were often thrown into the shade by one great fault—*pride*. When she left her luxurious home in the city, and found herself in the simple white cottage where Ellen dwelt in her grandmother's family, this blemish in her character apparently vanished, and the affections of her better nature gushed forth; new thoughts found entrance in her bosom, and she felt a desire to put away every evil thing within her, and become gentle and unselfish as her companion.

How great the influence of a friend! and how important that we should select those only whose influence will deepen in our hearts the little goodness that may have found root there, instead of choking it with weeds of hasty and evil growth!

There was now in the communion of the friends a deeper interest than ever; a sadness they had never

known before; they were about to be separated for two long years, and what changes might not occur before they met again? Many times their eyes filled with tears, as they dwelt with lingering tenderness on the happy hours they had spent together, which had given so bright a glow to their existence. They well knew,

> "Thought can dare
> The pathless waste, the viewless air;—
> And though the roaring seas divide,
> Where spirits mingle and confide,
> They form no interposing bond,
> Thought can outstretch e'en these beyond!"

Yet, though such reflections might lessen the pain of separation, still it was pain.

A wealthy aunt of Ellen's, whose health idleness and dissipation had rendered delicate, had persuaded her husband that it was necessary for her to cross the ocean, and sojourn in a foreign climate, in order to recover her lost bloom. It was decided that they should be absent two years, and Ellen had been invited by her aunt to accompany her as a companion. With the delighted curiosity of a young girl, she consented, and when she could forget the endearments of home, her heart beat high with enthusiasm as she anticipated the time when her feet should press the classic soil of Europe.

The day of separation at length came, and the rosy light of morning streamed in the chamber occupied by the friends. They had risen early, and hour after hour slipped away as they felt the luxury of being alone for the last time, and pouring out their full hearts to each

other. But the time drew near, and, with arms drawn closely around each other, they knelt at the bedside, and the fervency of that last prayer hung over their spirits long after the ocean had divided them.

Two years passed away, and during that time the heart of Gertrude Stacy had "grown familiar with deep trials of its own."

Her father had imbibed the spirit of speculation, and, as was the case with many others, instead of increasing his wealth, it tore from his grasp all that he possessed. The love of money was his ruling passion, and when he discovered that his riches were lost beyond recall, he felt a blow from which he never recovered. His energies seemed to leave him entirely, and he sunk into a low, desponding state of mind, which necessarily impaired his bodily health. Gertrude was called upon to bear the death of her father soon after the loss of that wealth she had not known how to value until it was taken away.

When Ellen Wilbur returned to her native land, her manners yet frank and simple, and her heart still glowing with the same warm love towards the beautiful girl she had left with prospects so fair, Gertrude was poor, lonely, and an orphan. She had no near relatives to offer her a home, and many persons she thought interested in her, proved cold and indifferent when she most needed friends. Pride impelled her to shrink from every one she had known in prosperity—even those who might and perhaps would have aided her. The unhappy girl obtained a boarding place in a retired part of the city, and, with bitterness in her bosom, sought and with diffi-

culty procured some employment in plain sewing, which barely defrayed her most urgent expenses. Buried in loneliness, she brooded morbidly over the events that had so changed the world to her. Yet, amid all her gloomy thoughts and dark forebodings, when her mind reverted to Ellen, a ray of hope visited her, and the desolate girl longed for the time when she might be cheered by the affectionate kindness of that gentle being. No sight she more desired "Than face of faithful friend; fairest when seen in darkest day."

At last her wishes were gratified. On her return Ellen eagerly sought her humble residence. With a beating heart the long-absent one ascended the stairs that led to the chamber of the once rich heiress. Her trembling hand was laid upon the latch, and yet she lingered to still the emotions that thrilled her bosom. She listened to hear if any one was within, but no sound met her ear. Again her fingers pressed the latch; it yielded to her touch, and with a noiseless step she entered the apartment. Gertrude sat sewing, apparently buried in painful thought. Her face was pale and thin, and tears gushed into the eyes of her gentle visiter as she paused a moment, unobserved, and marked the change suffering had wrought in those beautiful features.

"Oh! Gertrude!" broke huskily from her lips. And with a faint scream of joy the astonished girl sprang from her chair, and the long-parted friends were clasped in each other's arms. They wept long together, and their hearts communed more deeply than if words had

broken that blessed silence. When they had seated themselves, Gertrude said, in a low tone,

"We looked for changes, dear Ellen, when we parted, but I little dreamed that I would know so much wretchedness. My best feelings are wasted by sorrow; and everything that was good and beautiful in my spirit is withered and dead. One deep, warm, kindly feeling found a dwelling-place in my bosom; I could weep over the troubles of others—but now, I am changed; there is nothing left of my former self. Oh! Ellen, you will find nothing in me to love,"—and the wretched girl leaned her head on the shoulder of her friend, and gave way to a flood of passionate tears.

Ellen replied only by drawing her arm more fondly around her, and brushing the hair from the hot brow of the weeping girl, upon which she pressed her lips, while her own tears fell fast. How eloquent, then, was that silent caress, the lingering lips upon the forehead!

When Gertrude had ceased weeping, Ellen broke the silence by saying,

"Everything appears darker than it really is, dearest. If you *will*, you *may* be happy again. Your best feelings are not wasted; you are beginning to know yourself; circumstances have developed the evil feelings that appear *new* to you, yet you possessed them before, although they were never called into action. Now that you are aware of their existence, dear Gertrude, overcome them, and you will be purer and happier than if they yet remained in their unconscious slumber. The green spot in your soul is not withered; dark clouds have hidden it, and you think the fierce tempest has

laid all waste. There was an object in that wild storm; it was to purify that chosen spot, and protect it from greater ills.

"'When pain can't bless, heaven quits us in despair.'

"Try to be resigned to what God has ordered, Gertrude, and forget your own sufferings in efforts to be useful to others; then the sun of true happiness will break in upon your spirit with its pleasant warmth, refreshing the new and delicate germs of goodness, that they may be strengthened by future storms and outlive them. When happiness depends on external things, it must ever rest on a broken reed. To be real it must spring from love and gentleness within; then its clear light of purity and joy may be shed with blessings upon the hearts of others. Every evil thing that is banished from our bosoms, renders our reform easier; and it is no less true than poetical, that if it is our constant aim to become better, the angels minister unto us, and impart to us their pure thoughts and heavenly affections."

"Ah! Ellen!" returned Gertrude, with a faint smile, "I almost fancy you an angel. I can *feel* that you are good and pure, and if I could always be with you, I think I might learn what true happiness is."

She leaned her head upon her hand for some moments, lost in deep and earnest thought; her brow knit at times, but there was no bitterness in her look. At length the troubled expression vanished, her slightly quivering lip grew firmer, and in a voice low and tremulous with its weight of new-born, elevated feeling, she said,

"I know it is easier to resolve than to follow a resolution under all circumstances; yet, if I may have strength from above, my life shall no longer be wasted in idle repinings. If I cannot impart happiness to others, my spirit may at least learn not to cast a gloom. But how can I always resist despondency? How can I stifle every selfish emotion? Ah! Ellen, it is no slight thing to change our very natures."

"It is the work of a life, dear Gertrude, yet do not be discouraged; if we do the best we can, 'angels can no more.' But now let me turn to another subject, and tell you some good news; you must give up this sewing, that confines you from six o'clock in the morning till near midnight. My home shall be your home——"

"But," interrupted Gertrude, "I cannot be dependent; and even if I were willing, the addition of *one* would be felt in your family."

"You mistake me," said Ellen, "we are not to be idle. A good school is very much needed in our vicinity, and if you will consent, we will take upon ourselves the office of school madams. I think we can soon get accustomed to wearing our dignity-caps. What is your opinion?"

Tears sprung into the eyes of Gertrude, as she replied,

"You are not compelled to labour, Ellen, and it is only for my sake this school is proposed. Tell me, would you have thought of it, if I yet possessed the luxuries I once did?"

"Well, I suppose not," answered her friend, with a frank and playful smile, "so I am indebted to you for

the brightest idea that ever entered my dull cranium. But we shall be perfectly happy, I am sure, Gertrude; we can be together every day, and we must make our duties a source of pleasure."

A smile, grateful, yet tender and subdued in its love liness, passed over the face of Gertrude; a fountain of purer feelings was opened in her heart, and it thrilled with new-born hopes, and yet was chastened with a pensive fear, lest her late despondency might banish her half-sad yet sweet emotions.

Night warned Ellen to depart, and the fair girls separated with the pure halo of disinterested friendship around them.

A few weeks after, on a little house in a certain town, a new sign might be seen, bearing these words, "Seminary for Young Ladies." Within, a pleasing scene was presented. In one corner our friend Ellen was seated, her sweet countenance bright with happy feelings. She was gently encouraging to greater efforts in spelling half a dozen female urchins, who were grouped around her; and when a ludicrous mistake from some child, too eager to display her abilities, met her ear, a quick mischievous glance at Gertrude, and a hard-suppressed smile, betrayed a teacher not yet familiar with her occupation. The innocent children clung to her, and looked up in her kind face with that confidence they always manifest towards those who treat them with uniform tenderness.

Not far distant, Gertrude directed a class in painting, and only those who are familiar with the pencil can tell with what anxious delight she marked the improvement

of one pupil in a favourite piece, or how she longed to seize the brush and with a few careless touches remodel a landscape another poor girl was half-discouraged over. The face of the lovely mistress wore a look of cheerful dignity. One word, spoken in a kind, affectionate tone, was sufficient to gain implicit obedience to her commands; and the warm interest she manifested towards *all* under her care, rendered her beloved without any feelings of jealousy.

Every day, when the school was dismissed, the young teachers sallied forth, their steps impeded by some rosy-cheeked damsels, who invariably sued for the honour of taking their hands and walking by the "madams."

Experience taught Gertrude that the power of being useful and making others happy gave her a far more abiding joy than she had ever felt when surrounded by luxury, and seeking only self-gratification; a closer intimacy rendered the friends more deeply attached, and no blight ever marred the beauty of their perfect friendship.

WORDS.

Oh, never say a careless word
  Hath not the power to pain;
The shaft may ope some hidden wound
  That closes not again.
Weigh well those light-winged messengers;
  God marked your heedless word,
And with it, too, the falling tear,
  The heart-pang that it stirred.

Words!—What are words? A simple word
  Hath spells to call the tears
That long have lain a sealèd fount,
  Unclosed through mournful years.
Back from the unseen sepulchre,
  A word hath summoned forth
A form—that hath its place no more
  Among the things of earth.

Words—heed them well; some whispered one
  Hath yet a power to fling
A shadow on the brow; the soul
  In agony to wring;
A name—forbidden, or forgot,
  That sometimes, unawares,
Murmurs upon our wakening lips,
  And mingles in our prayers.

Oh, words—sweet words! A blessing comes
  Softly from kindly lips;
Tender, endearing tones, that break
  The spirit's drear eclipse.

Oh! are there not some cherished tones
In the deep heart enshrined,
Uttered but once—they passed—and left
A track of light behind?

Words!—What are words? Ah! know'st thou not
The household names of love?
The thousand tender memories,
That float their graves above?
Long buried by the world's cold tread,
Yet mid the crowd they rise,
And smile, as angel-guests would smile,
With gentle earnest eyes.

THE MERCHANT'S SON.

"To weave bright visions, and to kneel
And worship in their ray,
And see them vanish as we gaze
Like hues of parting day."

—

"Dreams shall bind my soul no longer,
Darkly to the valley clod;
Ever shall its flight grow stronger
Soaring upward to my God."—H. M.

A YOUNG man of prepossessing appearance was pacing slowly and thoughtfully up and down the parlours of his father's house. The clear, softened light of the full moon streamed in upon the furniture, and revealed occasionally the expression of his countenance, which was serious. Once in a while a smile broke over his features, as he appeared briefly to yield to the play of fancy.

"So I am indeed twenty-one!" he said, musingly; "this is the day I have looked forward to, from boyhood, as the period when I should be free as the wind. What are my objects of pursuit? What have they been? Oh, Fame! I could die if thy silver trumpet would ring out her loudest blast for me. I will be no medium character; I will either play a conspicuous part on the world's great stage, or I will sink into nothingness. I have been an obedient son to a father who means well, but judges wrongfully of me. He has kept me cooped up in a counting-room, lest, as he says, I should become a simpleton or a poet. I have borne it silently, although it galled me to the quick. God forbid that I should have pained his heart, before I had a man's right to act in freedom,—to cut out my own path in the world! And yet—and yet"—the young man's lip curved bitterly, as he paused a moment, "he has drawn the rein almost too tight. I have not been allowed the choice of doing what I like. Money—money—money, when will the time come that it will not be worshipped? I hate it. I hate that grasping after gold. How can an immortal soul so far forget its high destiny as to make the clutching of golden coin the great aim of existence? But there are thousands who seem fit for nothing else."

Arthur Griswold seated himself on the sofa, passed his hand through his hair repeatedly, sighed profoundly, muttered something about the generality of people being such idiots, then with a "heigho! heigho! heigho!" he leaned his head back against the wall in silence.

"But money is a fine thing after all!" he said, half smiling, as after a long pause he resumed his train of

thought. "It is well I can clutch a little myself just now; I fear father, when he learns my resolution, will request me to keep my distance from his coffers. Let it be so! I think I can get along. Yes, my life of close study shall soon commence; and then—what shall my glorious future be? Great as a poet's dream: there *is* a power within me; but alas! it is a smouldering spark which *may never* burst forth into a flame, and light up clearly the 'chambers of mine imagery.' Such thoughts shall not be indulged! *I will!* Those two little words shall be the beacon stars, to lead me forward to the accomplishment of my purposes. Difficulties shall vanish before the might of a strong will. To resolve and to accomplish, shall be one thing with me."

"Why, Arthur, are you all alone?" said the soft, musical voice of Lucy Griswold, as she entered the room. She seated herself on the sofa next to her brother, and rested her lovely head confidingly upon his shoulder.

"I was all alone, dear," he replied.

"Indulging in beautiful imaginings, I suppose?" suggested Lucy.

"Not remarkably beautiful."

"Well, then, come stand by the window, and look out upon this poetic sky. If fancy does not wave her wand for you, and wake up imaginings, sweet and dreaming, you are no poet. Just banish earthly thoughts, and rove anywhere and everywhere, as I do, at such a lovely hour."

"I will, to oblige you," answered Arthur, leading her to the window, and kissing her pure brow with a kind brother's deep affection. That fair young girl was the

only one to whom he poured forth the yearning aspirations of his soul. Her sweet influence breathed over his spirit like a balmy air, and hushed it into quietness. She was almost an idol to him; she understood, appreciated, and sympathized with him; while all her actions seemed to be a living prayer that he should become pure and good. And yet she was rather a wayward, mischievous being, when she took it into her head to be so. The spirit of mirth peeped out of her laughing eyes somewhat too often, as her grave grandmother assured her. But she was silent now, as well as Arthur. It was, indeed, the hour for fancy to give reins to her darling reveries,—for the witchery of romance to steal into the heart. You could, under its power, have rolled back the tide of time, and have planted your footsteps in great Rome,—you could have gazed up at her softly-brilliant sky, revealing her thousand splendours. You could have revelled in the once sunlit streets of ancient Pompeii, or have trod the classic ground of Greece. The past might have been before you, or the sunny future, with its rainbow hopes, its glorious dreams, its flowers of love and gladness flung at your feet. Hope, delicious hope, the gay intruder, the wild deluder, she would have stolen on the wings of the softly-dreaming air,—she would have poured her laughing light upon your bosom, as the zephyr plays over the unfolding petals of the sun-kissed rose. All this might have happened if you were young, dear reader; for people strangely forget these romping fancy-flights, if care but press her good-for-nothing fingers upon the bounding heart. Youth! how blest thou art, with thy fresh, glad thoughts, thy

witching dreams, breathing their spell over the untrammelled heart! How dost thou roam over every sunny spot, and make all things bright with the touch of thine own fairy wand! All things happy will be possible to thee—all things wished for will surely press into thy service, begging to twine around thy brow the garland of a proud, bright destiny! How dost thou laugh, when the aged lip of experience would foretell thee a tale of thine own blighted hopes! Clouds and sunlight thou hast known; but the April smile ever chid back the impetuous tear, and bade thee see how the shining drops freshened the beauty of earth and sky. Thy heart is free; and, if ever the mist comes, it looks upward and around, and smiles to see the sunshine breaking, and bringing back to thee all thy clustering joys. Why may not the *heart* be always young, though wrinkles drive away the smoothness from the brow, and take from the lip its rosy hue,—though silver thread the shining locks, and beauty depart from the wasting features? May not the undying soul retain its youth, so long as we are blessed with our faculties? May it not grow stronger and greater as it nears its everlasting goal? May not its capabilities for happiness increase by a proper use of the gifts which God has bestowed, by careful culture, by refreshing from the dews of heaven? Surely, surely, it may be so! We drive from us our youth of soul: storms come but to clear away the darkness, and to show us depths within that Heaven may fill with joy. Then let our course be onward. Still be our dreams bright and joyous; still let hope cast her halo around us, still let her be a gay intruder, but chasten her gently if she be the wild deluder

of earlier days. Bid her not tell thee of selfish visions. Ask her to breathe a fond spell over all thou lovest, over every breaking heart, over the whole broad earth, which bears not a soul that thou lovest not. Tell her the whole world is thine, that all God's creatures are thy brethren and sisters. Whisper her to raise her throne in every downcast bosom, though she should forsake thine. Will she forsake thee? Oh, no! Thy heart shall be more light than when thy guileless childhood was most full of innocent joy; more happy shalt thou be than when earlier youth was thrilling thee with its gushing gladness. After long indulging in revery, Arthur roused himself, and related all his plans and projects to his sister. He was to break off all connexion with his father's business, and enter college immediately.

"But, Arthur, what will father say? This thing is very sudden to him; he is not prepared for it."

"That I cannot help, Lucy. If I had spoken of it before, it would only have taken from his enjoyment."

"Well, I don't know what to say about it; I think you ought to be a student; and, if you feel that you are doing right, don't be checked by anything or anybody. I will do my prettiest to soften father's displeasure."

"I know that, Lucy."

The next morning, with a firm but slow step, young Griswold entered his father's counting-room. "Well, Arthur," exclaimed the merchant, "you are twenty-one now. You have not as much ambition in regard to business as I wish you had. You don't seem to care whether

you become one of the firm or not; but you have always performed your part promptly."

"I have no wish to become a partner, father."

"Why not?" questioned Mr. Griswold, in a disappointed tone.

"I am of age now, father," said Arthur, speaking with an effort. "I never intend to be a merchant."

"Arthur!"

"I am sorry to disappoint your wishes, sir, by the course I have decided upon; but you are aware that the idea of being a merchant was always repugnant to me."

"I thought you had overcome that boyish notion."

"No, sir."

"I must say, Arthur Griswold, that you have acted very ungenerously; very little as I ever thought a son of mine would act." There were a few moments of stern silence; Mr. Griswold's lip was firmly compressed, and the severity of deep anger was in the steady gaze which he riveted upon his son's countenance. "I should at least have thought you could have been frank enough to have prepared me for this."

"It was from no want of frankness, sir, that I did not speak of it. I knew that your views and mine differed on many points. My future course was firmly decided upon; I was fully aware that you would not approve of it; I had failed too many times in trying to change your opinion. My only reason for not telling my plans, was to avoid opposition, and any uneasiness on your part, until the time actually arrived."

"I am deeply obliged for your tender care," said Mr.

Griswold, bowing, with a curving lip. "I suppose a longer conference is not necessary."

"Not if it is unpleasant to you, father." Arthur Griswold possessed a true poet's soul in one respect, at least; his heart was warm with strong affections—he was as sensitive as a woman in feeling. After one long, eager look at his father's face, he slightly inclined his head, and left the counting-room.

"Don't look so melancholy, Arthur!" exclaimed Lucy, running out in the hall to meet him on his return. She had been watching for him, to hear how her father received the unexpected and unpleasing intelligence of his decision.

"Even worse than I expected—worse than I expected," said Arthur, entering the parlour, and throwing himself into a chair. He remained some moments lost in deep thought, his face bent forward, and resting on his hands. Lucy eyed him, and bethought herself that it would never do for him to yield to discouraged feelings. Dropping on her knees before him, with playful grace she drew away his hands, and, looking up in his eyes, with a smile at once arch and tender, said, "Eve's curiosity,—brother mine. Tell me all he said, and all you said."

Arthur related every word of the brief conversation that had passed; then, with some bitterness, he said, "I knew that father would be both disappointed and displeased, but I certainly had no idea that he would think my conduct unworthy."

A slight, quick flush of indignation passed over Lucy's

face, but she replied gently, "He don't understand you, Arthur."

"And never will."

"He shall understand you in one respect," said Lucy, with an expression of proud determination, as she rose from her kneeling position. "He shall understand that your heart is as worthy and generous a one"—she paused, for she was not in the habit of telling people their good qualities, when she thought they already possessed as much knowledge on the subject as would answer their purposes. She resumed cheerfully, "Constant dropping will wear away a stone, so I will drop a good word for you in father's ear at the most propitious moments; and never fear but what his displeasure will be displaced by deeper affection than ever. You will be thought of more leniently in your absence. So don't let gloomy thoughts disturb you an instant. When shall you leave us?"

"In about a week."

"So soon?" and the young girl immediately descended from her elevated position as comforter. She burst into tears, and then it was her brother's turn to cheer and console. It was on the tip of her tongue to say, "Don't go!" but she held back the words.

The evening before young Griswold's departure had arrived, the brother and sister were again alone in the parlour, sitting by the window. It was a calm starlight evening, and there was a sad quiet in the hearts of both. The merchant had not spoken one word of harsh reproach to his son since the disclosure of his determination, but there was a measured politeness in his manner

that fell chillingly upon the warm heart of Arthur. The hearty joke and cheerful approving laugh had been banished from the family circle during the past week. The sweet glad eyes of Lucy had not wandered around with a glance of merry meaning. Mrs. Griswold was an affectionate mother, but she was not remarkably tena cious of any views of her own; she thought just as her husband did, and, therefore, sighed profoundly over Arthur's strange whim.

"Lucy," said Arthur, in a low tone, "have there never been times with you when you felt as if there was an immensity hanging upon a present moment,—felt as if there was coming a change, a turning of your destiny?"

"I have felt so," replied the young girl; "and changes have come, but perhaps no outward changes. External changes are nothing to the turning of the spirit's destiny. Arthur, dear Arthur!" and she clasped his hand with fervent feeling, "you are going from home now—you will have no mother and sister to bless you, and awaken your gentlest sympathies. Would to Heaven my prayers could change you!"

"Change me!" said Arthur, almost starting; "how, Lucy?"

"You are entering life as millions do, full of ambitious dreams, eager to bind around your brows the wreath of fame. It seems a glorious thing to you to be called great. But your aims are far below the dignity of an immortal spirit. *Be* great, Arthur, whether any one knows it or not. Rule your own spirit with the stern, steady rod of truth. Shrink from no ordeal that

may develop and try the strength within you. Turn every incident of your life to some good purpose; believe and trust that Providence will guide you better than you can lead yourself. Let your fellow-creatures have cause to bless you, whether their praises meet your ear or not."

"God grant I may become all you ask, my own Lucy!" Arthur answered solemnly. "If I do not realize your hopes, it will be no fault of yours. You have been a protecting angel to me; you have been always ready to bear with and comfort me, when others blamed. You have been the only human being who ever sympathized with me fully and frankly."

"And what have you been to me, Arthur?" asked his sister affectionately. "You have always been a lion in my cause. I have often thought you took my part when I deserved a scolding."

"Then we arrive at the very evident fact, that we are two wonderfully excellent beings," said Arthur, laughing.

"Exactly so," was the smiling reply.

Hour after hour glided by unnoticed, for Arthur and Lucy were too deeply engaged in serious conversation to heed the flight of time. They dwelt upon their childish days, and then turned to the deeper and stronger impulses which had been developed as each succeeding year rolled on. A half-regretful tenderness was in their hearts, as they realized that they were indeed entering life,—though its cares and strong responsibilities should sink heavily upon their spirits, there could be no shrinking back to their childhood. For every wrong action

committed, they themselves were responsible; they could not with light-hearted carelessness throw the blame upon older persons, or pass it idly by. Though the brother and sister were both naturally gay, and perhaps a little wild, still there was a vein of deep thoughtfulness in the character of each, which often called upon them to pause and reflect. The right influence of that loving sister was felt; it was with holier emotions awakened in his bosom—with pure and high resolves—that the young votary at the shrine of Fame parted from his sister that night.

"Farewell, Lucy," said Arthur, turning to his sister the next morning, after he had bidden his parents adieu. He clasped her hand tightly in his own, and spoke in a choked voice. She cast herself in his arms, and the sobs which she had tried hard to repress under the stern eye of her father burst forth unchecked. "Weep for me when you are alone, darling, if you will, and pray for me," whispered Arthur; "I will yet become all you desire. Father shall yet know that I do not act from the idle whim of an effeminate boy. Lucy, dear Lucy! tell me once more that you bless me before I go forth into the world." The young man had commanded himself by a strong effort; but now he bowed his head upon his sister's shoulder, and wept like a child. An expression radiant with affection flitted briefly over Lucy's fair young face, as she replied, in a low tone of tremulous sweetness, "I do bless you, Arthur. I *shall* always. Oh, may our Father above smile upon you!"

It was with a strong heart and a determined will that Arthur Griswold engaged in his studies. But the ways

of Providence are not like our ways. Often our most arduous efforts bring but little to pass; yet we should not repine, for, if we have done all we can do, that little is just as much as it should be. Not so felt the young student. Five years had passed over his head since he had begun to walk in the path marked out by himself. Where were his dreams of ambition,—his visions of philanthropy? Where were the thoughts he had sent out into the world, hoping to make deep echoes in a thousand hearts? They had gone forth indeed, the cherished idols of his imagination, but where was the sympathy he was to meet with? He found it not; and not until he saw how heedlessly his poems were passed by, did he realize the value he had placed, almost unknowingly to himself, upon the smiles of a thoughtless multitude. He had entered into no profession; and, as each slow year had travelled on, the young poet had hoped with all the ardour of an enthusiastic spirit that fickle fortune would yet reward his muse. His habits had greatly changed since he had left the counting-room for the study; his time was not methodically employed; he was often sad and depressed. And yet he raised his heart upward, and endeavoured to do well. Apparently he had not improved, but in reality he had been learning good but painful lessons. Bitter trial had taught him to look upon the world, upon men and things, as they are—not as they seem. Lucy was still the same fond sister; his mother's smile was kind but tremulous, for she thought her poor Arthur was sadly changed. His father never reproached him; he was sometimes pleasant and cheerful with him, but it was not the frank cheerfulness of

other days. The warm, hearty grasp of the hand, the cheering words from a father's lips, "Well done, my boy!" were no longer his own. Since the day he left home for college, his father's house had never been his permanent residence. One soft evening at twilight, Arthur sat alone in his chamber, watching the faint stars as they came out in the pale blue sky. A light, caressing breeze lifted the hair from his white forehead, as he leaned back against the window-frame, in deep musing. His thoughts were somewhat sad, and yet there was more strength in his heart than he had known in a long time. He had that afternoon been in the society of his sister, and the influence of her gentle soul was still upon him. She had married, but old affections were as dear to her as ever. She had strongly urged upon him the necessity of an active and useful life; and he was glad to hear her speak thus, for his own views had been changing fast, of late. It was five long years before the dazzling bubble of worldly fame had lost to him its hues of radiant light. With something like a smile playing over his lip, he mused, half aloud, "I have indeed been pursuing a bubble; even if I had obtained it, it would have burst in my grasp, showing—emptiness." He leaned his head upon his hand, and over his thoughtful features a deeper shade fell: he cast a retrospective eye upon the past, it seemed almost a waste; with a sigh, he murmured,

"I fear I have been self-deceived—I have not looked my motives in the face. I have endeavoured to delude myself with the idea that I was trying to benefit others by the outpourings of my brain, when at the bottom I

most deeply yearned for applause,—it was *that* which my selfish soul craved. Such dreams shall no longer be mine;" and, bowing his head, the poet struggled in silence with the feelings within.

About an hour after, he arose from his seat by the window, and lighting a lamp, he placed himself at his writing-table and opened his long-neglected journal. Before writing, he breathed forth a deep and silent prayer. His eyes were upraised, full of light, and the rich glow of beautiful thought upon his countenance was tempered by the quiet repose on his closed lips. Taking a pen, he wrote as follows:—

"*June 20th.* What satisfaction in a dying hour can be as substantial as the remembrance of a well-spent life? We must combat with ourselves and gently aid others. What is life's lesson? To learn what we are, and then to conquer. Oh, God! give me a stern spirit to go forth unflinchingly, developing the life thou hast given me. Aid me to trample on the clinging reveries that twine around my heart; they come almost imperceptibly, and, like links in a chain, they will not be broken and parted. Banish from my soul the enervating weight of idle, brooding feeling. Grant that I may be frank with my own heart! will it not at last grow pure beneath thy searching eyes? Is not thy good providence over me now, guiding every minute action and thought? may I realize it—may I trust in Thee! Guard me from wandering from thy fold. Give me an earnest love of usefulness, a willingness to labour in anything that duty bids. Fill me with humility and heavenly

charity—may I exert a pure influence! Would that my spirit was strong as a martyr's and meek as a babe's!"

After thus briefly noting down his thoughts, Arthur sought the repose he needed after the excitement of deep and strong emotion. He was strengthened by what he had written; for to bring out good thoughts in a tangible form both soothes and strengthens.

Ten years more rolled by, and our poet was a lawyer of eminence. He had entered the profession and he had laboured faithfully; he was, what is rarely seen, a lawyer at once successful, upright, and useful. One cheerful day in autumn, a multitude was hastening to the court-house in our city, to listen to a case which had excited much interest. Justice was on one side, wealth on the other. Griswold had given his services, where he could hope for but little reward, to the weaker party. With generous uprightness, he had turned aside from the tempting offers by which the rich man had sought to gain his efforts in a bad cause. His reply was, "I am governed in my actions by truth, not money, sir."

But if there was not a spirit of truthfulness on the side opposed to Griswold, there was talent and eloquence, and over the multitude they had their sway. The deep hum of applause that arose as Arthur's opponent seated himself with a somewhat triumphant air, caused a shadow to fall upon his noble heart. He slowly arose, with a dignified manner, and a calm strength expressed in his countenance. At first his words were somewhat measured, but as he proceeded he gathered might and force; his large, dark eye kindled brilliantly, and his usually pale cheek glowed, as he poured forth with burning elo-

quence the words of truth and justice. There was a living power in all he uttered, that caused that breathless assembly to lean forward, and listen with a thrill. Truth is always powerful; if eloquently supported, it is irresistible with those who have one spark of honesty in their nature to be appealed to; and, thank heaven! there is much honesty in this wicked world of ours. The fascinating spell of the former speaker was broken; the plain, cutting words of sober truth had torn away the veil arranged with such skilful art. Suffice it to say, that Griswold gained the case. He retired almost exhausted, and, amid many enthusiastic congratulations, he hurried on to leave the crowded court-room.

"Arthur!" exclaimed a familiar voice, when he had nearly reached the door. He turned, and a white-haired old man grasped his hand and wrung it, while big tears of joy rolled down his furrowed cheeks. "My noble boy! God bless you!" were the choking words that burst from his father's lips.

"Father!" and the heart of the son swelled with more blessed feelings at those few words than he had known in years. Placing his father's arm upon his own, they left the house; and they both felt that their cup of joy was full. Lucy and her husband met them upon the pavement. Arthur sprang forward, and clasping the extended hand of his sister, he looked upon her uplifted countenance with a smile; and yet it was mingled with a strange emotion. She glanced a moment upon her father's happy face, then raising her eyes again to Arthur's, she burst into tears of joy.

"Dear Arthur!" was all she could say.

The happy party bent their steps towards old Mr. Griswold's family mansion, and there Arthur met a joyful mother's smile.

"Well, my boy!" exclaimed Mr. Griswold, giving his son a hearty slap upon his shoulder, "I have learned one lesson to-day, and that is, that you were never cut out for a merchant."

LINES IN MEMORY OF MY LOST CHILD.

My child! my dear, lost child! a father's heart,
Touched by the holy wand of memory,
Would in this hour of loneliness and gloom,
When not a sound is borne upon the air,
And not a star is visible in heaven,
Hold sweet communion with thy soul.

My boy!
Thou wast most beautiful. I never looked
On thee but with a heart of pride. Thy curls
Fell o'er a brow of angel-loveliness,
And thy dark eyes, dark as the midnight cloud,
And soft as twilight waters, flashed and glowed
In strange, wild beauty, yet thy tears were far
More frequent than thy smiles—thy wail of pain
Came oftener on our hearts than thy dear cry
Of infant joyousness. Thy few brief months
Were months of suffering; ay, thy cup of life
Was bitter, bitter, but thou wast not doomed
To drain it, for a God of mercy soon
Let it pass from thee.

Oh! how well, my child,

Do I remember that all-mournful day,
When thy young mother bore thy wasting form,
With breaking heart and streaming eyes, afar,
In the vain hope to save the dear young life
To which the tendrils of her own were bound!
With one wild pressure of thy little form
To my sad bosom with a frantic kiss
Upon thy pallid lips, and a hot tear
Wrung from a burning brain, I said farewell—
Alas! my child, I never saw thee more.
In a strange land, far from thy own dear home,
But with the holy ministries of love
Around thy couch, thy little being passed,
Like the sweet perfume of a bright young rose,
To mingle with the skies from whence it came.
Oh! in that hour, my child, thy last of earth,
Did not a thought of thy poor father's love
Soften the anguish of thy parting soul,
And were not thy dear little arms outstretched
To meet his fond caress?

Thou sleepest, child,
Where the Missouri rolls its wild, dark waves,
And I have never gazed upon thy grave.
No tears of deep affection ever blend
With the soft dews and gentle rains that fell
Upon the turf that lies above thy breast;
But, oh! the spot is hallowed. There the Spring,
The bright Spring, yearly throws her loveliest wreaths
Of buds and blossoms—there, at morn and eve,
The viewless spirit of the zephyr breathes
Its holiest whispers in the springing grass,
As if communing with thee—there the birds
Glance through the air like wingèd souls, and pour
Their sweet, unearthly melodies—and there
At the soft twilight hour young angels come

To hover o'er the spot on silver wings,
And mark it with their shining foot-prints.

Thou
Art gone, my child—a sweet and holy bud
Is shaken from the rose-tree of our hopes;
But yet we should not mourn. 'Tis joy to know
That thou hast gone in thy young innocence
And purity and beauty from a dark,
Ungentle world, where many snares beset
The path of manhood. Ay, 'tis joy to know
That the Æolian lyre of thy young soul
Gives out its music in the Eden clime,
Unvisited by earth's cold, bitter winds,
Its poison-dews, its fogs, its winter rains,
Its tempests and its lightnings.

My sweet child,
Thou art no more a blossom of the earth,
But, oh! the thought of thee is yet a spell
On our sad spirits. 'Tis a lovely flower
On memory's lonely stream, a holy star
In retrospection's sky, a rainbow-gleam
Upon the tempest-clouds of life. Our hearts,
Our stricken hearts, lean to thee, love, and thus
They lean to Heaven, for thou art there. Yes, thou
And thy young sister are in Heaven, while we
Are lingering on the earth's cold desert. Come,
Ye two sweet cherubs of God's Paradise,
Who wander side by side, and hand in hand,
Among the amaranthine flowers that bloom
Beside the living waters—come, oh come,
Sometimes upon your bright and snowy wings,
In the deep watches of the silent night,
And breathe into our souls the holy words
That ye have heard the angels speak in Heaven.

CATHARINE BLOOMER;

OR, NEW AIMS IN LIFE.

"But there is within the human mind an active and powerful principle, that awakens the dormant faculties, lights up the brain, and launches forth to gather up from the wide realm of nature the very essence of what every human bosom pines for, when it aspires to a higher state of existence, and feels the insufficiency of this."—Mrs. Ellis.

"Louisa, are you almost ready?" asked a young lady, raising her eyes from the book she was reading, and glancing at her friend, who stood before the mirror of her dressing-room, preparing to go out.

"I shall not be long, Catharine," was the reply, made in a sweet voice. "I'm afraid that book don't interest you much, for you look at me, yawn, then read a few moments, in regular rotation."

"Do I? Well, I don't know what I do, and what is worse, I can't find out what I want to do. I believe I have got that fashionable complaint, ennui; so I have called this afternoon to take you out walking in Broadway with me. That is the proper and fashionable remedy, is it not?"

"I believe it is in vogue; as for its propriety, I leave that to your own judgment."

"O, I don't care for punctilious proprieties! if I can be amused by watching a thousand different countenances, and thus killing time, it is all I ask."

"It may be all you ask, but is it all you ought to ask?"

"No moralizing, if you please; I came that you might impart to me a little of your gayety. So don't be obstinate, and make me feel more doleful than I do at present."

"Have you any real cause for unhappiness, Kate?" Louisa inquired, turning round and scanning closely the countenance of her friend

"No cause, except what every one has, or might have. Everybody thinks I am very happy; I have kind parents, wealth, and liberty to spend my time as I may choose. I have you, dear Louisa! yet my soul asks for something more. Will its cravings ever be satisfied?"

Louisa did not answer, but an expression of sadness went over her countenance. It was the first time Catharine Bloomer had ever, in the slightest degree, given vent to her real feelings. The friends had generally been gay and cheerful in each other's society. Now the face of Catharine was touched with melancholy; her fine, proud features, were softened and subdued. She was silent for a while, then arousing herself, she rose and approached her friend, saying, in her usual careless tone, "Louisa, I really believe you are a little vain; I wonder how long you have stood before that glass, pulling your bonnet this way and that, to make it set straight and look pretty."

"A singular kind of vanity," Louisa retorted, with a smile, "for I was scarcely conscious of what I was doing."

"You want me to believe that speech, do you, you

vain little gipsy?" said Catherine, touching her chin, with an air of playful fondness.

"Yes, I want you to believe it, and I further desire you to retract your words, or we will surely have a duel."

"Suppose we have a duel, then, by way of variety. Here is my gage;" and, stooping down, Catharine picked up a tiny satin slipper that was peeping from beneath the bureau.

"I accept your pledge, most noble knight," replied Louisa, seizing her slipper. After flinging it in a corner, she threw her arm around her companion's waist, and said, as she led her from the room, "Now I am ready to go out in Broadway, and fight as becomes a valiant lady chevalier. But, Catharine, to be serious, do you think I am vain?" For a moment the young girl addressed was silent, her lips closed firmly in thought. Presently she answered, with a frank decision,

"Yes, I think you are." After a moment's pause, she added, "You know we entered into a compact to tell each other our faults, when we noticed them."

"Yes," was the brief and somewhat cold reply. They gained the street, and walked about half a block without speaking. Louisa was slightly hurt, and the deep glow of mortification was upon her cheek. But she was an affectionate girl, and loved her friend too well to feel more than a momentary coldness towards her. She broke their unwonted silence by pressing Catharine's hand, and saying, "Thank you! you are a true friend. Whenever you think I betray any vanity, tell me of it. I am sure I desire to get rid of all my faults."

"I know it. I should be a different person, perhaps, if my desires were as active as yours always are. I see my own faults, and the faults of my neighbours. But, in regard to myself, I am indolent—careless. Give me enjoyment, and I suppose I am too indifferent whether my faults or virtues are called into action. You never tell me of my faults, Louisa, except the single one of sarcasm; I am sure I have a thousand more than you."

"Well, I think it is very hard to listen with patience and right feeling to one who is pointing out our faults. Do you know, Kate, I was almost indignant, when I found you were in earnest about my vanity. It is so very agreeable to have your friends think you are just about right."

"Do you think so?" laughed her friend, shaking her head a little.

"Don't you? Is praise and admiration disagreeable to you? I thought you were proud of your gifts. I have seen your eye flash with pleasure, when your mental superiority was felt and acknowledged." Catharine answered by an impatient "pshaw!" and thus the subject was dismissed. By this time they had reached the house of an acquaintance. Louisa paused, and, laying her hand upon Catharine's arm, said, "Suppose we give Mrs. Belcher a call? she would not like it, if she knew we passed her house without stopping in."

"Just as you please," returned Catharine; "I am perfectly indifferent."

"You are in a queer mood just now," Louisa replied,

as they ascended the steps; "not very complimentary to Mrs. Belcher, I must say."

"I tell the truth, if I am not very complimentary. The society of Mrs. Belcher never adds one whit to my enjoyment; why should I be otherwise than indifferent? I wish society was so organized that we would never be obliged to say all sorts of pretty things about the weather, fashions, &c., to people for whom we don't care a fig. It almost makes me sick to rattle on an hour or two about things in which I have no interest whatever. I would rather be alone, fifty times, than with such people. I wish there was a little more independence in the world."

"*Sois tranquille, ma chère!*" said Louisa, touching the shoulder of her friend, on hearing a hand on the knob of the door. They were speedily ushered into the elegantly furnished parlours of Mrs. Belcher, where they were left alone for a time.

"I feel very fluent this morning," playfully remarked Catharine, throwing herself on the sofa; "I presume you have observed it, friend Louisa. I could mount this sofa, at the shortest notice, and deliver an extempore lecture on the evils of visiting uncongenial acquaintances."

"Kate, you are too bad," returned Louisa, trying to suppress a smile. "I have a good long lecture to give you, and you shall have it, depend upon it. Now promise me you will be a good girl during this call, and not act as if you were perfectly unconscious of all that is said. Be a good listener. I don't ask you to talk much

You appear like a different person, when you care to please, and when you do not."

"I promise anything to please you. But, then, afterwards I shall argue with you, until you come over to my side of the question, and—"

"How?" interrupted Louisa.

"Why, this is my doctrine. I don't approve of spending hours in visiting and receiving persons who are the very antipodes of ourselves, in tastes, dispositions, and everything else that makes social intercourse delightful. Why can't we cut short such acquaintance, and mingle only with those more congenial? It would be better for us. I hate this vapid, fashionable society."

"You know we should not regard our own happiness entirely, in the company we go in."

"Yes, yes, I know that. But we confer very little happiness where we are not happy ourselves."

"It is selfishness that prevents us from being glad that we can give pleasure to any one. You know, if you should exert yourself, you could impart a great deal of pleasure even to the class of people you speak of. Don't yield to what you consider silly in them, only so far as you may, by this means, turn them your own way, to more sensible things."

"Can't take the trouble, Louise; it is out of the question. I can't stem the torrent, when it is so little worth stemming. So I fall in with it, or pass by."

The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Belcher. "Ah! ladies, good morning! how are you?" she exclaimed, tripping lightly into the room. "Very happy to see you. Charming day, is it not? I

intend to go out shopping before this fine weather is over. Can't you take off your hats, young ladies, and stay to dinner?"

The visiters politely excused themselves. "O, Stewart has got some of the sweetest muslins!" the lady went on to say. "They are splendid for dresses. Have you seen them?"

"No, we have not," answered both the girls.

"Well, I can't find out whether straw hats or silk are going to be worn most. Do you know, Miss Bloomer?"

"I really do not," the young lady replied, looking intently in Mrs. Belcher's face, and speaking in a slow, puzzled tone, as if her ignorance was cause for serious and thoughtful anxiety. Louisa bit her lip, to keep from smiling. Mrs. Belcher then turned to Miss Hollman, and said, "My milliner says straw will be worn most, but I don't like to run the risk of making a purchase on her assurance alone. What do you think?"

"I can't tell, I am sure. I have not thought much about it." There was a short pause, which Catharine broke by saying, "Shall you leave the city early this summer, Mrs. Belcher?"

"I shall leave in July for the Springs. I should surely die if I were not there. I wonder who will lead the ton this year? I should like to know."

"Perhaps you will, Mrs. Belcher," suggested Catharine, gravely.

"O, no!" replied the lady, with a pleased smile. "I suppose I must be satisfied with having been the belle before I was married."

"Ah! were you ever the belle?" questioned Catha-

rine in real astonishment, for she had not imagined the uninteresting face of the lady before her had ever belonged to a bright particular star.

"When such things are past, young ladies, we feel free to talk about them. Yes, I was the belle at Saratoga for several summers." No reply was made to this. Each of the visiters had intuitively decided in her own mind that Mrs. Belcher had only been the belle of her own fair dreams. After a little more conversation, the young ladies arose to go. "Well," said Mrs. Belcher, as they stood in the hall, "don't you incline to think that straw hats will be worn most?"

"It is highly probable they may," returned Louisa.

"Shouldn't you think they would, Miss Bloomer?"

"I think they will be worn a great deal."

"Then you would advise me to get straw, instead of silk?"

"That is my advice," was the reply of Catharine, who thus hoped to bring the tantalizing discussion to an end.

"And what do you say?" the fashionable lady then appealed to Louisa.

"I say, be guided entirely by your own taste, Mrs. Belcher. I would rather not advise, in such matters."

"O, I never blame anybody that advises me, let the consequences be what they may! So tell me your candid opinion."

"I must be excused. You will excuse me, won't you? We must go now; good-morning!"

The damsels hurried off, as if they expected every

moment to be called back, in order to sit in judgment upon new bonnets.

"I'm positively nervous!" said Catharine, hurrying along the street with quick, impatient steps. "Do tell me, Louisa, what earthly good that call has done? I am sure you must agree with me now, that there is no use in visiting such harassing people. I feel really fidgety after it. This is the last time I go there."

"I don't think Mrs. Belcher would benefit any one very much, I must confess," replied Louisa. "And I will further say, I don't think you would either, just now."

"Indeed, Miss Hollman! Very grateful."

"But Mrs. Belcher is an exception to the generality of people," Louisa said, after a brief smile at her friend's remark. "She rattles on at such a desperate rate, you can't say much; and whatever subject you may introduce, she dismisses it with the utmost nonchalance, if it does not suit her taste, and spins her own top again. She seems to possess a mind in which nothing will sink; you can only strike the surface, which sends everything back with a rebound. Yet we know there are germs of goodness in her, as well as in other people."

"Of course, I suppose so," was Catharine's half-indifferent reply.

"Still," pursued Louisa, "it must be our duty to keep within the sphere of the best people, unless we are sure we may not be influenced by others more than we can influence. I am perfectly willing, and even desirous, to lessen an intimacy with Mrs. Belcher, as far as we may without exciting unpleasant feelings in her."

"Nonsense!" returned Catharine; "it won't hurt her, if her indignation is a little roused. Her sphere, as you call it, and mine don't agree, I can assure you. There are some persons I always leave in a somewhat fretted state of mind, even if nothing has occurred but what appeared perfectly pleasant. I am a great believer in spiritual affinities,—the tones of my heart don't harmonize with every one. I have often only had one good look at a person, and my feelings have gone forth in glad friendship, which has grown a thousand times warmer on acquaintance. Again, I have met a person daily for months, and have felt little more interest than if an article of furniture had fallen in my way. I act upon such impulses."

"That is not to say you act rightly. But wait until we get home, free from the noise of these rattling carriages; then we will have a talk!" They quickened their pace.

"Catharine," said Louisa, seriously, when they were again seated in her dressing-room, "you told me of a fault this morning; now let me tell you of one; and listen to me without any bursts of impatience. You are very gifted, and you know it. You are brilliant; you joyfully pour out the riches of your mind, where you know you will be appreciated and admired. But those who cannot sympathize with you mentally, you treat with an indifference which, in my opinion, springs from selfishness."

Catharine's proud lip curved at this charge. The impetuous blood rushed over her face, and retreated

again, before she made her calm reply: "Why do you think it springs from selfishness?'

"Because you only try to please where you will win the meed of admiration from a superior mind. You never try to make a feeble heart lighter and stronger by your gifts."

"It is only a noble intellect that can arouse my slumbering powers—a weak one cannot bid its treasures flow forth. Perhaps you are right; perhaps I am selfish. I know I am. I am a strange being, I suppose;" and Catharine's voice grew sad. "I sometimes feel as if my powers are bound in—as if I am nothing. It is only when I touch a chord in some gifted heart that vibrates with a strangely-joyful thrill and tells me what I am —full of stifled, unsatisfied aspirations—of glorious thoughts, which seldom, too seldom, meet an echo—then I learn what I might have been if placed in a congenial atmosphere, if suffered to commune with kindred and higher spirits. The society I go in chokes up both heart and mind; what wonder is it that I am as I am? Day after day this ceaseless monotony; when I taste the cup of mental joy, it is only to regret afterwards that it was dashed away. My God! must it always be thus?" The young enthusiast paused; the glow of her cheek had deepened, and, as she raised her eyes upward filled with the light of strong feeling, a hot tear fell: both were silent for a time, with upspringing thoughts busy at their hearts. Catharine went on more calmly: "I have sometimes wished that I was a gentle being, formed to soften and bless, to be beloved by every one. I yearn for sympathy—to be appreciated—I ask for one deep

draught of the joy of heaven. And then again a flood of bitterness, such passionate bitterness, falls upon my soul. Intellect and feeling! Yes, they are called gifts, blessed gifts—what have they made life to me? What is life but a tissue of pain and care and crushed feelings —a bright spot so rarely seen? Am I as happy—"

The young girl stopped without finishing the sentence and, leaning forward, burst into a flood of passionate tears The deep flush that had crossed her listener's cheek while she was speaking, the tears that sprung to her eye, and the quiver of the lip she tried to render firm, showed that the words of Catharine had stirred up in her breast feelings which once might have responded more quickly. Seating herself on a low stool at her friend's feet, she buried her face in her hands a moment; then raising it, she pleaded in her low, earnest voice:—

"Catharine, O, Catharine, for your own sake, don't feel so. You do not look upon life as you should. You see all through your own perverted vision; you are morbid in your feeling. You garner up a world of intense bitterness, and spend it upon your own aching heart. I have felt so, and sometimes, even now, that some fountain of bitter waters is unsealed, and I see only darkness around me, mirrored from the darkness within. But we must let our sympathies go out to others, and for others; we must not bring all to ourselves. We must look upward for the light—upward for ever; and the radiance of Heaven will not fail to be poured upon our spirits. With hearts made strong by pure thoughts and sweet affections, we will go forward cheerfully and steadfastly. We must not ask, how much of joy will be

poured into my bosom? But rather, how much of God's love may my heart shed abroad among my fellow-creatures? whose sorrows may I soothe—whose joys increase? We should bless God for his gifts, and use them not selfishly but gratefully—for all." When Louisa ceased speaking, Catharine clasped her hand tightly in her own, and kissing her cheek, said, in a choked voice, "Bless you, my friend! I will try to look upward."

How sweetly those words fell upon the ear of Louisa! with what a thrill of mingled joy and sadness she heard Catharine's softened sobs, and felt the frequent pressure of her hand in token of gratitude for her gentle consolation! A vein of holier thought and feeling was touched in Catharine's heart; her bitter emotions she wept away; and from the altar of her inmost soul there went up a prayer that she might no longer waste and turn into a curse what the Father of Light had given her so bountifully in his infinite love. "What have I ever done to make one human being better or happier?" she asked sadly.

"You have made me happier, dearest," replied her companion, a tear trembling in her eye and a smile breaking gently over her features. "Your better nature is active now. You will yet be all you are capable of being; your influence will be exerted in the best and noblest of all charities—the awakening of pure thoughts in slumbering hearts—the strengthening of faint resolves."

"Ah! Louisa," said Catharine; and her subdued face suddenly lit up with an expression of flashing hope and joy. A smile, with a volume of bright, unspoken mean-

ing in it, parted her lips. "If I could but stir up in other hearts the feelings you have stirred in mine—if in other hearts I could but aid to stop the current of ungrateful bitterness, and wake the sweet emotions that flow from higher and purer fountains—if the influence of my soul could go forth as yours does, only to strengthen the tie that may bind us to heaven! but I am too hopeful; my own heart is yet an untamed wilderness; O! will it ever be otherwise? I tremble for my weakness."

"God is our refuge and strength," replied the gentle Louisa. By this time the shadows of twilight had fallen, a haziness had breathed over the few golden clouds that lingered in the west, and the blue sky had taken a more dreamy tint. The young girls parted affectionately, with an assurance of soon meeting again.

"Ah! my dearest, how do you do?" cried Miss Hollman, flinging open the door of her friend's apartment, and giving her a hearty greeting, a few weeks after the foregoing conversation. "Well, it looks oddly enough to see you busy over anything but a book or something of the kind. What little girl is this?" she lowered her voice, and looked at a pretty child who was deeply engaged in sewing on a dress for her own little person.

"My protégée," replied Catharine, smiling; "she is the daughter of our washerwoman, and I am sewing for her. Look at my forefinger! The way it is scratched pronounces me a creditable seamstress, I'm sure."

"Very!" said Louisa, laughing; "but tell me of this sudden freak. You used to say you never would trouble yourself with sewing, unless you were obliged to do it."

"I know it," returned the new seamstress, shaking her head. "But I have made better resolves, and I intend to follow them out. I shall conquer my indolent habits. You set me to thinking the other day, Louisa, and I have made up my mind to live a life of usefulness. I may not pass out of the world without having performed my part. By employing my hands, and calling into exercise my best feelings, I hope to grow better and happier. You know, with me a thing is no sooner decided upon than it is done, if possible. What do you think I am going to do now?"

"Educate that child?"

"Yes; don't you approve the plan? she is a bright, affectionate little thing, and her mother is poor, to destitution." Louisa threw her arm around Catharine's neck, and gave her a heart-warm kiss. "Don't give up, my dear girl!" she said earnestly.

"O, no! I am happier now than I have been in a long time. Everything is sunny to me now. Rainbow tints touch all. A thousand blessings are showered upon me; how could I speak so bitterly, when I have kind, affectionate friends? How much more I shall try to do for their happiness than I have done! If we would only do all the good accident throws in our way, how many beautiful spots we could look back to in after years! But I am an enthusiast, Louisa; all comes to me so glowingly. My aims in life are fixed now, I hope. I have triumphed, but I have had many prayers and tears and struggles since I last saw you. It has been a hard thing for me to resolve to yield up my day dreams, my idle feelings, my talents, my all, to better purposes than

my own amusement. But now—now it seems a sweeter thing to pour out my sympathies, to make others joyful; it is a blessed power. We do not realize what we are, the pure happiness we are capable of, until we feel thus. It seems so delightful to me to be full of plans, eager and interested, like other people. I am as full of romance as ever, but I shall look on life, and weave around real incidents the charmed spell. I shall no longer fly from the common-place, but I will breathe over it the poetry of kindly affections. I shall not selfishly avoid the society of all but a chosen few. I shall observe and study; I shall do anything,—everything to wake up my mind from its lethargic dreams. I will keep a journal to watch over my wayward heart, and note down my resolutions and short-comings. It shall benefit me by being my confessional, and it shall amuse me with its own unequalled pure romance. Now haven't I as great a tact for creating sources of happiness as I had, a few weeks ago, the talent for discovering miseries? O! I shall yet be a happy creature, and a good one, too, I hope."

Louisa listened to this gush of happy feeling, with a smile beaming from her blue eyes, and softening every feature. Never had the dear voice of Catharine sounded so sweetly musical. Her own experience, though brief, told her that clouds followed the joyful sunshine; but it also told her that those clouds would break again, and from the bosom of the heavens a flood of yet purer light would descend; she sought not to damp the ardour of her friend by reminding her of the changeful states of mind to which we are subject, the hours of stern conflict

with feeling and motives which we thought we had abandoned entirely. She had seldom seen Catharine's strength of character thoroughly roused, but it had sometimes flashed forth with a light that assured her it could burn brightly and steadily, if principle, undying principle, were but there to feed the flame. Casting aside these reflections for the present, she yielded with her friend to that delicious freshness and childhood of the heart which all must have felt for a time at least. She rummaged among the books on education lying on Catharine's table, sometimes laughing and jesting about her new dignities, and again entering into a serious discussion. At last, to little Susy's great delight, she took her dress from her, and, occupying her vacated seat, began to sew with a charming energy. When the protégée had Catharine's permission to disappear, Louisa said, gayly, "Why, Kate, we are as happy as queens here, in our capacity of seamstresses. So you are really going to give that little bright-eyed damsel a first-rate education; going to take the whole charge of her! Is she very smart?"

"Yes, and generous and sweet-tempered. I shall not waste any accomplishments on her; but I shall cultivate and strengthen her mind, and see that the best affections of her nature are called forth, as a matter of the first importance."

"O! you will make a bewitching teacher; you talk like a book. Who would have thought a wild, careless girl like you could speak so judiciously on such a subject?"

"Ah! indeed," said Catharine, with her hearty, mis-

chievous laugh, "these wild girls don't get the credit of even being in their sober senses. I suppose my acquaintances will think I am daft, as the Scotch say. Well, be it so! I can be laughed at, if it is distressing, but I can't be moved."

"We would be in a pretty bad plight, if we depended on the opinions of our friends entirely, instead of our own convictions of duty," remarked Louisa.

As weeks rolled on, Catharine was fretted, worried, and tormented with little Susy, as only untrained children know how to fret, torment, and worry. Hasty words sometimes sprung to her lip, but the strong, upright will came off conqueror in the end. She went into society with a different spirit.

"Such a delightful time we will have to-night!" were the eager words that escaped her lips, as she and Louisa were tripping along Broadway one afternoon; "we must not stay long at Mrs. Belcher's; I hope she is not very sick."

"O! I hope not," answered Louisa; then taking up the subject that most occupied her thoughts, she exclaimed, in a lively tone, "I shall have just the kind of company you like, the talent and genius, and you shall be the star. I won't have to coax you to be bright to-night, will I?"

"*Taisez-vous!*" said Catharine, with a laugh and a blush; "I don't like flattery. But here we are; now we must not stay long."

"No, indeed! a quarter of an hour, at most. I have oceans of business at home; but, as Mrs. Belcher ex-

pressed a wish that we should call on her, I think we ought."

"Certainly, I think so too." In a few moments, the young girls stood by the sick-bed of the fashionable lady. Her face was pale and thin, and wore the sad, thoughtful look sickness and sorrow can give to the merriest or most inexpressive countenance.

"Ah! I am glad you have come," she said, extending her little white hands to the girls as they approached her; she smiled kindly as each, in turn, bent over her and kissed her. "Bring your chairs here close by me. I am so lonely. All my friends just send to the door to inquire after me. I knew you would not be careful to avoid a sick-bed, so I sent for you. The greater part of the time I only see my nurse."

"We had not heard of your sickness before," said Louisa.

"I thought not."

"Is your husband out of the city?" Catharine inquired thoughtlessly; she had heard some vague rumours about Mr. Belcher, but had forgotten them.

"No, O, no!" was the brief reply; but in that tone, and in the expression that crossed Mrs. Belcher's face, the young girls read volumes. Her husband was a gambler, and his wife had learnt it but three weeks before, when he started suddenly for the South. Her kind-hearted visiters stayed longer than they had intended; they felt that they had lightened the tedious hours of the invalid.

"We will come and see you often," said Catharine, tenderly.

"As often as you want us," Louisa added, with a sweet, sad smile.

"I can't bear to have you leave me, dear girls," Mrs. Belcher said, in a half-pleading voice. "I don't expect to sleep all this weary night. If one of you could only stay with me? But I should not ask it."

"I wish we could," answered Louisa. Catharine was silent; her heart throbbed with sudden disappointment. She thought of the pleasure she had been anticipating. It came before her with glowing vividness, arrayed in the sunny warmth with which fancy prepares us for expected enjoyment. And then she thought of the kindness by which she might soothe the neglected wife. There was a powerful struggle in her breast; the good triumphed. Speaking to Mrs. Belcher in rather a low tone, she said, "Louisa expects a number of friends at her house to-night. She of course cannot be excused, but I will stay with you, and read to you, or amuse you the best I can."

"Thank you!" exclaimed Mrs. Belcher, gratefully; "but perhaps you intended to spend the evening at Louisa's?"

"I am going to spend it here now, at all events," Catharine replied, with her own peculiarly decided wilful smile.

"I wish it was convenient for me to stay, too," said Louisa, as she pressed Mrs. Belcher's hand at parting. Then turning to her friend, who had approached the window, she said, in an undertone, "Ah! Catharine, my pleasure is gone, too. I shall think of you all the time; so lonely, and I will be where all is gayety." The

pitying drops actually started in Louisa's eyes. "March home as fast as you can go," said Catharine, in the same low voice, leading her companion to the door, and dashing away a tear that came in spite of a smile. "You unman me, you charming little baby. Just look here!" and she pointed to a crystal drop that was rolling with "solemn gait and slow" down her cheek. Louisa disappeared, with a mischievous light chasing away her pathetic tears. Catharine moved around the invalid's bed; and deep, gentle affections came clustering about her heart. She felt happy in the consciousness of having done right; her half-pensive smile, and tender voice, was a balm to the wounded spirit of the sufferer. She led the conversation along gently to subjects most adapted to give consolation to the sick and sorrowful. Gradually and slowly she opened in Mrs. Belcher's heart the good and tender feelings, so long hidden under the smile of prosperity, on the callousness of worldly cares and pleasures. With the colouring of her own sun-bright fancy, she spoke of life and its objects. She cheered her desolate bosom with hopes and thoughts of all that future expansive life we may all win by our labours here. And the weary sick one listened earnestly, as Catharine touched a chord in her breast no kind being had ever sought to touch before; she felt that she had friends here, and friends in the watchful angels, and a friend in our Father in Heaven. More hallowed sympathies were gently aroused—a more soothing sadness breathed over her spirit. Tears coursed slowly and silently down her pale face. With a gush of feeling, Catharine leaned forward, and folded her arms around her slender form,

as if that might protect her from sorrow. She pressed her lips upon her forehead, and her own warm, kind tears fell, and mingled with those of the invalid. The hope she had expressed to Louisa had come to pass. In that lonely bosom, she had awakened to a sad yet sweet music the string that could vibrate to hopes higher than those of earth. When morning bathed all in its welcome light, did that young girl regret her act of self-denial? Let those who have had a similar experience answer. To change the whole current of our thoughts and feelings is not the work of a moment, yet there must be a time when that work must commence. With Mrs. Belcher it had just begun; and through the influence of Catharine and Louisa she became, in time, not brilliant nor gifted, but what all may become, gentle, upright, and good.

"KEEP THYSELF PURE."

Be thou pure before the morning,
Pure before the eye of day;
Pure when glowing glances meet thee,
And when eyes are turned away:
Through the glory, through the shadow,
Let them be alike to thee;
Ever pressing onward, upward,
In the strength of purity;
Not alone in light endure,
Through the darkness keep thee pure.

Gentle-hearted friends anear us,
Make the path of duty sweet;
Ah! how softly walk we onward,
When the loving guide our feet.
That must be a little sorrow,
Which is shared as soon as known,
For it draws the heart we lean on
Closer—closer to our own:
Can it be a bitter thing,
When such balm is in its sting?

But a sorrow may come nigh thee
In a time of loneliness;
When thy soul is drooping—fainting—
And no love is there to bless;
Friendless—desolate—deserted—
Can ye bear the aching thrill?
Will thy heart keep on its pureness,
Meek, and true, and trusting still?
Ah! 'tis then we learn the need,
Of a changeless love indeed.

Not for earth—or earth's applauses,
Not for glory, or for gain,
But for Heaven's high approval,
Cleanse thy bosom from its stain:
When no eye or ear can heed thee,
Deep within thy heart of hearts;
For thy God in love is seeking
"Truth in all the inward parts;"
And thy hope is very sure,
If thy soul be true and pure.

"THE ANGELS WITH US UNAWARES."

"Dear mamma, I love you," says the baby-boy, clasping his white arms lovingly about her neck, and receiving her kiss in return. Helpless little creature! It will be long indeed, ere he will realize a mother's self-denying tenderness, her anxiety about his future, her pain when he suffers, her regret when he does wrong, and her happiness when he does well.

She does not tell him now, that with aching head and weary fingers, she has watched him through long days and nights of illness, when death seemed hovering over his pillow, ready to snatch him away, if even for one moment she forgot her charge; and with what agonizing earnestness she prayed, "O! Father, spare him, if consistent with Thy will!"

She does not tell him now, for he is too young to comprehend, even in a measure, the height and breadth and depth of maternal love.

He only knows her bosom is his pillow, her arms his shield, and that from her hands his hourly wants are supplied.

But if it comes to be his lot to gaze upon her sweet face, cold in the drapery of death, to miss her smile, and long in vain for her caress; then, when others part his silken hair, without the accustomed kiss; when others take him coldly by the hand, and lead him to his

cradle-bed, and hear his infant prayer, as a mere act of duty; *then*, while their careless "good-night" is still chiming in his ears as a bitter mockery; *then* he will fling out his tiny arms, and clasp the empty air in search of that soft hand which lingered so lovingly about his pillow, and realize that "an angel" has been with him "unawares."

"Thank you, father!" says the young girl, bounding away with her hand clasped upon the means with which to purchase some elegant article of dress, forgetting in her wild happiness how much she is already indebted to him. Little does she realize the toil and anxieties of that noble-hearted man, standing up as a tower of defence between his helpless ones, and the rude, jostling crowd, and baring his own broad breast to all life's pelting storms, content if he can but shelter *them*.

"My daughter." There is a meaning in those words whose depths she will never fathom until another sentence falls like ice upon her ear, and freezes the blood in her veins: "He is dead!"

Then, when she misses his kindly greeting, when he no longer fills her pleading hand; when she would turn back from the cold friendships of the world, sick at heart for the love she has wasted upon the ungrateful; then, when there is no fond, paternal bosom, to which she may fly in her day of adversity, she will realize—O! how bitterly!—that "an angel" has been with her "unawares."

"Would I had now a father!" bursts from her quivering lips, as she remembers all his goodness; and she nerves herself anew for the stern conflict of life.

"My brother!" The fraternal tie may be loosened by unkindness, or remembered lightly, as in different paths we go out into the world, each struggling for individual success; but there are times when that word calls up a gush of tenderness, as we look back to youth's halcyon hours, when we walked hand in hand with him, who held us by an earnest clasp, and whose kiss was unpolluted by flattery or selfishness.

We may have thought hardly of that brother, but if the stranger dares to whisper aught against his name, how the indignant blood tingles in our veins—stranger, beware!

He lies low in the churchyard. We cover his faults with the mantle of charity, and comparing his love of long-ago with the world's fictitious friendships, say his errors were of the head rather than the heart; he was, indeed, as "an angel unawares."

The husband goes before the wife, smoothing the rough places and pushing aside the thorns from her path; he shields her from the stare of impertinence, and blunts the edge of every pain and grief by those soft, balmy utterances, known only in the vocabulary of affection; and she leans upon his strong arm, unaware of all his self-denial for her sake.

But when that strong arm is palsied in death, when the eyes which beamed on her so lovingly are closed for ever, and the lips which never chided her are pale and mute—then she realizes his worth as she never could before and gazes with tearful earnestness into the blue abyss, as if to arrest those "lessening wings" in their upward flight, and whisper in the ear of the de-

parted the thankfulness, which until now had found no utterance.

The wife! There is no treachery there—no deceit. How her smile of welcome dissipates the cloud of care which has clung to her husband's brow all day! How softly she parts away the toil-dampened locks from his temples, and kisses away their last lingering throb of pain!

The heart, man knows, is all his own—is to him a priceless gem; but never until those orbs, which turn to his with love and reverence, are hidden away in the gloom of the narrow house, does he appreciate as he should the presence of her who was sent of heaven—"an angel unawares."

That friend—a creature of blended weaknesses and virtues—not *all* selfishness, not *all* disinterestedness; but the pressure of his hand is earnest, his smile is not a lie. You have trusted him, and he has not betrayed you. You have gone to him in the hour of trial, and he has advised you for your best good. He has spoken your name with respect, and cheered you with words of hope when your heart was faint almost unto death; in him you have a priceless treasure. Well may you bow your head and weep if he has fallen before you in the battle of life; for there will be times in the future when you will yearn to lay your head upon his shoulder, and pour into his sympathetic ear your tale of wrongs and griefs; and then will come again the consciousness that he has passed away, and, God help you! you search in vain through life for his living counterpart.

There are "angels with us unawares" in all the rela-

tions of life, but, alas for our stupidity! we seldom realize their presence until we "see" their "white wings lessening up the skies."

SABBATH EVE.

In beauty sinks the parting sun,
As evening shades appear,
And beauteous as dreams of heaven,
The nightly train draws near.
Bright earth, with all her glorious things,
Sleeps calmly 'neath the spirit's wings,
Reflecting back bright hues above,
Rejoicing in a flood of love.

The blue isles of the boundless deep,
The heaven's blue arch on high,—
The flowers that gaze upon the skies—
The bright streams flowing by
Are teeming with religion—deep
O'er earth and sea its glories sleep,
And mingle with the starry rays,
Like the soft light of parted days.

The heart is filled with glorious thoughts,
With transport beating wild,
As thought ascends up to the shrine
Of glory undefiled.
And holy breathings from the heart,
Like blessed angels ever start,
And bind—for earth's fond ties are riven—
Our spirits to the gates of heaven.

SPARE MOMENTS.

KNOWLEDGE is power! And this power every young man who makes a good use of his spare moments may obtain. These spare moments accumulate into hours every day, and the further aggregate makes days and weeks in each year—days and weeks that might be devoted to an earnest and successful improvement of the mind. We introduce with these few words the following sketch:

A lean, awkward boy came one morning to the door of the principal of a celebrated school, and asked to see him. The servant eyed his mean clothes, and thinking he looked more like a beggar than anything else, told him to go around to the kitchen. The boy did as he was bidden, and soon appeared at the back door.

"I should like to see Mr. ——," said he.

"You want a breakfast, more like," said the servant girl, "and I can give you that without troubling him."

"Thank you," said the boy, "I should have no objections to a bit of bread, but I should like to see Mr. ——, if he can see me."

"Some old clothes, may be you want," remarked the servant, again eyeing the boy patched trousers. "I guess he has none to spare, he gives away a sight;" and without minding the boy's request, she went away about her work.

"Can I see Mr. ——?" again asked the boy, after finishing his bread and butter.

"Well, he's in the library; if he must be disturbed he must; but he does like to be alone sometimes," said the girl in a peevish tone. She seemed to think it very foolish to admit such an ill-looking fellow into her master's presence; however, she wiped her hands, and bade him follow. Opening the library door, she said,

"Here's somebody, sir, who is dreadful anxious to see you, and so I let him in."

I don't know how the boy introduced himself, or how he opened his business, but I know that after talking awhile, the principal put aside the volume which he was studying, and took up some Greek books and began to examine the new comer. The examination lasted some time. Every question which the principal asked, the boy answered as readily as could be.

"Upon my word," exclaimed the principal, "you certainly do well!" looking at the boy from head to foot over his spectacles. "Why, my boy, where *did* you pick up so much?"

"*In my spare moments*," answered the boy.

In that answer how much was included! Few become either learned or eminent, who do not make a profitable use of their spare moments; for, if these are wasted in self-indulgence, they enervate the mind, rendering it less efficient in its tasks when duty requires it to act. It is generally believed that the mind gains strength, after severe labour, by seasons of entire inactivity. There is, we think, an error in this. More real strength, we are sure, will be acquired by the employment of new faculties, while those needing repose are permitted to rest.

THE BURDOCK AND THE VIOLET.

It came up in the garden, that burdock, just behind the violets and close to the rose bushes. It was in the corner close up to the fence, and we said we would let it stay, and it should have all the kind care and gentle attention that the roses and the violets had. Roadside burdocks we knew were coarse, vile things, with their dusty leaves and their sharp burs ever adhering to the passers-by, and we would like to see what a garden burdock would be like; whether it would be bright, and fresh, and delicate for growing in such sweet company, and so we were merciful and let it stay.

And it grew among the roses and the violets, and gentle hands watered it often, and the earth was softened about its roots just as for its fairer neighbours; but it waited not for them in its progress upward. It shot up rank and tall, and its wide leaves spread all abroad and threatened to cover up and obscure its less assuming neighbours. And at last the blossoms came. They were large and strong, and armed with keen thorns, and the flowers changed into burs, and they reached out their thorny fingers and grasped the passers-by, and the white dust lay thick on the rough woolly leaves, and the seeds flew out on the wind to seek lodging-places, where another year a new crop should find foothold and sustenance.

A little violet crept up through the fence and looked

up brightly beside the hard and dusty street, and we said, we will let it grow there, and so it grew. Water it had none, except the celestial fountains; care it had none, except from sunshine and sweet dews and the kindly glances of the passers-by; yet there it lived and bloomed sweetly, "wasting its sweetness on the desert air." Its green leaves were as green as its cherished kindred of the flower-bed, and its blue eyes reflected as hopefully as the blue of the summer sky.

So we said to ourselves, Outward circumstances and mere surroundings are but little after all; and if change to nature comes, it must be a work deep inwrought by others than earthly hands.

THE END.

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